Soviet Literature

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January 1946

Address: "Soviet Literature", P. O. Box 527, Moscow

Soviet Literature

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FOREIGN LANGUAGES PUBLISHING HOUSE
PRINTED IN THE SOVIET UNION

LETTERS TO HIS FAMILY

The following letters are taken from the Moscow edition of *V. I. Lenin. Letters to his Family, 1894—1919.* These are the only family letters as yet translated into English, although it is to be hoped that a complete translation of this volume will be undertaken in the future.

Lenin, when writing to his family, did not confine himself merely to personal matters since for him, as for most members of his family, his private life and social activities were inseparable. Reflecting as they did such activity, many of these letters for reasons of security were written in invisible ink, some were destroyed as soon as read while others in all probability were intercepted by the tsarist censors.

The same need for security often compelled Lenin to refrain from any direct reference to or even the slightest hint of, his impressions about important events, of his own part in them—his building and strengthening of the Bolshevik Party and his contact with outstanding figures of his day.

Lenin, in general, was always reticent about his personal affairs especially when it came to difficulties: moreover, he constantly guarded against causing anxiety to his relatives, his mother in particular. Consequently, we find in his letters only the slightest indication of the grave financial straits which Lenin and Krupskaya experienced in Switzerland during the years 1915—1916. Yet these were times when even the use of a library was frequently denied Lenin for lack of money to pay the fee. It was also to save his family worry that the letters say little about the hardships of Siberian exile, concerning which Lenin invariably wrote in humourous vein to his mother.

Throughout the long years of exile in Siberia and abroad, Lenin never relinquished his work, both theoretical and practical, of directing the great popular movement then taking shape. While in exile in Siberia he wrote *The Development of Capitalism in Russia*, a major work of social research. As a refugee abroad, during the bitter years of struggle to preserve the principles of the Russian revolutionary movement, and in direct connection with that struggle, Lenin wrote *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*, now a classic of philosophy.

The letters reveal how he worked on these books. Cut off in a remote Siberian village Lenin nevertheless followed the political and cultural life of Russia and of Europe with the closest and keenest attention; his family and friends kept him supplied with the latest books newspapers and factual information. Abroad, too, there was the isolation from Russia, from the day-to-day life of the people, from the political and intellectual movement; but Lenin surmounted all these difficulties. And he had true friends and helpers in his family—particularly his wife, N. K. Krupskaya, and his sisters M. I. and A. I. Ulyanova. With his mother he shared all joys and gave her unflagging moral support—a support she sorely needed, for life in tsarist Russia was hard for this family, which had dedicated itself heart and soul to the people's cause.

Everyday contact with a great man is often no little ordeal for his family circle. But Lenin was not only a great man, he was, as Stalin has pointed out, a leader of a new type.

His qualities as a leader of the people included simplicity and human understanding a boundless personal charm, qualities which made it a pleasure merely to be in his company and which gave heart and courage both to outstanding men and women and to the rank and file at the most critical moments in their lives. Lenin's letters radiate these qualities, and also his zest for life, his love of nature, his fondness for shooting and chess and his capacity to enjoy the simple pleasures with the deep satisfaction of the plain man.

Lenin's letters to his family, and their letters to him, give us a vivid picture of the Ulyanov family, and through them of the atmosphere of selfless devotion and boundless energy that surrounded the foremost representatives of the Russian intelligentsia, linked by ties of such close kinship with the people of their native land.

To his Mother

[Shushenskoye], 12th/24th October, 1897

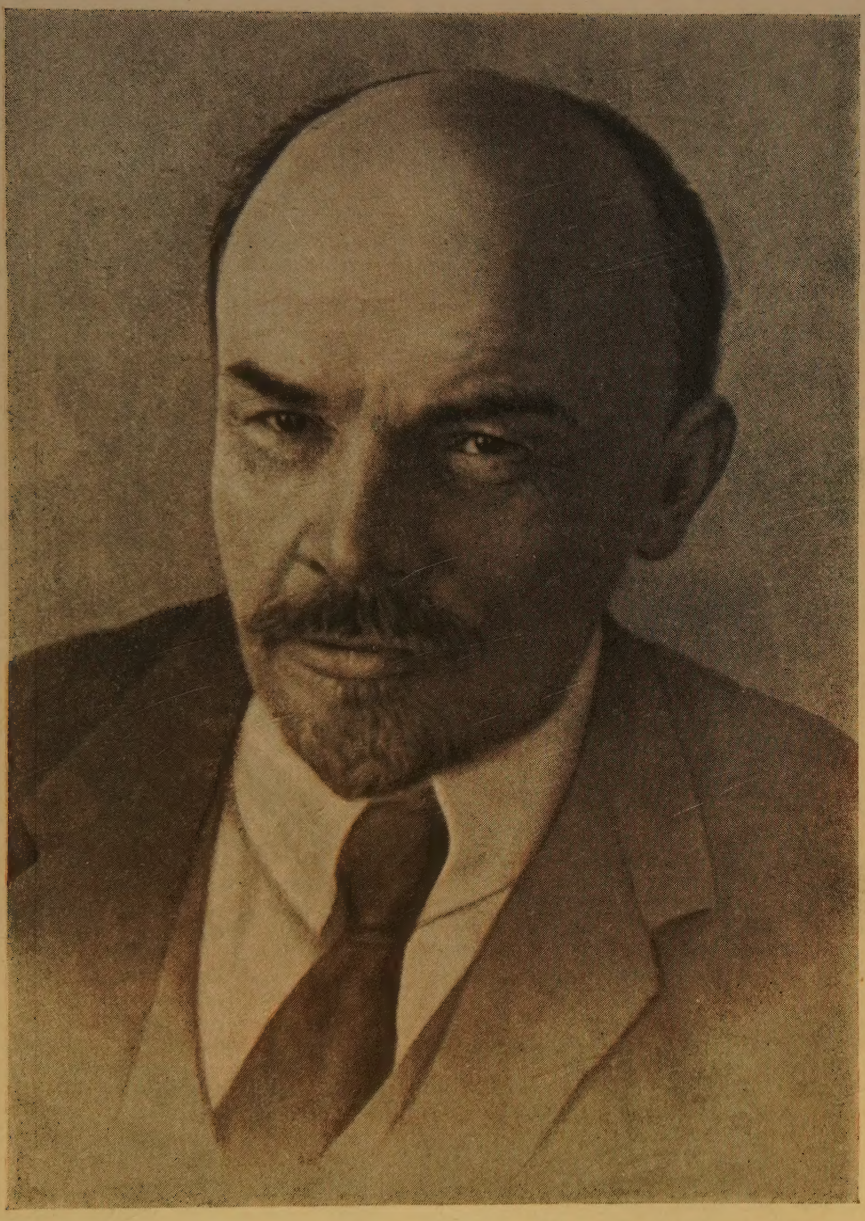
Darling Mother, on the 7th/19th I received your letter and Mitya's letter of the 20th Sept. 2nd Oct. Last time I was in a great hurry and therefore, I seem to remember, I did not write much. I shall have to catch up today.

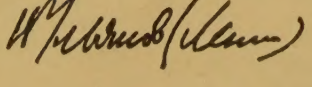
I thank Mitya for his letter. I am answering his questions: I am receiving *Questions of Philosophy and Psychology*[1] for the year 1897, and have also received one number for 1896. I shall return it when I have read it (meanwhile I have given it to them in Tes).

I still go in for shooting. The sport is much less successful now (shooting rabbits, grouse and partridge is a new sport for me and I must therefore get used to it) but it is no less pleasant. As soon as it is a fine autumn day (and they are frequent this year) I take my gun and set off to prowl about the woods and fields. Prominsky[1] and I generally go together; I take the landlord's dog, which I have trained

[1] A quarterly published by the Moscow Psychological Society (1889—1918). V. Klyuchevsky, P. Struve, L. Tolstoy were among the contributors.

[1] I. L. Prominsky (1859—1923), a Polish worker exiled to E. Siberia in 1895 for participating in the Lodz organization of the Social Democrats of Poland.





come with me and which has certain (it is ue, not great) sporting instincts. I have got a og of my own—I have taken a pup from one of y local friends, and I hope to train it by next mmer: only I do not know if it will turn out be a good dog and whether it will have any ent. I do not know how to discover this and is not possible to form a definite opinion om the origin of my "Pegasus". The kind of added jacket we all bought in St. Petersburg most useful for shooting, and I cannot cease raising it. Altogether, I must say, in regard winter clothing and such like (about which ou ask me), I have more than enough. When I as in Minusinsk, I bought many things for ie winter, but there are still one or two other ings I must buy. It is not at all easy to buy ings in Minusinsk: the choice is very poor, ie shops are of the village type (all sorts; the ods arrive periodically and I happened to be ere just when the old goods were sold out and ie new had not arrived), so that when you are ed to town shops, it is rather difficult to nd what you want. Still, it is high time one rew over town habits: they are quite out of lace here and one should get used to the local es. I think I am quite used to them, but hen shopping, I still argue in the Petersburg anner: go into a shop, so to speak, and buy...

I will tell you about my trip in greater de- il. I spent only two days in Minusinsk; the hole time went in running about the shops, in oking into Basil's affair (I helped him to rite a complaint about the sentence passed by ie justice of peace, and this judge himself greed that his sentence was too severe. We all see what the second instance will decide) d in visiting friends. There is a fair number f political exiles in Minusinsk: A. V. Tyrkov or the affair of 1st March, 1881); N. S. Tyu- chev and E. K. Yakovlev (Narodopravtsy), . I. Melnikov (a Narodovolets), Blazhievsky a Polish worker), S. Gr. Raichin (my nearest riend, also a political comrade), F. Ya. Kon a Polish intellectual; has served a term of hard abour), Stoyanovsky (for the Ginsberg affair; as served a term of hard labour). I have seen early all of them. I think I shall manage to isit them once again in the winter. Such emporary visits are probably even better han to live in Minusinsk, which does not at- ract me at all. There is one advantage in it— ie post (in Achinsk this is a still great- advantage and of course I would prefer chinsk). But this is only by the way, for I m quite accustomed to Shusha and to spend- g the winter here; I am not trying to get a ransfer and I do not advise you to try either.

I went to Tes together with Basil. I spent ie time very pleasantly there and was ex- remely pleased to see friends and to live in a rowd after my Shushensk solitude. But I ink the crowd is probably worse off than I, ot in respect of accommodation but in regard o contentment.

Gleb's health is bad, he is often melancholy; asil I found was also not at all "flourishing", lthough he is the most balanced of the Tes roup. E. E. looks after the housekeeping and very pleased with her life in Tes; she too is iling. It is not easy for her to do the house- eeping, for they have no servant; in Siberian ountry districts it is very, very difficult to find a servant, and quite impossible in the summer. Therefore to live, as I do, on full board is quite convenient, but it is very difficult when one has to do one's own housekeeping.

The Tes crowd live much more "sociably" (so to speak) than I: they know the district nurse in Tes, then some former women students live not far away (about 15 versts) and they often see them. I am not giving up hope that their gloomy mood will also pass. Gleb and Basil have work: they could not exist without it, for the Government allowance is only 24 roubles (they will not allow anything for Basil's wife [A. M. Rosenberg] for he married only after coming into exile).

More about the library: from which library did Mitya[1] borrow *Questions of Philosophy and Psychology*? Was it from the Petrovsky one? If so, cannot he send me its (new) catalogue? I believe they issue books without a definite time limit.

Your V. U.

P. S. I am quite well. I study; and I feel quite all right.

The doctor (from the North) [A. P. Slyarenko] has asked me to send his greetings to all (I correspond fairly regularly with him and with the Columbus [I. Kh. Lalayants] family).

To his Mother and A. I. Elizarova[2]
[Shushenskoye], 24th January/5th February, 1898

I have received letters from Manyasha[3] and Anyuta and two books: *Semenov*, Volume III (*"A Study of Historical Information about Russian Foreign Trade and Industry from the Middle of the XVII Century to 1858."*) *and the Yuridichesky Vestnik (The Legal Messenger*, a monthly). Many thanks to Manyasha for the latter. I have also received a postcard from Basil [Starkov].

I would ask you to buy two more books for me: Kablukov's *Lectures on the Economy of Farming* and V. V.'s [Vorontsov's] *Outlines of Home Industries* (1.50 roubles). You may find the latter in a secondhand bookshop; the former was recently published for students and Manyasha will probably be able to get it, even if it is not on sale (judging by the absence of announcements in the *Russkiye Vedomosti*).

I have nothing new to say about myself. It is much jollier now that the three of us go out shooting together. The weather is just like the spring: it is even thawing today.

Nadezhda Konstantinovna has had her hopes raised that her three years' exile in the Province of Ufa will be altered to two years in Shusha,[4] and I am expecting her, together with Elizaveta Vasilievna [Krupskaya's mother]. I am already looking for quarters for

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[1] D. I. Ulianov (Mitya), Lenin's brother.
[2] A. I. Elizarova (Anyuta), Lenin's sister.
[3] M. I. Ulianova (Manyasha), Lenin's sister.

[4] N. Krupskaya's term of exile was not reduced. She was allowed to live in Shushenskoye together with Lenin. She arrived on 7/19 May, 1898, and had to remain in exile in Ufa for a year after Lenin had left Siberia.

them—the room next to mine. I am having an amusing competition with a local priest who is also asking the landlord for a room. I protest and insist that they should wait until my "family affairs" are finally settled. I do not know whether I shall succeed in overcoming the competitor. If visitors come in the summer we shall be able to occupy the entire house (the landlord would then move into the old hut in the yard, and that would be much more convenient than equipping one's own house).

But I am not sure whether N. K.'s case will be settled before the spring; they say it should be finished by February, but after all many things can be said.

It is annoying that Mitya's case is so protracted: it will be unpleasant for him to lose a year. Still, he will probably be allowed to enter another University or sit for his examinations as an external student.

Your V. U.

P. S. The enclosed letter is for Columbus [I. Kh. Lalayants].

For Anyuta.

I read in the papers about the publication of your translation of [E. de] Amichi's *School Friends*. If you have any available copies, please send them to me. On what conditions did you do the translation? Was there a contract with a publisher, and what sort?

My head is full of plans about the publication of my articles as a separate book [*Economic Studies and Articles*]. The other day I received N. Vodovozov's "*Studies in Economics*" and they gave me the idea. It is very inconvenient to publish the article about handicraft workers as a pamphlet: it would be better to combine the articles on Sismondi [*Towards a Characterization of Economic Romanticism* (Sismondi and our Russian Sismondists)] and the one on handicraft workers. Then it could be published without any preliminary censoring (for this it is necessary to have ten printed sheets and these would make twelve, namely, about two hundred pages) and that would be much more satisfactory. The title could be *Towards an Evaluation of the Romantic Theories of the Narodnik Movement*.

The contents of such a book would be more interesting and varied. Will the censor pass the reprint of an article taken from a banned periodical? That is the principal question in my opinion, but I should think it would be allowed, for the article is of an abstract character and was printed a fairly long time ago, long before the periodical was suppressed. I am also writing to N. K. about this, so that she can ask the writer's [Struve] advice. I do not feel like waiting until their new plans are realized. Besides, both articles are unsuitable for a periodical, because of their length. The other articles can go into the periodical, for I consider it dangerous to add them to the book (they would not be passed) and they would not be suitable (they are quite different in character).

The article about the handicraft workers is inoffensive, containing an abundance of statistics. As for the financial aspect, this in my opinion is much easier than the question of censorship. Taking the price at, say, 1.50 roubles and only 1,000 copies (with 2,000 copies one could reduce the price to 1.25 roubles) one can reckon 500 roubles for the publication and the same amount to booksellers and the author. Five hundred copies should pay for the edition and probably that number would be sold.

Question: who will take the responsibility of publishing? There is no one in Petersburg on whom we can rely. Perhaps Mark would undertake the arrangements (the buying of the paper, the agreement with the printers) and Manyasha the proof-reading? There will not be any complicated proof-reading for $\frac{1}{2}$ book is a reprint and the other $\frac{1}{2}$ is printed from manuscript which has been carefully copied out by me. If this plan were to be realized I should immediately send you the alterations for the Sismondi article (it is essential to break it up into paragraphs and to correct important misprints). Then *wire* me: "Send alterations." I reckon that if we are successful we may be in time to publish the book in April, if not earlier. It seems to me that we ought to try by ourselves, without waiting for the *Novoye Slovo* people—"the snail crawls . . ." It is annoying to feel one is writing uselessly and, besides, I need the money. Perhaps they will retort that there is too much difference between the two articles, but in my opinion that does not matter: Vodovozov's articles are also varied in character and, besides, there are plenty of collections of articles published. Also, there is a similarity between them: both are a criticism of Narodnik economics: one is abstract and the other is based on Russian facts.

Please answer quickly about this question: is the plan feasible or no? If "yes", then I must tackle it without losing any time.

N. E. E. [Fedoseyev] does not write to me, does not even answer me, although I have written him two letters. Reproach him for this when you write to him. I heard about the row in Verholensk: some disgusting scandalmonger [I. A. Yukhotsky] who attacked N. E. [Fedoseyev]. No, better not wish me to have comrades among the intellectuals in Shusha! When N. K. [Krupskaya] arrives even that will be like a colony!

Greetings to all our people.

Your V. U.

To his Mother

[Shushenskoye], 7th/19th February, 1898

Yesterday, darling Mother, I received letters from you and from all our people (22-23 Jan./3-4 Feb.); I was very glad to get them, and send my thanks for all the good wishes. Of course I expected that you would write to Nadezhda Konstantinovna to ask her to come and see you on her way; it is to be hoped she will be allowed to do so. Well, so far I know nothing about the transfer to Shusha: she keeps on writing that it will be decided "one of these days," but the matter is still dragging on. However, we have not long to wait for a final decision.

About sending things by N. K.—I think she should be fairly heavily loaded with books, for I do not know if there will be an opportunity in

he summer. Manyasha is thinking of going abroad (and that, of course, is a little more interesting than Shusha and Siberian mosquitoes), while you and Mitya will probably be going to Kokushkino... It is a bad thing that after only two and a half months Mitya should be showing signs of swelling. First of all, is he keeping to a diet in prison? I am sure he is not. But in my opinion it is essential to keep to one there. And secondly, does he do any physical exercises? Also, probably not. They are also essential. At any rate I can say from experience that *each day* I used to do exercises before going to sleep with great pleasure and benefit. They loosened my joints so that I used to get warm even on the coldest days, when my cell was icy cold, and afterwards one sleeps much better. I can recommend this to him, as well as a fairly easy exercise (though a ridiculous one):—fifty prostrations. It is exactly what I used to make myself do—and I was not in the least perturbed that the warder, on peeping through the little window, would wonder in amazement why this man had suddenly grown so pious when he had not once asked to visit the prison church. But he must not do less than fifty prostrations, without stopping, and touch the floor each time without bending the knees—write and tell him this. You know that doctors for the most part only know how to talk about hygiene.

Then with regard to clothes, I have already written to you something about this. You might send me some socks. As for our local tailors, I cannot rely on them. It is very inconvenient to have clothes made in Minusinsk—as one has to go there. There is a tailor here and he makes clothes for everyone (he told me so today), he sews for the old political exiles and even for the priests—(he boasted to me about it). Although it sounds very effective, it would be better to buy a ready-made suit in Moscow, and to give Mitya or Mark the cloth which you had got ready for me. I ask for only one thing particularly — *a devil's skin*, for I tear my clothes terribly when I go out shooting. If my straw hat is still in existence (after all, it is from Paris! The devil take it!), let her bring it. It is true, Prominsky has begun to make hats here (sometimes they look like felt boots), but his are for the spring and autumn, and not for the summer. And then, there is one more thing—a pair of kid gloves, if they can be bought without knowing my size (I doubt it). I have never worn them, neither in Petersburg, nor in Paris, but I want to try them in Shu-shu-shu—in the summer, against mosquitoes. You can put a net over your head, but the hands are always attacked. Gleb assures me that the local mosquitoes bite through gloves—but I do not believe it. Of course, one should choose suitable gloves, not for dancing, but for mosquitoes. I also want some paper, *ruled in squares*: I doubt if there is any in Minusinsk but I do not need very much—about four quires with squares of various sizes, from the smallest to the largest.

Anyuta asks when is the wedding and whom "are we inviting?" She is in a hurry! Nadezhda Konstantinovna must first arrive, then we must get a permit for the marriage from the authorities—after all we are people wholly without rights. And only then can we start "inviting"!

About "verbalisme" and "phraséologie", it seems to me that they should be translated as verbalism (with an explanation) and phraseology... Although it is not the exact translation, but merely a transcription, what else can we do? "Dilettantism" instead of verbalism is not at all right, rather the reverse. Verbalism, perhaps, is nearer to scholasticism, *i. e.*, to a surplus of (pseudo) learning, than to dilettantism. However, I do not remember in what sense exactly Labriola uses these words [in his *"On the Question of the Materialistic View of History"*].

Thank you for Bogdanov [*A Short Course of Economic Science*]. I have already read half. Very interesting and sensible. I am thinking of writing a review of it.[1]

In answer to Manyasha's questions: what kind of a voice has Gleb ?.. Hm! Hm!.. I believe a baritone—I am not certain. But he sings the same things Mark and we used to "screech" (as Nurse used to call it).

The other question: will she go mad in Paris?—Quite possibly. But she has already been abroad and she can judge for herself. I spent only a month in Paris, and did very little studying there; I did more sightseeing. It is also not clear to me if Manyasha wants to go abroad to study, or only for the summer.

I thank Mark[2] for his letter. Let him, however, not forget Gogol's character, Ivan Andreich.[3] I do not know what progress there is in Russia, but undoubtedly they are flourishing here, and they are interested not only in whether the soldier is galloping by or whether the young ladies are skipping.

I am surprised that you have heard nothing about *Syn Otechestva*. I saw in the "Russkaya Mysl" today (Nov. or Dec. 1897) that that paper is being announced as the organ of the Narodnik *pur sang*.

Until the next time I write.

Your V. U.

P. S. We have real frost now, so that we have given up shooting and only go for walks—also into the wood. But my rooms are warm and my clothes still warmer.

Let Manyasha send Nadezhda Konstantinovna the list of books which I should like to have—she will look for them in St. Petersburg, if of course, it is not too late.

If we have any children's books with pictures, let N. K. bring them for Prominsky's youngsters.

(Here follows a list of Russian books on Economics).

To his Mother and A. I. Elizarova

[Shushenskoye], 8th/20th March, 1898

Darling Mother,

I do not think I have had a single letter from any of you this week; I conclude from

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[1] Lenin's review was printed in the April No. of the periodical *Mir Bozhy*, 1898.

[2] M. T. Elizarov (Mark), A. I. Elizarova's husband.

[3] Lenin means Ivan Kuzmich, the Postmaster in Gogol's comedy *The Inspector General*, who read all the letters out of curiosity. This was evidently Lenin's hinted warning to Mark to be more careful in correspondence.

this that Mitya is still sitting in prison—it is very sad.

I do not know whether this letter will find N. K. still in Moscow. If so, then I add one more forgotten commission. Send me one of our sets of chess; I have found several partners among our friends at Minusinsk and I suddenly remembered the past with great pleasure. I was wrong in thinking that Eastern Siberia was such a wild country where chess would not be needed. There are the most varied places in Eastern Siberia!

Life goes on as usual. The people in Tes write that E. E. has had her allowance stopped. "Mothers are not considered members of a family" (new explanations!). Prominsky's allowance has also been reduced from 31 roubles to 19 roubles a month. Anatole [Vaneyev] has at last rescued his wife [D. V. Trukhovskaya] after many trials and tribulations. Julius [Martov] writes from Turuhansk that his life is bearable—fortunately the lad is not one to lose heart.

Your V. U.

I enclose a letter for N. K.

Please send me a little more money by N. K. but if she has left, then send it in Eliz. Vas.'s name [Krupskaya's mother]. I may have to incur considerable expense, especially if we are going to start our own household, so that I expect I shall have to have recourse to a considerable increase in my debt and to another domestic loan. By the autumn I shall probably receive enough from the translation [Webbs' *Theory and Practice of English Trade Unionism*, Vol. I] to cover my debts: I believe more than five hundred roubles (£ 50).

For Anyuta. I want to ask you to get me a textbook on the English language. I have let myself in for a translation and have received a fat book by the Webbs. I am afraid of making mistakes. I ought to have:

(1) An English Grammar, especially *syntax* and especially a section on the idioms of the language. If N. K. has not got Nurok [*A Practical Grammar of the English Language together with Prose Extracts and a Vocabulary*] then you might send it for the summer, if you (or Manyasha) do not need it. If you can get hold of a good textbook on English it would be splendid.

(2) A dictionary of *geographical* and proper names. The transcription and translation from English are very difficult and I am afraid of making mistakes. I do not know if there are suitable dictionaries? If there is no reference in the Book of Books [a bibliography] or in some other reference book or catalogue, then perhaps it might be possible to find one from some other source? Of course if you can find out this and procure it (I am not concerned about money, for the payment will not be small and the first attempt must be done sensibly) but it is not worth troubling about it specially, I shall also get a German translation of the book, so I shall always be able to manage.

Your V. U.

What are your plans for the summer? Will Mitya be allowed to go to Kokushkino? Are you thinking of staying there or no? Is not Moscow a rotten town? Life there is rotten, book publishing is also rotten there—and why are you clinging to it? I was really amazed to hear from Mark that you are against moving to St. Petersburg.

To his Mother

[Shushenskoye], 10th/22nd May, 1898

Darling Mother,

My visitors have at last arrived. They arrived on the 7th May in the evening, and of course it was the very day I had cleverly gone out shooting, so they did not find me at home. I found Nadezhda Konstantinovna looking not at all well, she will have to look after her health a little better here. But about me Elizaveta Vasilievna said: "Gracious! how you have spread!" so you see, you do not need a better report.

I am terribly sad they have not brought better news of Mitya.

I have received both the letter sent by them and the one dated 20th April/2nd May. Many thanks for the things you have sent. About the books that are supposed to arrive:—N. K. has already spoken about them in Minusinsk and I hope to receive them soon and without any bother. Perhaps I shall bring them myself, for I am thinking of going "to town."

As regards the steamers: N. K. was brought only as far as Sorokin (about 70 versts from Minusinsk); they waited a week in Krasnoyarsk. The water is still low and it will not be high water until about the end of May, or the beginning of June. It is 55 versts from Minusinsk to Shusha. The local steamers are irregular in their service: there are no time-tables, but when navigation is running smoothly then probably they will run more or less regularly and without any extraordinary delays. I would very, very much like you to try to come here—if only they would release Mitya soon.

Of course Anyuta asks me whom I am inviting to the wedding: I invite you all, only I do not know if it would not be better to send the invitation by telegram! As you know, N. K. has had a tragi-comic condition made to her: if she does not marry *immediately*, she is to return to Ufa. I am not at all inclined to allow this and we are therefore beginning "to fuss" (mainly about the petition for the documents, without which one cannot get married, in order to be in time to marry before the Fast) (the Fast of St. Peter, midsummer): however, it is permissible to hope that the strict authorities will find it a sufficiently "immediate" marriage! I am inviting the people from Tes (they have already written, that surely, I shall need witnesses) — and I hope they will be allowed to come.

Greetings to all our people.

I kiss you warmly.

Your V. U.

Oh! I almost forgot: Nadya told me that some books on philosophy arrived for me, but they have gone past her, somewhere to Irkutsk. Why did I hear nothing about it, *not even once*? Has a letter gone astray? I would ask Anyuta to explain what is the matter.

To M. I. Ulianova

[Shushenskoye], 11th/23rd November, 1898

We have received your letter, Manyasha, and were very glad to have it. We immediately took out our maps and began to hunt for Brussels. We found it and began thinking how close it was to London, that Paris was near and also Germany—one could call it the centre of Europe. Yes, I envy you. At the beginning of my exile I decided never to touch a map either of European Russia or even of Russia; it would mean too much bitterness, as I looked at those varied black spots. But it is not so bad now; I have grown patient and can examine maps more calmly. Sometimes we even dream into which of the "spots" it would be interesting to land later on. During the first half of my exile I must have been constantly looking back, now I look forward. Ah well, "qui vivra—verra." With regard to newspapers and books, please get what you can. Send us sorts of catalogues both from bookshops, and secondhand bookshops, and in all languages. Today I thought of asking you to do something for me, but I have decided to postpone it until next time. May I remind you that last year I wrote either to you or to Anya saying that newspapers and official documents containing verbatim reports of parliamentary debates were particularly interesting. It would be splendid if you could find out where such newspapers or journals are sold (are there only Belgian ones for sale in Brussels or also English and French?) and if you were to send me any interesting issues (you read the newspapers, I hope?). I advise you not to limit yourself to Belgian newspapers, but to subscribe also to some German ones; then you will not forget the language and will have excellent reading matter (also the prices for newspapers are not high).

Are you going home for Christmas?

Your V. U.

After waiting a long time I have at last received my Miscellany. I will ask Anyuta to send you a copy.

To A. I. Elizarova and his Mother

[Shushenskoye], 29th May/10th June, 1899

For Anyuta.

I received your postscript to Mark's letter. About the offer that I should write a short course on political economy:—you have not mentioned this to me before. I have decided to decline this offer: it is difficult to write to order (and particularly to compete with Bogdanov; why not reprint his [*Short Course of Economic Science*?]) It would be difficult to have it ready by the autumn and I want to write less and to read more. As our correspondence with "the Writer" has come to a standstill please tell him about my refusal.

I have not touched Webb yet. I am *still waiting* for the original (Volume II) and for the German translation (Volume II). If there is any delay—the fault will not be mine. However, we ought to be more anxious about "the Writer" causing delay. Is the first volume being printed? I have just learnt from your letter that you sent me a telegram about the publication of my book. I am writing to the Minusinsk Post Office to ask them to trace the telegram. Was the address correct? (You must write "Minusinsk, Shushenskoye. By post for Ulianov" and prepay 7 or 14 kopecks for postage. If the words "by post" are omitted then the telegram might be held up at the post office). I have not noticed before that the sending of telegrams here was a hopeless undertaking; others have reached me punctually. A telegram ought to be sent so that it reaches Minusinsk in the evening, on either a Sunday or a Wednesday; then I should receive it on the Tuesday or Friday morning.

I am sending you my article about the Sismondists, for which you ask, and my reply to *Nezhdanov*. It would be better if the latter were to appear in *Zhizn*.[1] If however *Nachalo* were to revive, which would be contrary to expectation, then of course I should prefer it to appear there.

I am doing some reading and am studying languages a little. I do not work much and I do not intend to write anything.

I was very disappointed "the Writer" did not write anything to me about Gvozdev. I too should like to swear at him, but I saw he was a collaborator in the same periodical and I felt compelled therefore to be as gentle as possible. It would have been strange to quarrel in the same periodical; perhaps "the Writer" wanted to get rid of the matter in this way, namely to get rid of the "Gvozdevism", as I now call such things. I do not definitely know this, nor do I know what kind of man Gvozdev is. It is difficult to judge at a distance.

Your

V. U.

P. S. Darling Mother, I am sending my article to you by registered post and a reprint of the article about the Sismondists for which you asked. I am writing in greater detail to Anyuta and Mark, from whom I received a letter this week. It is strange that their letter of the 14th/26th May was stamped "Krasnoyarsk". Was it sent by the Siberian Express?

I kiss you warmly.

Your

V. U.

To his Mother and D. I. Ulianov

[Shushenskoye], 20th June/2nd July, 1899

Darling Mother,

I have received your letter of May 31st/June 12th. Thank you for it. With regard to the statistical publications of the Tver and Vyatka Provinces, I seem to remember having written before *that you do not need to send them all to me.* I am not studying this subject now and do not intend to until the end of my term of exile. If I happen to need the first or second book, it would be better to write separately for them, for as it is, I shall have to bring back a large number of books. However, you will probably not send many of the statistical publications. Mikh. Al. writes that he is not expecting his fiancée before the end of the summer.

We do not think it could be worth asking for a transfer to Krasnoyarsk. We happened to speak about it to El. Vas. who thought of seeking permission for me to go this autumn to Ufa in view of the difficulty of the winter jour-

[1] It appeared in *Zhizn*, No. 12, 1899.

ney for her and Nadya. If she succeeds, then I will write and tell you.

The allowance has been paid to us.

They write from Ermakovskoye about Anatole and say he is no better. They wrote that Lyakhovsky worked as a doctor in Chita.

It is a great pity you are having such bad weather and that you cannot rest as you should in the country. June here is also rainy. Our life goes on as usual. I study little and when the shooting season begins, I shall probably study still less.

I received the May number of *Nachalo*—much cut. There does not seem to be anything particularly interesting in it. I am losing hope of this journal ever recovering. They wrote to me, saying the Ministry of the Interior had insisted on the editors revealing the author's pseudonyms in the January and April numbers; it would be interesting to know if any of our mutual friends were among those "revealed."

I kiss you warmly and send greetings to all our people.

Your
V. U.

For Mitya.

I found an article [*The Fundamental Mistake in Marx's Abstract Theory of Capitalism*] by Tugan-Baranovsky in No. 5 of the *Nauchnoye Obozreniye*. It was monstrously stupid and absurd, he simply introduces at random an alternation in the norm of additional cost, so as to refute Marx and thus presupposes an absurdity: a change in the productivity of labour without a change in the cost of the product.

I do not know whether it is worth replying to each of these rubbishy little articles: let him first fulfil his promise to develop it more thoroughly. I am becoming a firm opponent of the newest critical trend in Marxism and *Neo-Kantianism* (which by the way has given birth to the idea of separating sociological from economic laws). The author [G. Plekhanov] of *Beitrage zur Geschichte des Materialismus* is perfectly right in pronouncing Neo-Kantianism to be a reactionary theory of the reactionary bourgeoisie and in revolting against Bernstein. Bogdanov's new book (*The Basic Elements of a Historical View on Nature*, S.P.B. 1899), has aroused my interest. I wrote for it—there is a review of it in the May number of *Nachalo*, written most stupidly, with grand phrases and neglecting the main ideas. I am very sorry I somehow missed the announcements of the book when it appeared. I think it must be an important book and such a review should not be allowed to remain without a reply. I am pleased with the gun. I did little shooting in the spring. It will begin soon and I am thinking of doing more shooting this summer.

I greet you warmly.

V. U.

P. S. Please send me a list of the three statistical publications you have sent me, *i. e.*, their titles and brief contents (tables or tables plus text, nothing else).

To his Mother

[Shushenskoye], Ist/13th September, 1899

Darling Mother,

This time I could not write to you on Sunday, so I am writing to you in the middle of the week.

We received Bernstein's book yesterday also *Vandervelde* and two numbers of the *Moscow Vedomosti*. The Bernstein book was wrapped in one number of the newspaper and half of the other (No. 223) was in a separate wrapper, which surprised us greatly. Has something gone astray, or was it a mistake?

I have come to the conclusion that I can look upon Bernstein's book as belonging to me. Manyasha did not definitely say it had to be returned by a certain date, but she said she had taken steps to procure another copy. However, I badly need this book: if contrary to expectation Manyasha has to have it returned, let her write *at once* to me about it.

Nadya and I both sat down at once to read Bernstein's book [*Die Voraussetzungen des Sozialismus und die Aufgaben der Sozialdemokratie*] and we have read more than half of it; its contents astound us more and more. Theoretically, it is incredibly weak; a repetition of other people's ideas. There are mere phrases about criticism and no attempt at serious and independent criticism. Practically, it is opportunism (or rather Fabianism: the original source of a number of Bernstein's contentions and ideas is in the latest books written by the Webbs). It is indifferent opportunism and "possibilism" and cowardly opportunism at that, for Bernstein simply does not want to get anywhere near a programme. There can be no doubt about his fiasco. His statement that many Russians support him (Notes to pages 170 and 173) absolutely infuriated us, but then we have probably grown "old-fashioned" and are lagging behind the "new ideas" to be found in Bernstein. I will write presently and more fully to Anyuta on this subject.

We received Webb yesterday (at last!), the second volume in English (but not the German copy; we are ordering it today)—without any letter or any news whatsoever about the first volume!

I consider it is *essential* to alter my article against Bulgakov and to expand it. I shall do this from the manuscript which I have here. Will Anyuta ask at once for the immediate return of the *second article* [*Capitalism in Agriculture*] and keep it until she receives the correction from me?

We have not much news. Anatole is getting worse and worse. Gleb is moving one of these days to Nizhneudinsk (Irkutsk Province) to work on the railway. Eliz. Vas. received the money order yesterday for 100 roubles.

I kiss you warmly.

Your
V. U.

Greetings from all to all.

P. S. It appears that the *Frankfurter Zeitung* is being received not far from here, so there is no need to subscribe to it. I would ask Manyasha to try and get for me (by writing to Dresden or by finding out from friends) copies of the *Sächsische Arbeiter Zeitung* for 1898 [(1) containing the articles by Parvus against Bernstein and (2) numbers 252—255 for 1898].[1]

[1] Containing G. Plekhanov's article: *Why We Ought to Be Grateful to Him.* An open letter to Karl Kautsky in which Plekhanov fiercely criticises Bernstein.

To his Mother

[Pskov], 5th/18th May, 1900

Darling Mother,

It was only this morning that I received your letter of the 2nd/15th, with Manyasha's postscript. Why the letter was late I do not know (you expected me to receive it on the 3rd/16th or not later than the 4th/17th); the postmarks on it are "Postal Waggon of the 2nd" and "Pskov 4th/17th" so there was probably no delay. The letter arrived on the 4th/17th in Pskov and was delivered this morning. Probably letters from Podolsk cannot come as quickly as from Moscow.

You are worrying about me, my darling, quite unnecessarily: my health is considerably better. I have given up taking the waters long ago and not once have I felt the wish or need to start taking them again. I received a certificate yesterday from the Chief of Police stating that for his part he has no objection to my going abroad. I paid half my deposit today (10 roubles) and in two hours' time I shall receive my passport endorsed for abroad. This means that I shall move in the summer to warmer parts; I cannot leave here immediately, because I must come to some arrangement with editors and certain publishers of translations and also wind up certain money affairs (by the way, I am hoping to receive a small sum from Filippov: if I do not receive it from him or from Popova, then I shall write and ask you to send me a little). Besides, I must wait for an answer to my petitionto the Department for permission to spend six weeks in Ufa on account of my wife's illness. I sent the petition on the 20th April/3rd May and there ought to be a reply in about a week's time. I shall certainly go and see Nadya, but I do not know yet whether I shall spend six weeks with her or whether (which is more likely), I shall have to content myself with less time. In any case I shall not be hampered by having my passport endorsed for abroad. I had to get it in Pskov, where I have been living lately, for by law such passports when issued in the provinces do not expire for three months, which means it will not be too late, even if I were to leave Russia on the 5th/18th August. Therefore as I have already told you, I am thinking of leaving here on the 15th/28th or the 20th May/2nd June, but of course I shall try to get away before that. Write what I am to do with my things; shall I leave them in Moscow (is Mark there and in which flat? Will he be staying long in Moscow and does he often come to visit you)? Or am I to take them straight to Podolsk (I do not know whether that will be convenient. I think I shall have to take all my things with me including my books). I would ask Manyasha to write to me in greater detail as to how I am to find you in Podolsk.

I embrace you warmly and send greetings to all our people.

I shall see you soon.

Your

V. U.

Nadya writes that her health is better, I have just received a passport from the Governor General's Chancellery and have made enquiries about my petition asking for permission to go to Ufa. Apparently it has been refused!!![1] I did not expect that and I do not know what to do now.

To M. I. Ulianova (then in prison)

München, 6th/19th May, 1901

I have decided to write a few words to you, my dearest Manyasha, or else you may think I am a pig. Actually, it is extraordinary how often I forget my duty! It is true that Nadya and E. V. have arrived; we have made better arrangements for ourselves, we have our own flat and I am beginning to work more regularly, but even so there are still far too many interruptions.

And how are you? I hope you have settled down to a more regular regime, which is so important when one is in solitary confinement. I immediately wrote a letter to Mark and described to him in great detail how best to establish such a régime: for mental work I practically recommend translations, especially *reverse* ones—namely, first a written translation from a foreign language into Russian and then translate the Russian back into the foreign language. From my own experience I learnt that this was the most rational way of learning a language. In the physical realm, I strongly recommended to him, and repeat the same to you, daily exercises and then a rub down. This is absolutely essential in solitary confinement.

From one of your letters forwarded here by Mother I see you have managed to begin some kind of work. As a result of this I hope you will occasionally forget your surroundings and that the time (which usually flies in prison if there are not particularly unfavourable circumstances) will pass almost unnoticed.

I also advise you to spread your studies systematically over the available books, so as to vary them. I remember very well that a change in reading or occupation, from translation to reading, from letter writing to gymnastics, from serious reading to fiction—helped very considerably. Sometimes depression (moods change frequently in prison) is simply the result of fatigue through monotonous impressions or monotonous work. Sometimes it is only necessary to change the activity to return to normal and to control the nerves.

I remember that in the evening after a meal I used regularly to read fiction for relaxation, and I never enjoyed it more than when I was in prison. Above all, do not forget the daily compulsory physical exercises. Force yourself to make several dozen different movements (without stopping!). It is most important.

Well, goodbye, for the present, I kiss you warmly and wish you cheerfulness and health.

Your

Vlad. Ul.

To his Mother

London, 25th April/8th May, 1902

Darling Mother,

I received a postcard from Manyasha today showing a view of the Volga and sending good wishes. Please thank her for it. I do not know

[1] Lenin was granted permission to visit Krupskaya in Ufa, and he, his mother and his sister Anyuta spent over a month in the summer of 1900. Lenin returned to Podolsk soon after the 10th July.

whether you have been receiving my letters regularly lately? Apart from this postcard, I do not seem to have had anything from you for a long time.

Do you correspond with E. V. who is now in St. Petersburg and is apparently not very pleased with it? She is already beginning to think of her return journey.

I hope to see you soon,[1] my darling. If only the journey does not tire you much; you must definitely choose day trains and stop the nights in hotels. Hotels are not expensive abroad and you can spend the night very well in them. But without such rest, and with the speed of trains over here and the short stops, it is quite impossible to travel for several days on end. I shall wait with impatience for news of your departure. Perhaps you will send a telegram from Russia, or from abroad, when you are about to take a direct train to come here; that would be better.

I meant to ask you to bring certain of my underwear I left behind, but I do not think it is worth it really: what I left of my things may have come in useful for Mitya and he has probably taken them, but it is no use buying new things in Russia and bringing them here. If there are a few things left and if they are of no use to any one, then you might bring them with you (of course only a few things, so as not to burden you).

I advise you to choose express trains in Germany and Austria (you pay a small addition to the third class fare, but the saving in time is enormous). Draw up your time table at home after buying Henshall's Telegraph. Manyasha probably knows this guide.

I embrace you warmly, my darling, and send many greetings to all our people.

Your

V.

To his Mother

London, 22nd January/4th February, 1903

Darling Mother,

I have not had a single letter for ages, either from you or from any one of our people. One of your letters has probably gone astray, for I cannot believe that no one has written to me all this time. I do not know whether Mitya has been to see you, how long he stayed, what his plans are or where he is now. Have you had any news from Anyuta? Has she gone to Port Arthur[2] and when? Are you well? Is the frost still persisting?

We have fine weather; the winter is exceptionally good, mild and (so far) little rain or fog. It is true that E. V. is often ill; she is at present laid up, but nothing serious, so we manage to treat her with Russian prescriptions and home remedies. It would probably help her to go somewhere further South. Nadya and I are well. Our life goes on as usual, quietly and modestly. The other day for the first time this winter, we went to a good concert and were very pleased with it, especially with Chaikovsky's *Symphonie Pathetique*. Are there any good concerts in Samara? We have been once to the German Theatre. How we should like to go to the Moscow Art Theatre to see [Gorky's] *The Lower Depths!*

I kiss you warmly, my darling, and send you best wishes, especially for your health. Greetings to all our people. Perhaps you will forward this letter to Anyuta, for when shall I know what her address is?

Your

[V. U.]

Am I writing the correct address?

To his Mother

[London], 16th/29th March, 1903

Darling Mother,

I received your letter the other day. Many thanks for it. So Anyuta has been delayed in the Far East for longer than she thought. And I was thinking she was with you! It is probably not possible to set out at once on such a long journey. So Mitya has also not yet decided where he is going to live? Is Manyasha very unhappy, poor thing?

It is a good thing the weather is reasonably warm with you, for excessively cold winters are very tiring. Do you feel well, my darling?

It is warm here. The other day we took E. V. [Krupskaya's mother] for a long walk—we took sandwiches instead of having dinner—and went for the whole Sunday "ins Grüne". (We find that willy-nilly we are doing things in a foreign way: we go for walks on a Sunday, although it is not very comfortable, because everywhere is crowded.) We had a splendid walk, the air intoxicated us all as though we were children, and afterwards I had to sleep it off just as I used to do after a day's shooting in Siberia. Indeed, so far as walks are concerned, we do not miss much; we are the only ones of the comrades here who are studying the country round London. We find various field paths; we know the nearest places and are thinking of going farther out. I feel well lately, work regularly and do not suffer from nerves. Nadya and E. V. are also well.

I kiss you warmly, my darling. Please write from time to time (or ask Manyasha to write) about your life and plans.

Your

V. Ulianov

To A. I. Elizarova

[Geneva], 14th/27th October, 1908

Darling Anyuta,

I am very surprised at your long silence. Probably the move to Moscow was a great bother and you had no time for letters.

Please send me an address to which I can forward the manuscript of my book [*Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*]. It is ready. There are 24 printed sheets (40 thousand letters of the alphabet), *i. e.*, about 400 pages. In about a fortnight's time I shall finish the revision and post it: I should like to have a reliable address to which it could be sent.

The question of a publisher is evidently a difficult one; today I received news that Granat has bought the *History* of the Mensheviks, which means the Mensheviks there have got

[1] In the summer of 1902 Lenin's mother visited him abroad and spent a fortnight with Lenin and Krupskaya in Loguivy, Côtes du Nord, North. France.

[2] Anyuta and Mark Elizarov travelled to Port Arthur from Tomsk.

he upper hand.[1] It is clear that he will now efuse to publish my book. Bear in mind that I m no longer interested in the money, *i. e.*, I m agreeable to concessions and to postponement of payment until there is a profit on the book—in a word, the publisher will have absolutely no risks. As for the censorship, I will lso agree to *anything* for everything I have written is quite legal and only certain expressions are unsuitable (ergo, make an agreement, if you have the slightest chance, on *any* conditions).

To A. I. Elizarova
[Paris], 6th/19th December, 1908

Darling Anyuta,

I received your letter today forwarded from Geneva and a postcard sent to Manya. So everything is settled and signed? That is excellent. I wrote to you about the corrections in the letter which has gone astray. I will repeat what I then said: I agree to my remarks [in *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*] about Bazarov and Bogdanov being toned down; with regard to Yushkevich [Social Democrat, Menshevik] and Valentinov [Menshevik, an orthodox Machist] it is not worth altering what I said. So far as "Fideism" etc., is concerned, I agree only on compulsion, *i. e.*, if the publisher issues an ultimatum. As for the proofs, I do not intend to correct them here and make the publishers wait for them. That is probably impossible. I would ask you to send the galley as soon as it has been printed (meaning the first uncorrected offprint as well as sending the sheets as they are printed) so that in case of need I may be able to send a telegram to let you know about the misprints, etc. "Cauwelart" will have to be corrected to "Couwelart", although he is probably Flemish and the devil only knows whether in that language it should be "Cau ..." or "Cou ..."[2]

I sent you from Geneva and to the right address a letter containing corrections and additions. Did you receive it? We are just moving from the hotel to our new flat: Mr. Vl. Oulianoff, 24 Rue Beaunier, Paris (XIV), au deuxième au-dessus de l'entresol. We have found a very good flat, grand and expensive (840 francs, plus a tax of about 60 francs, plus about the same to the concierge). According to Moscow standards it is cheap (four rooms, kitchen, plus cupboards, larders, water, gas), but it is expensive for Paris. It has plenty of space and will, we hope, be comfortable. We bought some furniture yesterday for Manyasha, and our furniture has been brought from Geneva. The flat is almost on the edge of Paris, on the South side, near to the Park "Montsouris". It is as quiet as in the provinces, very far from the centre, but they will soon bring the Metro, the Underground Electric Railway, two yards away from us. There are however all sorts of ways of getting about. So far we are pleased with Paris.

I greet you warmly. All our people send greetings.

Kiss Mother for me.

Your
V. U.

Leave what I say about Purishkevich. I agree to qualify the swearing, also the indecent expressions. "I invented God"—will have to be altered to: "I have invented for myself . . ." well, shall we say mildly, "religious conceptions", or to something of the sort.

To M. I. Ulianova
[Paris, the beginning of 1910]

Darling Manyasha,

I received your postcard, thanks for the news. As for the bicycle, I thought I should soon receive compensation, but the matter has been protracted. I am having a law-suit about it. I hope to win the case. I was riding from Juvisy and a motor car crashed into my bicycle. (I managed to jump off in time.) The crowd helped me by giving me the number of the car and witnesses came forward. I recognized the owner of the car (a Viscount—the devil take him!) and I have brought an action against him (through a lawyer). In any case I should not be riding about now: it is cold (but it is a fine winter, delightful for walks).

I enclose the exact title of two books on the subject of agriculture, which I urgently need. Have you managed to find some one who can get hold of them?

I send you warm greetings.

Kiss Mother for me. Is she freezing in your flat?

Your
V. U.

(1) *A Survey of the Activities of the Main Department of Agriculture for the Years 1907 and 1908*, S. P. B., 1909 and

(2) *A Survey of the Activities of Local Land Commissions* (1907—1908).

(I am not sure whether these are one and the same book. If there *are* two books, then the second is more important for me.)

(3) *The Annual of the Main Department of Agriculture*, S. P. B., 1908

To Mark Elizarov
[Paris], 20th December/3rd January, 1910/1911

My dear M. T.,

Many thanks for your letter. One feels quite cut off here, so that your tales, impressions and observations *From the Volga* (how I miss the Volga!) are real balsam. Your observations are most interesting, especially as they have been collected as a result of various business meetings and travel, without any preconceived aim. Your letter in the summer also gave me great joy and I feel very guilty for not having been able to sit down and answer it on account of my travels between the sea and Paris, from Paris to Copenhagen and Stockholm.

As for my journey to Italy, it will evidently not come off (either now or in the near future). My finances (about which, by the way, Anya asked me) will not permit it. I have not found a publisher [for *The Agrarian Question in the First Russian Revolution*]. I have sent an

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[1] The *History*—"The Social Movement in Russia at the Beginning of the 20th Century", edited by Martov, Maslov and Potresov. Granat did not publish this work; the negotiations did not materialize.

[2] Couwelart, F. von, a professor of psychology in Freiburg.

article to the *Sovremenny Mir*[1] but evidently there are difficulties there too; I have had no reply for several weeks. I shall have to put off long distance journeys until better times. But Italy is no distance from here: surely you will come to Paris, if you decide to go to Italy. And it must be a true saying that whoever has been to Paris once will be drawn a second time.

It would really be better for Manyasha to rest a little longer in Saratov and not to be in a hurry to leave; it would be better in every way.

Our life goes on as usual. Nothing very exciting. Times have lately been particularly full of squabbles, so I beg you to excuse me for the irregularity of my correspondence: I have not answered Anyuta, who told me about the unsuccessful negotiations with Lvovich [a publisher]. I have not written to Mother for a long time. Almost all the family is with you now, so please give them my apologies. Much love to Anya, Manyasha and a kiss to Mother.

I greet you warmly.

Your
V. U.

Mother told me in Stockholm about your struggle with the principal. Once funds have gone up, this means an improvement. Congratulations! You will get rid of unpleasantness! A happy New Year! A happy New Year *to all*.

Yesterday I received No. 1 *Zvezda*[2] from Russia and today No. 1 *Mysl*.[3] That is what makes me happy! I hope you too have seen them. It is very consoling.

To his Mother
[Paris], 6th/19th January, 1911
Darling Mother,

I have just received your letter. Nadya thanks you very much and sends you her love. As for me, I am hurrying to put right the misunderstanding which I have evidently unwittingly caused. Please do not send me any money. I do not need any at present. I wrote that I could neither place my book nor article—this was in one of my last letters. In the last letter I wrote that they had said my article was to be accepted. I have written to Gorky about the book [*The Agrarian Question in the First Russian Revolution*] and am hoping to have a favourable reply. In any case my position is not any worse *now*; I am not in need. And I beg you, my darling, not to send anything and not to economize out of your pension. If things become difficult I shall write frankly, but that is not the case now. It is not easy to find a publisher, but I will keep on looking for one—besides I *continue* to receive the same salary[4] about which I spoke to you in Stockholm. So please do not worry.

Nadya has written twice to Manyasha and is writing again today. Is Manyasha receiving these (chemical) letters?

I am very glad that Mitya sends good news about his transfer.

With much love from us all to Mark and Anyuta.

We are all well. Our life goes on as usual.

Yesterday I gave a lecture here on Tolstoy—perhaps I shall tour Switzerland with the same lecture.[1]

The weather is not so bad here. Dry cold (our flat is very warm), quite nice for walking.

I embrace you, my darling, and wish you good health.

Your
V. U.

P. S. Tanya's Mother has fallen ill in Moscow.[2]

To his Mother
[Berne], Saturday, 13th/26th July, 1913
Darling Mother,

At last on Wednesday (after two weeks preparation) they operated on Nadya in the Clinic. The operation evidently went off successfully, for yesterday she already looked fairly well and began to drink with pleasure. The operation was apparently rather difficult; for about three hours they tortured her without an anaesthetic, but she bore it heroically. On Thursday she was very ill—a high temperature and delirium—and I was thoroughly alarmed. Yesterday, however things were obviously better, no temperature, the pulse better, etc. Kocher is a remarkable surgeon and people suffering from goitre ought to go to him: he has many Russian patients, especially Jews.

I am already thinking about our return journey: we intend leaving on August 4th (if Kocher does not detain her—which sometimes happens). We shall stay the night in Zürich, Münich and Vienna, and then home. I shall have time to receive one more letter from you, after which you must write to Poronin. If I have to stay here I shall write again.

The closing down of the newspaper to which I contributed[3] places me in a critical position. I shall assiduously look for publishers and translations: it will be very difficult now to find literary work.

I embrace you warmly, my darling, and send much love to Manyasha and Anya. Nadya sends her love.

Your
V. U.

To A. I. Elizarova
[Berne], Ist/14th November, 1914
Darling Anyuta,

I have received your letter, also one from Mark, and a postcard from Mother. Many,

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[1] The leading literary Mensheviks contributed to this journal. During the period of rapproachment with the Plekhanovites, the Bolsheviks also collaborated.

[2] A Bolshevik legal newspaper in Petersburg (29 Dec. 1910—18 Oct. 1912) to which Lenin contributed an article *Differences of Opinion in the European Labour Movement*.

[3] A Bolshevik legal monthly published in Moscow. The editing was wholly in the hands of the Bolshevik centre abroad (Lenin, Zinoviev, Kamenev). Only 5 numbers appeared. No. 5 (April 1911) was confiscated. No. 1 contained Lenin's article *On the Statistics of Strikes in Russia*.

[4] The Party salary which Lenin received when he had no other sources of income.

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[1] Lenin did not lecture in Switzerland on Tolstoy.

[2] This refers to the arrest of Sofia Smidovich, an active Bolshevik.

[3] *Pravda* was banned on the 5 July, 1913. But it reappeared again on 13/26 July under the new name *Rabochaya Pravda* ("Workers' Truth").

hany thanks! I am not hard up for money at he moment. My imprisonment was quite hort, only twelve days, and I very soon re-eived special privileges; altogether the "sit-ing" was quite easy, conditions and treatment ood[1]. I have been able to look round a bit and ave fixed myself up here. We are living in wo furnished rooms, very good ones, we dine n a restaurant close by. Nadya feels well; E. V. lso, although she has grown very old. I am fin-shing my article for Granat's Encyclopaedia bout Marx) and am sending it to him one of hese days; only I had to leave the major part lmost all) of my books in Galicia.

... I am nervous about what may happen to hem.[2]

It is very sad to watch the growth of Chau-inism in the various countries and such trea-herous acts, as those of the German (and not nly German) Marxists or pseudo-Marxists.

... It is quite understandable why the iberals are again praising Plekhanov: he has lly deserved this shameful punishment.[3] ell me as soon as you can how matters stand bout the journal (*Vozrozhdeniye*). Is there any ssibility of restarting it and when? Does he post take any responsibility for registered anuscripts? I embrace you warmly and kiss lother. I wish you good health. Greetings om all to all.

Your
V. Ulianov

Ve saw the shameful and shameless number(9) the *Sovremenny Mir*.[4] A disgrace! A disgrace!

To M. I. Ulianova

Berne], 27th January/9th February, 1915

Darling Manyasha,

I have received from you the two small amphlets by Oganovsky [*Why the Great War tared Up*] and Maslov [*The Economic Causes f World War*]. Very many thanks!!! Both hen are bad Opportunists of the most harm-l type (can there possibly be an agreement etween them and Plekhanov? That is arch-ad). But it is extremely useful to know their rritings and I shall, therefore, be arch-grateful you will send me such things, as well as ewspaper (and periodical) cuttings, which efer to similar things. For instance, E. Smir-ov (E. Gurevich, Menshevik journalist) rrote some time ago (in August or September) n *Russkiye Vedomosti*, arch-baseness on the ubject of voting credits, etc. I saw that, but know nothing about his further literary ctivity nor of other people like him.

We are quite well off here with regard to oreign newspapers and books in libraries. We re living quite comfortably. Berne is a dull, mall, but cultured little town. E. V. is ill vith influenza.

An anti-Chauvinist mood is growing among he Germans; there is a split both in Stuttgart and in Frankfurt-am-Main.[1] "*Lichtstrahlen*"[2] in Berlin are publishing works of an anti-Chauvinist tendency.

If it is not too much trouble for you, and if you happen to be near (please do not go specially, it is *not at all* urgent), find out from Granat, who accepted my article [on Marx] for the Encyclopaedia, if payment has been sent to M. T. Elizarov (as I asked) and if it is at all possible to get some more work for the Encyclopaedia. I wrote about this to the Secretary, but he has not answered.

I greet you warmly and send greetings from myself and Nadya.

Your
V. Ulianov

To his Mother

[Zürich], 28th February/12th March, 1916

Darling Mother,

I am sending you some postcards, one for Manyasha. We are now living in Zürich, having come here to study in the local libraries. We like the lake very much and the libraries are much better than the ones at Berne, so we shall probably stay here longer than we intended. You can write to this address, for the post will always forward letters.

I hope you have no more severe frosts and that you are not freezing in a cold flat. I wish it would get warm quicker so that you could rest after the winter.

Nadya sends much love to all. I kiss you, my darling, and wish you good health.

Much love to Anyuta and to M.T. also.

Your
V. U.

To M. I. Ulianova

[Zürich], 2nd/15th February, 1917

Darling Manyasha,

Today I received 808 francs and besides that 500 francs on the 9th/22nd January through the Azov-Don Bank. Please write what this money is; whether from a publisher, from which one, for what, and whether it is for me. It is essential to have a statement, namely, to know exactly what is being paid for by the publisher and what is not. I cannot understand where so much money comes from; Nadya is teasing me, saying I have begun to receive a "pension". Ha! Ha! it is a good joke, for life is devilishly expensive and my capacity for work is desperately low because of my bad nerves. But joking apart, I must know exactly: please write and tell me. Most likely one (or more) letters from you have gone astray and I do not know what all this is about.

I am afraid of spending the money (sometimes a certain friend who was ill was sent money through me).

I have recently received some books from you: *Russkiye Zapiski* [a literary monthly],

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[1] Lenin was accused of spying for Russia. He was in prison from the 8th to 19th August.

[2] Many of Lenin's books were confiscated and later handed over to the General Staff in Warsaw.

[3] From the beginning of the War Plekhanov became a nationalist.

[4] Containing an ultra-Chauvinist article by N. Iordansky.

[1] A split between the Opportunist and the Centre-Kautskian majority in the Social Democratic Party on the one hand, and its Left Radical wing on the other.

[2] A monthly published by the Left Social Democratic Group, "I.S.D." (International Socialists of Germany).

Firm Bread Prices [S.P.B., 1916], *Trudovoiye Posrednichestvo* [M., 1917], *Tula statistics*. Many, many thanks. I send warm greetings to Anyuta, M. T. and also to Mitya.

Our life goes on as usual, very quietly; Nadya is ill fairly often. The winter was an incredibly cold one; it is still cold. How are you all? Are you all well? News from you comes very slowly.

I greet you and kiss you.

Your
V. Ul.

To M. T. Elizarov

[Zürich], 5th or 6th/18th or 19th February, 1917

My dear Mark Timofeich,

You will see from the enclosed (scheme of work) that Nadya is planning an edition of a *Pedagogic Dictionary* or a *Pedagogic Encyclopaedia*.

I am strenuously supporting this plan, which in my opinion, will fill a very serious gap in Russian pedagogic literature; it will be a very useful work and will bring in some money *which is arch-important for us*. With the increase in the numbers and the circle of readers the demand in Russia, *especially for Encyclopaedias* and for similar publications, is very great and is growing rapidly. If well compiled, a pedagogic dictionary or a pedagogic encyclopaedia would be a reference book and would go into a number of editions. I am quite sure Nadya will be able to complete this work, for she has studied pedagogy for many years, has written about it, and has prepared herself systematically for the task. Zürich is an exceptionally convenient centre, especially for such a work. The pedagogic museum here is the best in the world.

The income from such an undertaking would be certain.

It would be best if we could manage to publish it *ourselves* after borrowing the necessary capital or having found a capitalist who would join in the undertaking as a partner.

If that is impossible and if chasing after it would only be a waste of time—and you, of course, could see that more clearly, and you could decide the question after thinking the matter over and making enquiries—then you ought to propose the plan to some established publisher who would probably undertake it. Only the plan must not be stolen, *i. e*, the idea. Then you must sign an agreement with the publisher, a *very detailed agreement* in the editor's (Nadya's) name, stating *all* the conditions. Otherwise the publisher (and an old established publisher too!!) will simply take *all* the profits for himself and enslave the editor. *That does happen*!

I beg you to think over this plan thoroughly, to make enquiries, to take on the responsibility, to talk it over and to answer me in detail.

If successful, answer by telegram: "Encyclopaedia agreement concluded." Then Nadya will set to work seriously.

I greet you warmly.

Your
V. Ulianov

P. S. The edition—two volumes in two columns. Published in parts, 1-2 sheets at a time. Announce a *subscription*. Then money will start coming in rapidly.

Telegram No. 148. To A. J.Elizarova and
M. I. Ulianova
Shirokaya, 489 flat 24, Petrograd
Blank No. 71 Rec. 2 April, 1917, 20 hrs. 8 min.
Military censor No. 87.
Petrograd. Torneo. 148. 13. 218 12 Nazen
PGD
Arriving Monday Night II. Tell "*Pravda*".
Ulianov.

V. I. LENIN

... It would be a difficult task to paint his portrait. Lenin's words were as much a part of his appearance as scales are that of a fish. He was as simple and straightforward as everything he said. His heroism is surrounded by no glittering halo. His was that heroism which Russia knows well, the unassuming austere life of self-sacrifice of the honest Russian revolutionary intellectual who, in his unshakable belief in the possibility of social justice on earth, renounces all the pleasures of life in order to toil for the happiness of mankind...

I can still see vividly before me the bare walls of a church on the outskirts of London, absurdly unattractive; the lancet windows of a small, narrow hall which might have been a classroom in a poor school.

Any resemblance to a church stopped at the outside of the building. Inside there was no trace of anything ecclesiastical, and even the low pulpit, instead of standing at the far end of the hall, was placed at the entrance, midway between the two doors.

I had never met Lenin before this,[1] nor read as much of him as I ought to have done. But what I had managed to read, and above all the enthusiastic accounts of those who knew him personally, had attracted me strongly toward him. When we were introduced, he shook me heartily by the hand, and, scrutinizing me with his keen eyes and speaking in the tone of an old acquaintance, he said jocularly: "I'm glad you've come. I believe you're fond of a scrap? There's going to be a fine old scuffle here."

I did not expect Lenin to be like that. Something was lacking in him. He had a jaunty way of standing with his hands poked up under his armpits. He was somehow too ordinary, did not give the impression of being a leader. As a literary man, I am obliged to take note of such little details, and this necessity has become a habit.

... Before me now stood a baldheaded, stocky, sturdy person, speaking with a guttural roll of his "r's" and holding my hand in one of his, while with the other he wiped a forehead which might have belonged to Socrates; and he beamed affectionately at me with his strangely bright eyes. He began at once to speak about the defects of my book *Mother*—he had read it in the manuscript. I was hurrying to finish the book, I said,—but did not have time to say why before Lenin with a nod of assent himself gave the explanation—"Yes, I should hurry up with it, such a book is needed, for many of the workers who take part in the revolutionary movement do so unconsciously and chaotically, and it would be very useful for them to read *Mother*." "The very book for the moment." That was the only compliment he paid me, but to me it was a most precious one.

Then he went on to ask in a business-like way if it was being translated, whether it had been much mangled by the Russian and American censorship? When I told him that the author was to be prosecuted, at first he frowned, then threw back his head, closed his eyes and burst into his peculiar laugh.

... Rosa Luxemburg spoke eloquently, passionately and trenchantly, using irony with great effect. But now Vladimir Ilyich hurried to the pulpit, and said "Comrades" in his guttural way. He seemed to me to speak badly, but after a minute I and everybody else was absorbed in his speech. It was the first time I had heard complicated political questions treated so simply. There was no striving after eloquent phrases, but every thought was expressed distinctly, and its meaning was marvellously plain. It is very difficult to convey the unusual impression he made.

His arm was extended with the hand slightly raised, and he seemed to weigh every word with it, to sift out the remarks of his opponents, substituting them by momentous arguments for the right and duty of the working class to go its own way, and not along with the liberal bourgeoisie or trailing along behind them. All this was unusual, and Lenin seemed to say it not of his own will, but by the will of history. The unity, completeness, directness and strength of his speech, his whole appearance in the pulpit—it was as a work of classic art: everything was there, and yet there was nothing superfluous, and if there were any embellishments, they were not noticed as such, but were as natural and inevitable as two eyes in a face or five fingers on a hand. He gave a shorter speech than the orators who spoke before him, but he made a much greater impression. I was not alone in feeling this. Behind me was an enthusiastic whispering: "This man has something to say." It really was so. His conclusions were not reached artificially, but developed by themselves, inevitably.

... His free minutes or hours he spent among the workers, asking them about the most petty details of their lives.

"What about your wives? Up to the neck in housework? But do they manage to learn anything, to read anything?"

Once in Hyde Park a group of workers who had seen Lenin for the first time were discussing his conduct at the Congress. One of them made a striking remark.

"For all I know there may be others in Europe as clever as he on the side of the workers,—Bebel or somebody else. But I don't

[1] The Fifth Congress of the Russian Social Democratic Labour Party held in London in 1907.

believe you'll find anyone who attracts you so much right from the start."

Another added with a smile: "He's one of us all right."

... Several of us always had our meals together in the same cheap little restaurant. I noticed that Vladimir Ilyich ate very little—two or three fried eggs, a small piece of ham, and a mug of thick, dark beer. He obviously took very little care of himself and his amazing care for the workers struck one all the more.

M. F. Andreyeva was looking after the canteen, and he would ask her: "What do you think, are the workers getting enough to eat? No? H'm, h'm. Perhaps we can get more sandwiches?" Once when he came to the inn where I was staying, I noticed him feeling the bedding with a preoccupied air. "What are you doing?" I asked. "I'm just looking to see if the sheets are well aired." At first I didn't understand. Why should he want to know what the sheets were like in London? Then, noticing my perplexity, he explained: "You must take care of yourself."

In the autumn of 1918 I asked a worker from Sormovo, Dmitri Pavlov, what he thought was Lenin's most striking feature. He answered: "Simplicity. He is as simple as truth itself." He said this as though it had been thought and decided long ago. It is well known that one's severest critics are those who work under one. Lenin's chauffeur Gil, a man of great experience, said: "Lenin is quite unique. There are no others like him. Once I was driving him along Myasnitskaya Street when the traffic was very heavy. I hardly moved forward. I was afraid of the car getting smashed and was sounding the horn, feeling very worried. He opened the door, reached me by standing on the running board, meanwhile running the risk of falling off, and urged me to go forward. "Don't get worried, Gil, go on like everyone else.' I am an old chauffeur. I know that nobody else would do that."

It would be difficult to convey how easily and naturally all his impressions flowed in the same channel. With the invariability of a compass needle, his thoughts turned in the direction of the class interests of the working people. On one of our free evenings in London some of us went to a music hall.

Vladimir Ilyich laughed gaily and infectiously at the clowns and comedians and looked indifferently at the rest. He paid especial attention to a scene depicting timberfelling in British Columbia. The small stage showed a forest camp and in the foreground two young fellows hewed through the trunk of a tree about a meter in thickness in a minute. "That's for the public, of course," said Ilyich. "They couldn't work as quickly as that in reality. But apparently they use axes there also, and cut up a lot of wood into useless chips. There's civilization for you!"

He began to speak about the anarchy in production under capitalism, the great percentage of raw material wasted, and ended by regretting that no one had as yet thought of writing a book on the subject. The idea wasn't quite clear to me but I didn't manage to question Vladimir Ilyich. He was already making some interesting remarks about the pantomime as a special form of the art of the theatre. "It is the expression of a certain satirical attitude towards generally accepted ideas, an attempt to turn them inside out, distort them, to show the arbitrariness of the usual. It is a little involved but interesting!..."

... There was in Capri another Lenin—a splendid comrade, a light-hearted person with a lively, inexhaustible interest in everything under the sun, and strikingly gentle toward people.

... He asked in detail about the life of the Capri fishermen, their earnings, the influence of the priests, their schools. I could not but be surprised at the range of his interests. When a priest was pointed out to him, the son of a poor peasant, he immediately asked for information as to how often the peasants send their children to the seminaries, and whether the children returned to their own village as priests.

I cannot imagine another man who, so far surpassing other people, could yet remain unaffected by ambitious cravings, and retain a lively interest in simple folk.

He possessed a certain magnetic quality which drew to him the hearts and sympathies of the working people. He didn't speak Italian, but the Capri fishermen, who had seen many outstanding Russians, by a sort of instinct put Lenin in a special place at once. His laugh was so enchanting—the hearty laugh of a man who, so well acquainted with the clumsy stupidity of human beings and the acrobatic trickery of the quickwitted, could find a pleasure in the childlike artlessness of the "simple in heart." An old fisherman, Giovanni Spadaro, said of him: "Only an honest man could laugh like that."

We would go rowing sometimes, on water blue and transparent as the sky, and Lenin learned how to catch fish "with his finger" — using the line alone, without the rod. The fishermen explained to him that the fish must be hooked when the finger feels the vibration of the line. "Cosi: drin, drin. Capisce?"

A second later he hooked a fish, drew it in and cried out with childish joy and a hunter's excitement: "Drin, drin". The fishermen roared with laughter, gay as children, and nicknamed the stranger "Signor Drin-Drin." After he had gone away, they continued to ask: "How is Drin-Drin getting on? The tsar hasn't caught him yet?.."

... He was intrepid by nature, but his was not the mercenary daring of the gambler; in Lenin it was the manifestation of that unusual moral courage which could only belong to a man with an unshakable belief in his calling, to a man with a profound and complete perception of his connection with the world, and perfect comprehension of his role of enemy of that chaos. With equal enthusiasm he would play chess, look through *A History of Dress*, dispute for hours with comrades, fish, go for walks along the stony paths of Capri, scorching in the southern sun, feast his eyes on the golden colour of the gorse, and on the swarthy-faced children of the fishermen. In the evening, listening to stories about Russia and the country-side, he would sigh enviously and say: "I know very little of Russia—Simbirsk, Kazan, Petersburg, exile in Siberia, and that is nearly all."

He loved fun, and when he laughed it was ith his whole body, he was quite deluged n laughter and would laugh sometimes until ears came. He could give to his short characeristic exclamation, "H'm, h'm," an infinite number of modifications, from biting arcasm to non-committal doubt; and often n this "H'm, h'm" one caught the sound lf the keen humour which a sharp-sighted nan experiences who sees clearly through the upidities of life.

Stocky and thick-set, with his Socratic head nd quick eyes—he would often adopt a strange nd rather comical posture—he would throw is head back, inclining it somehow onto his noulder, thrust his fingers under his armpits, n his waistcoat armholes. There was something eliciously funny in this pose, something of triumphant fighting cock; and at such a moent he beamed all over with joy, a grown-up hild in this accursed world, a splendid huan being, who had to give himself as a sacifice to hostility and hatred, so that love ight be at last realized.

.. In the severe famine of 1919 Lenin was shamed to eat the food sent to him by comades, soldiers and peasants from the provines. When the parcels came to his bleak flat would frown, grow embarrassed, and sten to give the flour, butter and sugar to e sick comrades or those weak through ck of food. Once, when he was inviting me dine with him, he said: "I shall give you me smoked fish—it was sent to me from trakhan," and with a frown on his Socratic ehead, and glancing away, he added: "They d things to me as though I were a lord! w can I prevent them doing it? If you use and don't accept it, they are hurt. nd everyone round me is hungry."

Unassuming, a stranger to tobacco and wine, ccupied from morning to night with complex nd difficult work, he did not look after himelf, but kept a vigilant eye on the well-being f comrades. He would sit at his desk in his tudy, talking quickly and writing without aking pen from paper: "Good morning. How are you? I am just finishing. There is comrade in the village feeling lonely—evitently tired. He must be cheered up. State of ind is not the least important thing!"

Once I came to him in Moscow. He asked: Have you dined?" "Yes." "You are not revaricating?" "There are witnesses—I dined in the Kremlin dining room."

"I heard that the dinners are not good here." "Not bad, but could be better." He mmediately asked for details: "Why not ood? In what way could they be improved?" nd began to mutter angrily: "Why can't hey get an expert cook there? People workng literally until they drop must be ed with good food so that they will eat nore. I know there is very little food to be ot, and that bad—they must get a good cook here." Then he quoted the opinion of some physician about the part played by seasonng in the processes of eating and digestion. I asked: "How do you find time to think bout such things?" He retorted with another uestion: "About rational diet?" and by the one of his voice I understood that my uestion was out of place.

... I knew and still know many workers who had to, and have to, grit their teeth hard, and stifle their emotions, to overcome their organic "social idealism," for the sake of the cause they serve. Did Lenin, too, have to stifle his emotions? He paid too little attention to himself to talk about himself to others; he more than anyone, could keep silent the secret agitation of his soul. Once however, at Gorki, [1] when he was caressing some children, he said: "These will have happier lives than we. They will not experience much that we did. There will not be so much cruelty in their lives." Then looking into the distance, to the hills where the village nestled, he added pensively: "And yet I don't envy them. Our generation achieved something of amazing significance for history. The cruelty which the conditions of our life made necessary will be understood and vindicated. Everything will be understood, everything." He caressed the children gently, with a soft and tender touch.

Once I came to him and saw *War and Peace* lying on the table. "Yes, Tolstoy. I wanted to read over the scene of the hunt, then remembered that I had to write to a comrade. Absolutely no time for reading. Only last night I managed to read your article on Tolstoy." Smiling, his eyes wrinkled at the corners, he stretched himself deliciously in his armchair, and, lowering his voice, added quickly: "What a colossus, eh? What a man! There's an artist for you... And do you know something still more amazing? You couldn't find a genuine muzhik in literature until this count came on the scene." Then, screwing up his eyes and looking at me, he asked: "Can you place anyone in Europe beside him?" and replied himself: "No one." And, rubbing his hands, he laughed contentedly.

I more than once noticed in him this trait—this pride in Russian art. Sometimes this feature appeared to me strangely foreign to Lenin's nature, appeared even naive, but I learned to hear in it the echo of his deep-seated, joyful love for the working people.

In Capri, watching the fishermen carefully disentangle their nets, torn and entangled by the sharks, he observed: "Our men work more skillfully." When I cast some doubt on this remark, he said with a touch of vexation: "H'm, h'm. Don't you think you are forgetting Russia, living on this hump of earth?"

... V. A. Dyesnitsky-Stroyev told me that he was once travelling through Sweden with Lenin in a train, and looking at a German monograph on Dürer. Some Germans, sitting in the same carriage, asked him what the book was. It appeared that they had never heard of their great artist. This amused Lenin and twice he said to Dyesnitsky proudly: "They don't know their own artists, but we do."

One evening in Moscow in E. P. Pyeshkova's flat, Lenin was listening to a Beethoven sonata being played by Isaiah Dobrowein, and said: "I know nothing greater that the

[1] Where Lenin spent his last days; not to be confused with the city of Gorky (formerly Nizhni-Novgorod).

Appassionata, I could listen to it every day. It is marvelous, superhuman music. I always think with pride—perhaps it is naive of me—what marvelous things human beings can do!" Then, screwing up his eyes and smiling, he added rather sadly: "But I can't listen to music too often. It affects your nerves, makes you want to say stupid, nice things, and stroke the heads of people that could create such beauty living in this foul hell; and now you mustn't stroke anyone's head—you might get your hand bitten. You have to hit them on the head, without any mercy, although our ideal is not to use force against anyone. H'm, h'm, our duty is infernally hard..."

I have already described his quite exceptional attitude to comrades, his attention to them, which penetrated down to even the smallest details of their lives. But in this feature of his I never caught the note of that self-interested care which a clever master sometimes exhibits towards an honest and expert workman. This was not the case with Lenin. His was the heartfelt interest of a sincere comrade, the love which exists between equals. I know that it is impossible to consider as Lenin's equals even the greatest people in his Party, but he himself didn't seem to realize this, or, more probably, did not want to realize it. He was sometimes sharp with people when arguing with them, pitilessly ridiculed them, even laughed at them in a venomous fashion. All this he did. But how many times, when judging people, whom yesterday he had criticized and rebuked, there was a clearly evident note of genuine wonder at their talents and moral steadfastness, at their unflagging labour in the bitter conditions of 1918—1921, work amid spies of all countries and parties, amid the plots which swelled like festering sores on the body of the war-exhausted country. They worked without rest, they ate little and badly, they lived amid ceaseless alarms...

... He was a Russian who lived for a long time away from his native land, and had examined it attentively—from afar it appears brighter and more beautiful. He estimated accurately its potential forces, and the exceptional talents of its people, which, feebly expressed as yet, unawakened by a history monotonous and oppressive, yet gleamed everywhere like golden stars against the somber background of the fantastic life of Russia.

Vladimir Lenin, a great man, is dead. His death is a grievous blow to those who knew him, grievous indeed.

But the darkness of death only emphasizes the more strongly to the world his great importance—the importance as the leader of the working class of the world.

And if the dark cloud of hatred, of lies and calumny were even denser than it is, it would matter not at all. There is no force which can put out the torch which Lenin raised aloft in the stifling darkness of a mad world.

No other man has so well deserved to be eternally remembered.

Vladimir Lenin is dead. But the inheritors of his thought and will are alive. They live and carry on their work more triumphantly than anyone in the history of mankind.

Lenin listening to his mother playing the piano. By A. Morozov

THE YOUNG GUARD

In this number we continue the extracts from Alexander Fadeyev's novel *The Young Guard* (See No. 7, 1945, of the magazine *International Literature*).

We would like to remind our readers that this novel describes the life and activity of the underground organization which was formed in the town of Krasnodon, the Donbas, during its temporary occupation by the German-fascist army.

Despite the fascist terror, the leaders and members of this organization—Oleg Koshevoi, Seryozha Tyulenin, Ivan Zemnukhov, Oulya Gromova, Lyuba Shevtsova, Vladimir Osmukhin, Valya Borts and others—carried on a resolute, active struggle against the invaders. They distributed communiqués of the Soviet Information Bureau which they received on a secret wireless set; they prepared an armed uprising and gathered arms by various means; they formed shock groups which carried out wrecking and terror.

This group of young people was not isolated, it was a part of that menacing movement with its roots deep among the people that developed in all the districts temporarily occupied by the Germans.

Lyuba Shevtsova, a member of the Young Guard, fooled German officers and made her way into the town of Voroshilovgrad (formerly Lugansk), met the partisan leader Ivan Fedorovich Protsenko and received instructions from him about the further work of the group.

Protsenko, Valko (Uncle Andrei), Matvei Kostievich Shulga, who had remained on German-occupied territory to carry on the struggle, were leaders in the local mining industry. One of them, Shulga, was betrayed to the Gestapo by Ivan Fomin, a man with a dubious past, who under Soviet power had pretended to great industry and zeal for work, but sold himself to the Germans on their arrival. Valko was also arrested and executed.

The extracts given below are taken from the time when Krasnodon was in the rear of the German army.

Our readers are already acquainted with Oleg Koshevoi's mother, Elena Nikolayevna, his grandmother Vera, Uncle Kolya and other characters from the extracts printed in an earlier issue.

The last chapters will appear in our next numbers.

All those days, months and years, in all the places the Germans occupied, where they thought that their gauleiters and field commandants, gruppenführers and sonderführers, gendarme sergeant-majors and burgomeisters, raiders and polizei ruled unopposed, there was a continual invisible undercurrent of movement of the people.

Just as the waters seep unseen beneath the roots of trees and grass, through the cracks and capillaries of the earth, beneath the soil, silently, continuously, so under the German rule there were millions of men, women, children and old people of all the nationalities of our land moving from place to place along steppe, forest and mountain paths, through ravines, along the steep banks of rivers, through the streets and lanes of towns and villages, in crowded market places and dark night shelters.

Driven from their homes, returning there again, seeking places where they were unknown, making their way through the front to free Soviet soil, finding their way out of encirclements, escaping from German prisons or concentration camps, or simply forced by destitution to go in search of food and clothing, taking up arms to fight the oppressor—partisans, wreckers, agitators, scouts in the enemy rear, scouts of a retreating great army of a great people—they wandered and wandered, countless as the sands on the seashore.

A man was walking along a steppe road under the hot sunshine. He was in ordinary peasant clothing, he had a dark curly beard like a peasant, and a rough sack slung over his shoulder. There were thousands and thousands like him on the tramp... Who could tell who he was? He had blue eyes, but is it possible to look into the eyes of all, to know each one by his eyes? It may be that a wild spark burned in them at times, but when they were turned on the Herr Sergeant-

Major or even the Hauptbürgomeister they were the most ordinary eyes imaginable.

The man with the dark beard and the peasant clothing entered the town of Voroshilovgrad and vanished in the crowded streets. Why had he come to the town? Perhaps he was bringing butter, curds or a duck to exchange at the market for nails, coarse cotton cloth or salt. Or it might be that he was a dangerous man capable of undermining the power of Dr. Schultz himself, the councillor to the Seventh Department of the Field Command.

A thin youth slept huddled together in a hollow of the steppe; as the sun warmed him, steam rose from his clothing. The sunshine dried the wet tracks which he had left on the grass after coming out of the water. How tired he must have been after swimming the river, if he could fall asleep on the steppe at night in his wet clothing!

But when the sun began to scorch him, the youth awakened and went on further. His light hair had dried and fell into artistically disordered locks on his head.

The second night he spent in a mining village, where strangers took him in because he came from the neighbourhood, he was from Krasnodon, he had been studying in Voroshilovgrad and was now returning home. And he entered Krasnodon openly, in broad daylight. He did not know what had happened to his parents, whether Germans were quartered on them, and for that reason he went first to his old schoolfriend, Volodya Osmukhin.

There had previously been Germans at Volodya's home, but now they had gone.

"Zhenya! Where have you come from?"

But Volodya's comrade, in his usual self-possessed, official manner enquired:

"First of all, tell me where you stand....

It was Evgeni Stakhovich, an old comrade of Volodya's and an active member of the youth league; there was no need to conceal anything from him, and Volodya told him everything that concerned himself personally.

"So that's it..." said Stakhovich. "That's good. But I didn't expect anything else of you...."

He spoke with a certain shade of condescension. But he probably had the right to do so. He was not merely longing to enter the underground struggle, like Volodya, he had already been fighting in a partisan column, and had been sent officially by headquarters to organize matters in Krasnodon.

"Splendid!" said Volodya with respect. "We must go to Oleg at once...."

"And who's this Oleg?" asked Stakhovich jealously, because Volodya pronounced the name with the greatest respect.

"Oh, he's a fellow I know!" said Volodya vaguely.

No, Stakhovich did not know Oleg. But if he was someone worthwhile, why not go to him?

A man with a military bearing but in civilian clothing knocked softly at the door of the Borts' house.

Only little Lucy was at home. Her mother had gone to market to try and exchange something for food, and Valya.... No, Dad was home too, but it was that which was too terrible. Dad, in his dark glasses, had immediately hidden himself in the wardrobe. Lucy, her heart sinking, assumed a grown-up expression, went to the door and asked as casually as she could :

"Who's there?"

"Is Valya home?" asked a pleasant, modest tenor from the other side of the door.

"No, she's not at home." Lucy waited in silent expectation.

"Won't you open the door? You needn't be afraid," said the same voice. "Who's that talking?"

"Lucy."

"Lucy? Valya's little sister? Open the door, there's nothing to be afraid of..."

Lucy opened the door. On the top step stood a slender, modest-looking youth who was a stranger to her. To Lucy he seemed quite grown-up. He had kind eyes and there was a manly, courageous expression on his thin face. He saluted Lucy, his eyes smiling at her.

"Will she be home soon?" he asked politely.

Lucy accepted the respectful salute with serious approval.

"I don't know," she said, looking up at him earnestly.

A disappointed expression crossed his face. For some time he stood there in silence, then saluted again. But as soon as he made a military about-turn and started to go, Lucy asked quickly:

"Can I give any message?"

A look of amusement flashed into his eyes, but he replied quite seriously:

"Say that her fiancé's come..."

With that, he ran down the steps.

"Are you leaving? But how is she to find you?" Lucy called after him quickly and excitedly.

She spoke too late and too quietly. He was already disappearing down Derevyannaya street towards the crossing.

So Valya had a fiancé... Lucy was excited at the thought. Of course, she could not tell Dad about this. And it was impossible to talk to Mummie either. "Nobody here at home knows about it... But perhaps they won't be getting married at once?" Lucy comforted herself.

Young folks—two lads, almost boys and two girls—went for a walk on the steppe. But why should these youths and the two girls go walking on the steppe in such terrible times, when nobody ever went for walks any more? It was a working day, and they were a very long way from the town. But on the other hand, it was not forbidden to go for walks on the steppe...

They walked in couples—a lad with light, crisp, wavy hair, barefoot, quick and agile, and a sunburned girl with bare, downy legs and reddish-gold plaits, with the other lad, bare-headed, small, freckled, and a quiet, inconspicuously-dressed girl with wise eyes called Tossya Mashchenko. They would wander a long way from each other and then meet again. They walked about indefatigably from morning till night, tortured by thirst, scorched by the burning sun, which made the bare-headed lad three times more freckled than he was. Every time they met they

rought something in their hands or their pock-
ts—cartridges, grenades, sometimes a Ger-
an or a Russian rifle or a revolver. There
as nothing surprising in this—the retreat-
ng Red Army had fought the last battles
ere near Verkhneduvannaya Station. But
nstead of bringing it to the German comman-
ant, they carried everything to a certain
ecret spot in a grove and buried it.

One day the quick, agile lad, who was the
eader, found a live mine, and the girl
with the reddish-gold plaits saw him ren-
er it harmless, his fingers working with
mazing accuracy. There certainly ought to
e a great many mines in this district. He
aught the others how to take the sting out
f them, mines might also come in useful.

In the evening the girl with the reddish-
old plaits returned home, sunburned, tired,
nd excited—and this was not the first
uch evening. Lucy managed to get her out
nto the garden. The whites of her eyes
hining in the darkness, the little girl told
er in a whisper about the arrival of her fiancé.

"What fiancé? What are you babbling
bout?" said Valya angrily, considerably at
loss.

Her first thought was that it might be a spy
nt by the Germans, and the next, that on
ne contrary it might be a representative of
he underground Bolshevik organization,
hich had heard of what she was doing and
ad sought her out. But she immediately
jected both ideas. Although Valya
as packed with romantic story-book adven-
ures like a mine with explosives, she had a
ery realistic, practical turn of mind, like
ll her generation. She ran over all her friends
nd acquaintances in her mind. And sudden-
she remembered: "Fiancé..." Why, of
ourse! That would be Ivan Turkenich...
he previous spring... The Dramatic Society's
arewell performance in the Lenin Club—seeing
urkenich off to the Sevastopol Anti-Aircraft
rtillery School. It was he playing the part
f her fiancé..."

Ivan Turkenich had usually played com-
c old men. Of course, this was not the Mos-
ow Art Theatre. "It's my job," Ivan had
aid, "to make the whole audience from the
irst row to the last rock with laughter." And
e had certainly succeeded. Whatever he
layed in, be it in *The Ill-Fated* or in *First
Sorrows*, he had always made up as the Gar-
ener Danilych. But he had been at the front,
ow could he be in Krasnodon? He was a
ieutenant in the Red Army. The previous
inter he had come home on his way to
talingrad, where he had been sent to learn
to use AA guns against tanks.

"Oh, you're always worrying, Mother,
what does it matter? I don't want any sup-
per!" And Valya hurried off to Oleg.

Turkenich in Krasnodon!

A little, fair-haired girl was wandering
ver the surface of the globe. She had passed
hrough the whole of Poland and the Ukraine,
ne grain of sand in the countless drifting
nass, a seed driven by the wind of war. Thus
he tramped to Pervomaisk suburb and
nocked at the door of a small house.

Lilya Ivanikhina, who had been reported
issing from the front, had returned home.

Oulya learned about it from Maya Peglivanova and Sasha Bondareva. Lilya had returned; merry, kind Lilya, the heart and soul of their set, the first to tear away from family and friends and dive into that terrible world of war, the one who had been missing, whom they had mourned, had risen from the dead!

And all three friends—slender, boyish Sasha Bondareva, dark, gipsy-like Maya with the proud mouth, always full of activity, who had not lost her habit of correcting and instructing everybody even under the Germans, and Oulya, with her wavy dark plaits falling over the front of her simple dark dress with the white dots, practically the only one which the German soldiers had left her, and the severe folds of which outlined her tall, slender, supple form—all these friends ran to the Ivanikhin's house in the centre of the settlement not far from the school.

It was strange to run through the settlement and not see a single German soldier there. The girls had a feeling of freedom, they themselves did not notice how lively they were. A merry, even mischievous smile sparkled in Oulya's black eyes, and that smile seemed to reflect itself on the faces of her friends and those about her.

As they drew up level with the school, they noticed a brightly coloured poster pasted onto one panel of the large door. As though by tacit consent, the girls turned and ran up the steps.

The poster depicted a German family—an elderly, smiling German wearing a hat, overalls and a striped shirt with a butterfly tie, holding a cigar, and a flaxen-headed, plump, youngish woman in a cap and a pink frock, also smiling, the two of them surrounded by children of all ages, from a fat round-cheeked year-old boy to a fair-headed young girl with blue eyes. All of them were standing at the door of a farmhouse with a high tiled roof on which pouter pigeons were strutting. The man, the woman and all the children were smiling, the youngest even stretching out his arms in greeting to a girl in a bright-coloured sarafan, white lace apron, a cap and pretty red shoes, coming towards them carrying an enamelled bucket. The girl was plump and snub-nosed, with unnaturally rosy cheeks and large white teeth showing in a smile. In the background was a threshing barn and grain under high tiled roofs with more strutting pigeons, a patch of blue sky, part of a field with stocks of wheat and large speckled cows near the grain.

Beneath the poster was written in Russian: "I have found a home and family." And lower down, to the right: "Katya".

On the other panel of the door two announcements were pasted. The smaller one was an order for the compulsory registration of all able-bodied men and women from fifteen to sixty. The second, larger, called on the young people to go to work in Germany. The announcements were printed, and were signed by the town Burgomeister Stetsenko and Ober-leutnant Sprik, the director of the labour exchange.

Oulya, Maya and Sasha had become very close friends ever since the Germans had

come to the town. They had even spent the night at each other's homes when Germans were quartered with one of them, and another house was free. But all that time, as though feeling that they were not yet ready for it, they had tacitly avoided talking about the biggest and most important question in their lives—how they were to live under the Germans. Now, too, they only exchanged glances, silently descended the steps and just as silently went to the Ivanikhin's house without looking at each other.

The youngest sister, Tonya, with her large nose, thick braids and long coltish legs, between a child and a young girl, came running out of the house to meet them, sparkling with happiness.

"Girls! Have you heard? Gosh, how glad I am!" she said tears in her eyes.

The house was full of girls. The first ones Oulya's eyes lighted upon were Olya and Nina Ivantsova, whom she had not seen for many months, as they had only just returned to the town.

But what had happened to Lilya! With her light hair and merry, kindly eyes, she had always been so white, clean, soft and round, like a spongecake. Now she stood there in front of Oulya, stooping, her long arms hanging powerlessly by her dried-up body. Her pale face was yellow with an unhealthy sunburn, her large thin nose stood out in her face but her eyes shone with the same kindliness. But no, not the same!

Oulya's heart trembled. Silently, convulsively, she embraced Lilya and for a long time did not let her go, pressing her friend's face to her breast. But when Lilya raised her head, there was no softening of her expression. Her kind eyes held a strange, absent look, as though all that she had undergone had so estranged her from her childhood friends that she could no longer share their ordinary, everyday feelings, however heartily and stormily they expressed them.

But at that moment Sasha Bondareva seized Lilya and whirled her round the room.

"Lilya! Is it really you?... Lilya, dearest girl, sweetheart! How thin you've got! But it's nothing, it's nothing, nothing, we'll feed you up, it's grand that you've turned up, Lilya, grand for us!" cried Sasha, her feelings bubbling out of her in their usual headlong manner, as she whirled Lilya round the room.

"Let her go!" laughed Maya, the lower lip of her proud mouth pouting willfully. Then she too embraced Lilya and kissed her. "Go on, tell us," she added at once.

Sitting down on a chair, the girls around her, Lilya told her tale in calm, quiet tones.

"Of course it was awkward for us among all the men, but I was glad, not so much glad as just happy that they had not separated me from our lads in the battalion. After all, we had gone through the retreat together, and we'd lost so many people—we all knew each other by name, those of us that were left... You know, girls, it's always hard when your own are killed. But when there's only seven or eight left in the companies, and you all know each other by name, then you have to tear each one out of your heart as though it were one of your own family. I remember last year I was taken to Kharkov when I was wounded and sent to a good hospital, and all the time I was thinking: 'How are they getting on in the battalion without me?' I wrote letters to them every day, and they wrote to me too, both individually and in groups, and I kept thinking: 'How much longer, how much longer ...' Then I was given leave, and after that I was to go to another unit, but I begged and begged the commandant, and he got me a place in a train that took me back to my own lot ... I used to go everywhere on foot in Kharkov, because I got so upset once when I was in the tram—people pushing each other and being so rough and rude, and it hurt me so—not for myself, but for them—it was even awkward, there I was in uniform and crying, but I felt so sorry for the people and so hurt about it all. 'Oh, if you only knew,' I thought, 'how people are dying every day at the front, quietly, without any noise or fuss, how they are concerned about each other instead of just about themselves, and those are your husbands, brothers and sons ... If only you thought of that, then instead of being rough and rude you'd make way for each other, help each other, speak kindly, and if anybody was hurt or offended accidentally, you'd comfort and help them...'"

All this she said in even, quiet tones, not looking at her friends, but somehow through them, and they pressed closely around her, listening quietly without taking their eyes from her.

"We lived in the camp under the open sky. It rained, and we shivered with cold. They fed us on some sort of skilly made of bran or potato peelings, and the work was hard, road-digging ... The boys seemed to waste away like candles. Day after day, day after day, and many of them were gone. We women" she said, "we women," and not "girls"—"we women seemed to be able to stand up to it better than the men. There was one of our lads from the battalion, Sergeant Fedya, we were friends, very great friends," she added softly. "He used to joke and say: 'You women have an internal reserve.' When they started to drive us to another camp, he couldn't hold out, and the convoy shot him. But he didn't die at once, he was still alive, and followed me with his eyes as I went further and further away, and I couldn't embrace him or kiss him, because they'd have shot me too...."

Lilya told the girls how they had been taken to another camp, and there, in the women's section, there had been a German jailor, a woman called Gertrude Gebbich, and how that she-wolf had tormented and beaten the girls almost to death. And Lilya told how the women had agreed either to die or to kill Gertrude Gebbich, and how coming back at night from work in the forest, they had managed to trick the guards, lie in wait for Gertrude Gebbich, throw an overcoat over her and strangle her. After that they had fled, there were several women and girls, but as they could not possibly make their way home together through the whole of Poland and the Ukraine, they had parted, and Lilya came all those hundreds and hundreds of kilometres alone, sheltered

and fed, first by the Poles, and then by our own Ukrainians.

And all this was told them by Lilya who once had been an ordinary Krasnodon girl, fair, plump, kindly, just like all of them. It was difficult to conceive how she could have strangled Gertrude Gebbich and then come on foot through the whole of German-occupied Poland and the Ukraine. And each one of the girls asked herself: "And if it had been me, could I have stood all that, and how would I have acted?"

She was the same Lilya, but she was different. It could not be said that all she had been through had hardened her; she did not put on airs or show off before her friends, no, she had just come to understand a lot about life. She had become more level and somehow even more kindly, as though she had learned to value people. And although both physically and spiritually she had dried up, so to speak, nevertheless a great light of human goodness irradiated her thin face.

All the girls again started kissing Lilya, each one wanted to stroke and caress her or just touch her. But Shura Dubrovina, a student and older than the others, was more restrained, because she was already jealous of Maya Peglivanova.

"What are we all crying for, I'd like to know!" cried Sasha Bondareva. "Let's sing something."

She started up with *The Dark Hills Are Asleep*, but the girls at once shushed her—there were people of all kinds living in the settlement, somebody might bring the Polizei down upon them. So they decided to choose something from among the old Ukrainian songs and Tonya suggested *The Clay Cottage*.

"It's one of ours, and that scum can't object to it," said Tonya shyly.

But everybody felt that it was sad enough as it was, and *The Clay Cottage* would only make them cry again. Then Sasha, who was the chief singer among the Pervomaisk girls, began singing:

"By my cottage, of an evening
Comes a laddie, wandering round,
And at me his eye is winking,
But he utters ne'er a sound..."

All joined in. There was nothing in that song that might set German ears pricking, but it had been composed by one of the best Soviet song-writers, and the girls had many times listened to their favourite chorus singing it on the radio. And just because they had heard it so many times coming from Moscow, it seemed to waft them backwards from Pervomaisk to Moscow.

All that life amidst which these girls had grown up, which had been as natural to them as that of a lark singing in the fields, and which had been wrested from them—all that life seemed to enter the room together with the song. And something large and good filled their hearts.

Oulya had sat down by the Ivantsov sisters, but Olya, the elder, carried away by the song, only pressed her arm above the elbow affectionately; a blue flame burned in her eyes, making the irregular features of her face almost beautiful. But Nina, after looking about her challengingly from beneath her thick winged brows, suddenly bent over to Oulya and whispered in her ear:

"Greetings from Kashuk."

"What Kashuk?" Oulya whispered back.

"From Oleg. He'll always be Kashuk to us now," she said with emphasis.

Oulya looked straight in front of her, not understanding.

"Let's go to Anatoli from here together," said Nina.

Oulya asked no more questions.

As they sang, the girls became flushed and lively. How they longed to forget, even for an instant, everything around them, to forget the Germans, the Polizei, to forget that they had to register at the German labour exchange, forget Lilya's sufferings, forget that at home their mothers were already worrying because their daughters were away for so long. How they longed for everything to be as it had been before! They ended one song and began another.

"Great heavens," said Lilya suddenly, in her quiet, penetrating voice. "How many times when I was in the camp, when I was tramping through Poland, at night, barefoot, hungry, how many times I've remembered our Pervomaisk, our school, and all you girls, and how we went walking on the steppe, singing ... Why did all that have to be taken away from us? Who's any better for it? Why are there people who want to grab others' happiness? Oulya!" she said suddenly, "Recite some poem, as you used to do ..."

"What shall I recite?" asked Oulya.

Interrupting each other, the girls began calling out their favourite poems which they had so often heard Oulya recite.

"Oulya, the *Demon*,[1]" said Lilya.

"What part?"

"Whatever you like."

"Give us the whole of it!"

Oulya stood up, her arms hanging loosely by her sides, and without any affectation or shyness, in the pleasant, natural manner of a person who has never composed poetry or performed on the stage, she began to recite in free, easy, full tones:

"Exile from Paradise, the Demon
Flew sadly o'er the sinful world,
And visions of his days in Heaven
In vivid swarms around him whirled ..."

And a strange thing happened. Just like everything that the girls had sung, so Oulya's recitation seemed to assume a vital, living significance. It was as though that life to which the girls were now condemned rose up in contrast to everything beautiful created in the world, of whatever character or period. And the words of the poem, whether for or against the Demon, seemed to express what the girls were feeling, all that touched them most deeply.

Now the golden-winged angel was carrying away the sinful soul of Tamara, while the infernal spirits howled after them from the depths.

"Now vanish, ghost of gloom and darkness!"

Oulya recited, her arms hanging loosely by her sides. She spoke the last words:

[1] A poem by M. Lermontov.

"Her days of test and trial are over;
Together with her earthly cover
The chains of sin fell off her brow.
We waited for her long ere now!
Her soul was one of those to whom
Life is one long and cruel torment;
On earth they never reach their bloom:
For God has given them heart-strings woven
On brightest ether's finest loom.
For them the earth was not created,
And they were never meant for earth;
To pay repentance she was fated—
The price for doubt and broken vow ...,
She lived and suffered: for her sorrow
Great Heaven's gates are opened now!"

Lilya's fair head sank onto her arms and she burst out weeping, with loud, childish sobs. The girls crowded round to comfort her. And that terrible world in which they were living entered the room again and seemed to distil poison into their hearts.

From the day when Anatoli Popov, Oulya, Victor and his father returned to Krasnodon after their unsuccessful attempt at evacuation, Anatoli did not live at home but hid with the Petrovs, in the village of Pogoreloye. There was as yet no German administration in the village, and the Petrovs lived openly.

Anatoli returned to Pervomaisk when the German soldiers left.

Nina told him and Oulya that the two of them, or better Oulya, who was less known in town, should at once establish personal connections with Koshevoi and get together a group of Pervomaisk boys and girls who wanted to fight the Germans, and who were dependable. Nina hinted that Oleg was not acting entirely on his own, and passed on some of his advice—to speak to each one separately, not to mention the names of the others, and be sure not to mention Oleg, but to let it be understood that they were not acting on their own.

Nina left them, and Anatoli and Oulya, who had not met since their return, went to the slopes of the little gulley separating the Popovs' orchard from that of the Gromovs, and sat down under an apple tree.

Evening was descending on steppe and gardens.

The Germans had done a good deal of damage to the Popovs' orchard, especially to the cherry trees, many branches of which, heavy with cherries, had been broken off. But nevertheless it still stood, outwardly as neat and pleasant as in the days when father and son had worked in it together.

The natural history teacher who had been fond of his science, had presented Anatoli with a book on insects: *Fosterlings of Pear Trees*, when he passed into the ninth class. The book was old and the title page missing, so the author was unknown.

At the entrance to the Popovs' garden stood an old pear tree, older even than the book, and Anatoli loved them both.

In the autumn, when the apples ripened—the apple-trees were the pride of the Popov family—Anatoli used to sleep in the garden on a pallet bed so that boys should not steal the fruit. If the weather was rainy and he had to sleep indoors, he would arrange an alarm signal; about the branches of the trees he would wind thin twine, then twist all the ends into a rope which led from the orchard and in through the window. If anybody so much as touched a single apple, a pile of empty tins would fall down with a crash by Anatoli's bed, and he would rush out into the orchard in his shorts.

Now they were sitting in this orchard, Oulya and he, serious, resolute, fully conscious that from the moment of their talk with Nina, they had entered a new path in life, unknown, dangerous, alluring.

"We've never had the chance for a really heart to heart talk, Oulya," said Anatoli, a little abashed at her nearness. "But I've thought a lot of you for a long time. And I think it's time now for us to talk openly, to thrash everything out ... I don't think we're making too much of what we can do, thinking too much of ourselves, if we say that it is just you and I that can undertake all that, I mean organize our boys and girls in Pervomaisk. And first of all we've got to agree how we ourselves are going to live ... For instance, there's that registration at the labour exchange going on now. Personally I don't intend to go. I don't want to work for the Germans and I'm not going to. I give you my word," he said in a restrained, forceful voice, "that I'll not waver in that! I'll hide if necessary, go underground, I'll die but I'll not leave the path I've chosen ..."

"Anatoli, you remember the hands of that German, the corporal, who rummaged in our trunks and boxes? They were black with dirt, horny, clutching, I keep on seeing them," said Oulya softly. "The first day I came back I saw them again, how they routed about in our beds, our boxes, how they cut up our dresses—mother's, mine and my sister's, to make scarves, they didn't even stop at our dirty linen, but now they want to clutch our very souls ... I've spent more than one night in our kitchen—you know, ours is quite separate—I sat there in the darkness and listened to the Germans bawling in the house, making my sick mother wait on them; I sat there many nights because I was testing myself, I wanted to know whether I had the right to take this path. And I understood that there was no other way I could take. Yes, I've got to live this way, or not at all. I swear by my mother that I'll not turn from this path," said Oulya, looking at Anatoli with her black eyes.

For some time they were silent, in the grip of their emotion.

"Let's decide who we'll speak to first," said Anatoli hoarsely, pulling himself together. "Maybe we'll start with the girls?"

"Of course, Maya Peglivanova and Sasha Bondareva and Lilya Ivanikhina. Tonya'll follow Lilya, and then I think Lina Samoshina and Nina Gerasimova," Oulya enumerated.

"And that one who was always so active, what's her name—the Pioneer leader?"

"Vyrikova?" Oulya's expression became cold. "You know what, there were times when we were pretty bitter about things. But there ought to be something in a person's heart, something sacred, something you can't laugh at or jeer at any more than you could jeer your own mother or speak dis-

respectfully of her. But Vyrikova ... who can tell about her? I wouldn't trust her ..."

"We'll leave her out, then, and see," said Anatoli.

"Better Nina Minayeva," said Oulya.

"The light-haired girl, sort of timid?"

"Don't think she's so timid, she's just a bit bashful, and she's right there, heart and soul."

"And Shura Dubrovina?"

"We'll ask Maya about her," smiled Oulya.

"But see here, why haven't you said anything about your best friend, Valya Filatova?"

Oulya remained silent for some time, and Anatoli could not read the expression on her face.

"Yes, she was my best friend, and I'm as fond of her as ever, and there's no one to know better than myself what a good heart she has, but this road is not for her, she's too weak, I feel she'd only be "a casualty," said Oulya, and her lips and nostrils trembled. "And who of the boys?" she asked, as though seeking to change the subject.

"Among the boys, Victor of course, I've already spoken to him. And if you suggested Sasha Bondareva, and quite rightly, of course, then we must have her brother, Vassya. And of course Zhenya Shepelev and Volodya Rogozin ... Then besides those, I think Borya Glovan, you know him? That Moldavian who was evacuated from Bessarabia."

In that way they went over all their friends and acquaintances. The moon, already waning, but still large, had risen copper-red over the trees, sharply-cut black shadows lay over the orchard, and all nature was filled with a tremulous mystery.

"What a good thing that both your house and mine are free of Germans! I just couldn't stand seeing them about, especially now," said Oulya.

Ever since her return home she had been living in the tiny kitchen outhouse which stood among a number of sheds—a cowhouse, a woodshed and a chicken house. Oulya lighted the lamp standing on the stove and for some time sat on the edge of her bed staring straight in front of her. "This is it, this is what I was waiting for," she thought. "Now my life doesn't belong to me, not to me alone." She was now alone with herself and her life, in that mood of perfect openness with oneself that comes in moments of great spiritual exaltation.

She sank down beside the bed, pulled out a suitcase and delving deep into it, took out a shabby oil-cloth covered exercise book from beneath her underwear. She had not touched it ever since she had left home.

The half-obliterated pencil scribble on the first page, as though an epigraph of the whole, showed why Oulya had begun writing in this book and when it had been:

"In the life of Man there are periods which decide his moral destiny, when a turning point comes in his spiritual development. They say that this turning point can come only in youth. That is not right—for many, it comes in the rosiest days of childhood. (Pomyalovsky)."

With feelings of pleasant melancholy tinged with surprise that she, still hardly more than a child, could have written something that corresponded so closely with her present condition, she read at random first one passage, then another.

"In battle, it is necessary to utilize moments and be able to take quick decisions."

"What can withstand the firm will of Man? The will contains the whole spirit, to want—means to hate, to love, to pity, to rejoice, to live; in a word, the will is the spiritual strength of every being, the free urge to make or destroy something, a creative force which can work miracles out of nothing! (Lermontov).

"I do not know what to do with myself for shame. Yes, it is shameful, more than that, disgraceful to laugh at somebody who is badly dressed: I cannot even remember when I acquired this habit. And today, that affair with Nina M. No, I can't even write about it ... Everything that I remember makes me blush and burn with shame. I even became friendly with Liza U., because we both mocked at those who were badly dressed, and after all, her parents ... better not write that, but in general, she's a horrible girl. And today I acted so haughtily, yes, haughtily, and laughed at Nina and even pulled her blouse so that it came out of her skirt, and Nina said ... No, I can't repeat her words. But I had never done anything so bad. It began with wanting everything, everything to be beautiful in life, but it ended just the opposite. I simply never thought about some people still being poor, especially Nina M., she's so helpless ... I promise you, Nina, I'll never, never do it again!"

The next pencilled text had evidently been written the next day: "And you'll beg her pardon, yes, yes, yes! ..."

A couple of pages later she had written

"The dearest thing a person has is life. He has only one life, and must live it so that he should not suffer for his wasted years, so that he should not burn with shame for a contemptible and trivial past ... (N. Ostrovsky).

"All the same, he's funny, that M. N.! Of course, I don't deny that it's pleasant to pass the time with him (sometmes.) And he dances well. But he does like so much to keep harping on his military rank and boasting of his decorations, and all that sort of thing doesn't make the least impression on me. Yesterday he said what I had been expecting for a long time but didn't want at all ... I laughed and I'm not sorry for it. And as for what he said—that he'd commit suicide—there's not a word of truth in it and it's rotten of him. He's so fat, and he ought to be at the front carrying a rifle. Never, never, never ..."

"The bravest among our modest commanders and the most modest among the brave—that is how I remember Comrade Kotovsky. Eternal memory and glory to him (Stalin)."

Oulya sat there hunched over her schoolgirl exercise book until she heard the gate shut quietly and light footsteps running across the yard to the kitchen door.

The door was flung open without any preliminary knock, and Valya Filatova ran blindly to Oulya, fell onto her knees and buried her face in her friend's lap.

For some time they said nothing. Oulya could feel Valya's heaving breast and the beating of her heart.

"What's the matter, Valya?" Oulya asked softly.

Valya raised her face, her moist lips parted.

"Oulya!" she said. "They're sending me to Germany..."

With all her deep loathing for the Germans and what they had done in the town, Valya Filatova was desperately afraid of them. Ever since they had come, she had been waiting for something terrible to happen to her or her mother. Ever since the order of registration at the labour exchange had been announced Valya, who had not registered lived in fear of arrest, feeling like someone who had joined the struggle against the German authorities.

That morning on her way to market she had met several Pervomaisk people who had already been to register; they were going to work restoring one of the small pits, of which there were plenty in the Pervomaisk district.

And then Valya, ashamed to tell Oulya of her weakness, had gone secretly to register.

The labour exchange was in a single-story white house on a hill, not far from the District Executive Committee building. At the entrance, there was a short queue, a few dozen people, young and elderly, for the most part women and girls. While she was some distance away, Valya recognized Zinaida Vyrikova in the queue, one of her classmates in the Pervomaisk school. Valya at once knew her by her smallness, her smooth hair which always looked as though it had been glued down, and her short, sharp nose; she went up to her in order to get nearer in the queue.

No, that was not one of those queues of which there have been so many during World War II—queues for bread, for other foodstuffs and for cards, even for mobilization to the labour front. In those queues people made a fuss if anybody took advantage of an acquaintance in line in order to get nearer. This was a queue for the German labour exchange, and nobody was anxious to get there any earlier than he needed. Vyrikova glanced at Valya, a disagreeable expression in her closely-set eyes, and made way for her to stand in front.

The queue moved fairly fast. The people entered in couples. Valya, clutching her passport against her chest in a moist hand, entered together with Vyrikova.

A long table faced the entrance of the room where they were to register. Behind it sat a fat German corporal and a Russian woman with a very delicate, rosy skin and an unnaturally developed, long chin. Both Valya and Vyrikova knew her—she had taught German in the Krasnodon schools, including the one at Pervomaisk. Her name was Nemchinova.

The girls greeted her.

"Ah ... my pupils," said Nemchinova and smiled artificially, fluttering her long dark eyelashes.

Typewriters were hammering in the room. Two small queues stood at the doors right and left.

Nemchinova asked Valya details about her age, her parents, her address, writing everything down on a long questionnaire and translating it all to the German corporal. The corporal entered it on another sheet of paper in German.

While Nemchinova was questioning Valya, somebody left the room on the right, and somebody else went in. Suddenly Valya saw a young woman, her hair in disorder, her face unnaturally red, with tears in her eyes, pass quickly through the room, fastening her blouse down the front with one hand.

Meanwhile, Nemchinova was asking her something else.

"What?" asked Valya, her eyes following the young woman with disordered hair.

"Is your health good? You have no complaints?"

"No, my health is quite good," said Valya.

Vyrikova suddenly pulled her at the blouse. Valya turned but the closely-set eyes were staring past her indifferently.

"Go to the director!" said Nemchinova.

Mechanically Valya passed on to the line on the right and then glanced back at Vyrikova, who was answering the same questions which had been put to her.

Everything was quiet in the director's room; and only occasionally some muffled exclamation in German could be heard from there. While Vyrikova was being questioned, a youth of about seventeen came out. He was pale and upset, and was also fastening his shirt as he went.

At the same time Valya heard Vyrikova saying in her sharp voice:

"You know yourself, Olga Konstantinovna, that I've tuberculosis—listen to this—" and she began to breathe heavily at Nemchinova and at the fat German corporal, who drawing back on his chair, looked disapprovingly at Vyrikova with his round bird-like eyes. Something really did rattle in Vyrikova's chest. "I need medical attendance," she continued, looking boldly first at Nemchinova, then at the German. "But if it's here in town, then with pleasure, really with pleasure! Only please, Olga Konstantinovna, do give me some sort of intellectual work, brain work. And I'll go with pleasure to work under the New Order, really with pleasure!"

"Heavens, what's she talking about?" thought Valya, as with beating heart she entered the director's room.

Before her stood a German in uniform, stout, his hair smoothed damply from a straight parting. Although he was in military uniform, he wore yellow leather shorts and brown stockings that left bare knees covered with reddish hair, like wool. He glanced rapidly and indifferently at Valya and shouted:

"Ausziehen!"

Valya looked round her helplessly. The only other person in the room was a German clerk sitting behind a table on which lay a pile of old passports.

"Undress!" said the German clerk in Ukrainian.

"What?" The colour flooded Valya's face.

"What ... , what!" the clerk mimicked her. "Get your clothes off!"

"Schneller! Schneller!" said the German with the bare, hairy knees sharply. And suddenly, reaching out to Valya, he parted her teeth with his clean, angular fingers, also covered with reddish hair, looked into her mouth and began to unfasten her dress.

Crying from fear and humiliation Valya swiftly began to undress, fumbling and stumbling in her underlinen.

The officer assisted her. At last she stood there in her shoes only. The German glanced swiftly over her, fastidiously pinched her shoulders, hips, knees, turned to the soldier and said sharply, as though he were speaking of a soldier:

"Tauglich!"

"Passport," cried the clerk without glancing at Valya as he stretched out his hand. Sobbing as she threw on her clothes, she handed it to him.

"Address!"

She gave it.

"Get dressed," said the clerk quietly, gloomily, throwing her passport down among the others. "You'll be told when you're to come to the assembling place."

It was only when she got out into the street that Valya recovered herself. The hot sunshine poured over the houses, the dusty road and the scorched grass. It was more than a month since there had been any rain. Everything was dry and burnt up. The air quivered in the heat.

Valya stood in the middle of the road, her feet sinking to the ankles in the thick dust. Suddenly, with a groan, she sank to the ground, her dress flarng out round her. She covered her face with her hands.

It was Vyrikova who brought her back to herself. They descended the hill where the District Executive Committee building stood, went past the prison, across Vosmidomiki and back into Pervomaisk, Valya alternately shivering with cold and breaking out in perspiration.

"You're a fool, just a fool, that's all," said Vyrikova. "It just serves you right. Don't you know they are Germans," she continued with respect and even servility, "you have to be able to adjust yourself to their ways!"

Valya walked along beside her, not listening.

"Eh, you fool, you!" said Vyrikova angrily. "I gave you a hint! You ought to have made it clear that you want to help them there, that's what they like! And you should have said your health wasn't good.... The doctor there on the commission's Natalya Alexeyevna from the city hospital, she gives everybody exemption or puts them down as not entirely fit, while that German there's just an assistant and doesn't know a thing. What a fool you are! Now, I've been detailed to work in an office, yes, and I'm to get a ration.... "

All this Valya told Oulya, kneeling in front of her.

Oulya's first movement was one of pity. She embraced Valya's head and began silently kissing her hair and eyes. Then she started to work out plans to save her friend.

"You'll have to run away."

"But where, where?" Valya cried helplessly, with a shade of irritation in her voice. "I haven't my passport now!"

"Valya dear." Oulya whispered caressingly, "I understand, there are Germans all round, but after all, this is our own country, it's big, and there are the same people all about us that we've always lived among. It's possible, I tell you, it's possible to find a way out! I'll help you, all the boys and girls'll help you ... "

"And mother? Oulya! They'll torture her!" And she broke into tears.

"Do stop crying, for goodness' sake," Oulya burst out angrily. "Do you think it'll be any better for her if you're sent to Germany? Will she ever live through that?"

"Oulya ... Oulya ... Why do you torture me?"

"It's horrible, the way you talk, it's ... disgraceful, disgusting ... I despise you!" said Oulya, with terrible, cruel feeling. "Yes, I despise your helplessness, your tears... So much suffering all around, unavoidable, implacable, hundreds of thousands of people, strong, healthy, grand people dying at the front, in fascist concentration camps and prisons ... Just think what their wives and mothers go through, but they're all working, fighting! And you're a young girl, all roads are open to you, you're offered help, and you just whine, and even expect to be pitied. But I don't pity you at all, no, not at all!" said Oulya.

She rose sharply, went to the door, and leaning against it with her arms behind her back, stood looking in front of her with angry black eyes. Valya knelt in silence, her face buried in Oulya's bed.

"Valya! Remember how we used to live. Darling!" said Oulya suddenly.

Valya burst out sobbing.

"Think, have I ever given you bad advice? Remember that time with the plums, or when you cried that you couldn't swim across, and I said that I'd drown you myself? Valya I implore you ..."

"No, no, you've left me, you left me when you went away, and after that nothing remained between us, do you think I didn't feel it!" said Valya, sobbing. "And now? ... I'm alone quite, quite alone in the whole world ... "

Oulya made no reply, but her face assumed a stern expression quite unusual for a young girl.

Valya stood up, and without looking at Oulya, wiped her face with her handkerchief.

"Valya, I'm telling you for the last time," said Oulya quietly and coldly. "Either you listen to me, and then we'll go right away to wake Anatoli, he'll take you to Victor at Pogorelye, or else ... stop breaking my heart."

"Goodbye, Oulya ... Goodbye for ever ... " Restraining her tears, Valya ran out of the kitchen into the moon-filled yard.

Oulya could hardly refrain from running after her and covering her unhappy, wet face with kisses.

She put out the lamp, opened the window

and lay down on her bed without undressing. Sleep fled from her. She lay there listening to vague night sounds from the steppe and the settlement. She felt as though while she was lying there, the Germans were coming for Valya, taking her away, and there was nobody to say a kind, encouraging word to her in farewell.

Suddenly she heard footsteps on the soft ground and the rustle of leaves somewhere in the garden. The steps came nearer, she could tell that it was more than one person walking. She ought to bolt the door and shut the window, but the footsteps were already right underneath it, and the next instant a light head crowned by an Uzbek cap appeared in the opening.

"Oulya, are you asleep?" asked Anatoli in a whisper. Oulya was standing at the window. "They've taken Victor's father ... "

Oulya saw Victor's pale face through the window, lighted by the moon.

"When?"

"This evening. They came—a German, an SS in black, a fat fellow with gold teeth, stinking," said Victor with loathing, "and with him several soldiers, a Russian, and Polizei ... They beat him. Then they took him to the office of the timber yards where there was a lorry full of arrested people ... I ran all the twenty kilometres after them ... If you hadn't gone yesterday, they'd have taken you too," Victor told Anatoli.

From the moment Valko realized that Shulga was arrested, he tried by every means to get in touch with the people in the Krasnodon prison and help him.

But even Sergei Tyulenin, with all his cleverness and ingenuity, was unable to establish connections.

It was Ivan Turkenich who succeeded.

Turkenich came from a family highly respected in Krasnodon. His father, Vassili Ignatyevich, an old miner pensioned on account of ill health, and his mother, Feona Ivanovna, from Russianized Ukrainians in the Voronezh district, had trekked to the Donbas with all their family during the famine year of '21. Ivan had been an infant at the time and Feona Ivanovna had carried him in her arms all the way, while his elder sister toddled along on foot, holding her mother's skirt.

They had been so destitute on the way that an elderly manager of a cooperative and his wife, who had given them shelter for the night in Millerovo, offered to adopt the infant, as they themselves were childless. At first the parents hesitated, then became indignant, quarreled a bit, wept and refused to give up their little son, their own flesh and blood.

Thus they made their way to the Sorokin pit and settled down there. When Ivan had grown up, finished school and joined a dramatic group, Vassili Ignatyevich and Feona Ivanovna liked to tell visitors how the cooperative manager in Millerovo had wanted their son and how they had refused to give him up.

On the day of the German breakthrough on the southern front, Lieutenant Turkenich, commander of a battery of anti-tank guns, having received orders to hold out to the last, beat off German tank attacks near Kalach on the Don until all his gun crews were out of action and he himself collapsed from wounds. He was captured together with the remnants of the scattered companies and batteries, and as he was wounded and unable to move, a German lieutenant shot him. But the assassin aimed badly. For two weeks a Cossack widow tended Turkenich, and then he appeared at home, with criss-crossed bandages under his shirt.

Ivan Turkenich's old school friends, Anatoli Kovalyov and Vasya Pirozhok, helped him to get into touch with the prison.

It would have been difficult to find friends who differed more—both outwardly and in character.

Kovalyov was short, thickset, like a steppe oak, amazingly strong, slow in thought and movement, with a kindliness bordering on simplicity. Ever since boyhood he had made up his mind to be a famous weightlifter, although the girl he was courting laughed at him, saying that in the world of sport, chess players stand on the highest rung of the ladder, and weightlifters on the lowest—further down there's nothing but the amoeba. He led a regular life, neither smoked nor drank, went without an overcoat or cap in winter, bathed every morning in a hole in the ice and practised lifting weights daily.

Vassya Pirozhok, on the other hand, was thin, agile, hot-tempered, with wild, fiery black eyes, very popular with the girls, always getting into fights; the only form of sport that interested him was boxing. In general, he had a thirst for adventure.

Turkenich sent his younger married sister to Pirozhok for some gramophone records, and she brought him back together with the records, while Vasya in his turn dragged his friend Kovalyov along.

To the intense disapproval of the Krasnodon people, especially the young folks who had known Kovalyov and Pirozhok personally, both of them were soon seen with swastikas on their sleeves among the Polizei, training for their new job on the waste ground by the park, commanded by a German sergeant with blue epaulettes.

Their job was to keep order in the town. They had to guard the local administration building, the district agricultural office, the local labour exchange, the market, and to walk their beats at night. Owing to their Polizei armbands the German soldiers acting as gendarmes trusted them. And Vassya Pirozhok not only managed to find out where Shulga was confined, but even got into his cell and let him know that friends were trying to rescue him.

Rescue! Here guile and bribery were useless. The only way to rescue Matvei Kostievich and the others was by an attack on the prison. And throughout August, Valko, and under his instructions Oleg with Vanya Zemnukhov, Turkenich, Seryozha Tyulenin and Evgeni Stakhovich who had already smelt powder were preparing groups from among the young people and were getting together weapons for the attack.

Enthusiastic as she was for her new part, and thoroughly realizing the importance of meeting Oleg soon, Oulya was still so unaccus-

tomed to deceiving her parents and so busy with work at home that it was only some days after her last conversation with Victor and Anatoli that she made her way to Oleg's house, only to find him out.

General Baron von Wentzel and his staff had recently left for the east. Uncle Kolya, who opened the door to her, recognized her at once. But it seemed to Oulya that he did not appear very glad to see her, not even very affable, even though they had gone through so much together and had not met for so long.

Grandmother Vera and Elena Nikolayevna were not at home. Marina and Olya Ivantsova were sitting face to face on chairs, winding wool.

When she saw Oulya, Marina dropped the ball and threw herself on her neck with a cry.

"Oulya! Where've you been all this time? Dam 'em all, those Germans!" she said gaily, with tears in her eyes. "Look, I've unravelled my sweater to make a suit for the boy. They'd certainly take it away as it was, but maybe they won't touch the baby's things!"

Chattering at top speed, she began going over their journey together, the death of the children at the crossing, how the head of the children's home had been blown up and how the Germans had taken all their silk things.

Olya, holding the wool outstretched in her dark, strong hands, sat looking in front of her unblinkingly with a mysterious and even disturbed expression in her eyes, as it seemed to Oulya.

Oulya thought it better not to explain why she had come, and only told them about the arrest of Victor's father. Olya, without moving her hands, exchanged a quick glance with Uncle Kolya. Suddenly Oulya realized that Uncle Kolya had not been lacking in affability, but that he was simply upset about something, she did not know. And she too was seized by a vague alarm.

With the same mysterious expression, smiling sideways, Olya said that she had promised to meet her sister Nina at the park and they would soon return together. She looked at nobody as she spoke and went out immediately.

Meanwhile, Marina still continued talking, unconscious of what was going on around her.

A little while later, Olya returned with Nina.

"I was just talking about you to some people. Would you like to come along, I'll introduce you?" said Nina unsmilingly.

Silently, she led Oulya along streets and through yards, somewhere to the very centre of the town. She walked along without looking at her, her wide-open brown eyes distrait.

"Nina! What's happened?" asked Oulya softly.

"You'll probably soon be told. But I can't say anything ..."

"You know, Victor Petrov's father's been arrested," said Oulya.

"Yes? Well, that was to have been expected ..." and Nina waved her hand.

They entered a house, one exactly like all the others around it. Oulya had never been there before.

A tall old man, fully dressed, was reclining on a broad wooden bed. His head was sunk in heavy pillows so that only the outline of his high forehead, fleshy nose and thick light eye-lashes could be seen. A thin elderly woman, large-boned, yellow from sunburn, was sitting beside the bed, sewing. Two good-looking young women, their large feet bare, sat idly on a bench by the window. They glanced curiously at Oulya as she entered.

Oulya greeted them all, and Nina quickly led her into another room.

Several young men and one girl were sitting in a large room at a table laid with refreshments, glasses and some bottles of vodka. Oulya recognized Oleg, Vanya Zemnukhov and Evgeni Stakhovich, who had once made a speech in Pervomaisk at the beginning of the war. Two of the lads were strangers to her. The girl was Lyuba, "Lyuba the actress," whom Oulya had seen at the gate of her home on that memorable day. The circumstances of their meeting were so vivid in Oulya's memory that she was surprised to see the girl here. But the next instant she understood, and saw Lyuba's conduct in another light.

Nina led Oulya in, and immediately went away again.

Oleg rose to meet Oulya, a little confused, looked round for a place where she could sit, and smiled broadly at her. And that smile gave her a sudden warm feeling before all the incomprehensible and alarming things she was to learn.

The night when Victor's father had been arrested, almost all the Party members, the workers in the Soviets, and people active in public life had been arrested too, as well as many teachers, engineers and well-known miners.

Volodya Osmukhin had been the first to learn about it—he had come to work at the shop and heard that old Lyutikov had been arrested during the night. But it was only after some days that the most terrible and irreplaceable loss came to light, when Lyuba pale and distraught, came running to Oleg with a message from Ivan Kondratovich that Uncle Andrei had disappeared.

On the night when Lyutikov was arrested there had been a search at the apartment where Valko was hiding, which was known to none but Kondratovich. It turned out later that it was not Valko they had been looking for, but the owner of the apartment, who was evacuated. Uncle Andrei had escaped by another door, through the shed, and successfully made his way to the widow at whose house he had appointed his first meeting with Kondratovich.

At dawn a lad from one of the apartments which had been searched had come running to Uncle Andrei, and told him that there were arrests all over the town. Uncle Andrei sent the lad for Kondratovich, saying that if the latter did not find him at home, he should wait for half an hour. After that Uncle Andrei went out, telling the widow that he would be back immediately, and was not seen again.

Kondratovich waited for about an hour at the widow's house, and then began search-

ing in all the places where he knew there was a chance of finding Uncle Andrei. But Uncle Andrei was nowhere to be found. It was only several days later that Kondratovich met an old miner from the Pit No. 1-B in the street, who told him in terrible agitation that on that memorable night, in the small hours of the morning, German gendarmes and Polizei had seized a passerby, and when the latter tried to resist, the old miner had seen that he was as like as two peas to the pit manager Valko, who everybody knew had been evacuated.

But what Turkenich's younger sister learned when she went to Pirozhok's and Kovalyov's homes was even stranger and more upsetting. According to their parents, both of them had left home early in the evening, before the arrests had begun. Later, the Polizei Melnikov, who was serving with them, had come to look for them and was very rude and angry at not finding them. He came again in the night, and said: "They'll be in for it!" Kovalyov and Vasya returned home early in the morning, dead drunk, which was all the more suspicious considering that Kovalyov never drank. They told their parents that they had been at the inn, and paying no attention to Melnikov's threat, flung themselves down to sleep. In the morning the Polizei came and arrested them.

Oleg, Turkenich and Lyuba, alarmed by what they had heard, called Seryozha Tyulenin, Vanya Zemnukhov and Stakhovich into council. They met in Turkenich's house.

At the moment when Oulya entered, they were discussing whether they themselves would now try to carry out Uncle Andrei's plan—to attack the prison and free those arrested, or whether they should await directives and help from Voroshilovgrad. Lyuba offered to go to Voroshilovgrad, where she said she knew some people working underground.

"I don't see the logic of that," said Stakhovich. "We made preparations to rescue Ostapchuk, we hurried, mobilized the lads, and now when Uncle Andrei and the others are arrested, that is to say, when the need has become still more urgent, you suggest that we abandon the whole thing."

Stakhovich had changed considerably since Oulya had seen him—he was more manly, and on his thin, pale face the self-confident, even supercilious expression had become more marked. When he talked he casually used such literary expressions as "logic," "objectively," "analysis"; he spoke calmly, without gesticulation, keeping his head high, his light hair flung back, his long thin arms resting on the table.

"Not abandon it, but prepare ourselves better," said Vanya in a low, muffled voice.

"And meanwhile, people will be being killed," said Stakhovich calmly.

"Why do you appeal to our feelings? We all feel just as bad about people," said Vanya, looking through his glasses bashfully, but evidently convinced that he was right. "We prepared the lads according to the instructions of the underground organization to help it. We had our contacts within the Polizei—Vasya and his friend. Now there's nothing left of that, we've got to begin again from the beginning, and we need twice as many of the fellows, perhaps three times. We're not children, after all!" he suddenly added angrily.

"Are there bold, reliable lads among the Pervomaisk people?" Stakhovich suddenly asked Oulya, looking straight into her eyes with a patronizing expression.

"Yes, of course," she said.

Stakhovich looked silently at Vanya.

Oleg was sitting in silence, his head sunk between his shoulders, his eyes travelling with earnest attention from Stakhovich to Vanya, then staring thoughtfully before him with a veiled expression.

Turkenich and Seryozha said nothing. Oulya felt that Stakhovich was dominating them all with his important air, his self-confidence and the literary expressions he used so freely.

Lyuba sat down beside Oulya.

"Did you know me?" she whispered. "Remember my father?"

"I was there ... " and in a whisper she gave the details of Grigory Ilyich's death.

"Oh, what we have to endure these days!" said Lyuba. "You know, I hate those Germans so, I could tear them to pieces with my hands!" she added naively, but her eyes were hard and ruthless.

"Yes ... yes," said Oulya softly. "Sometimes I feel so revengeful that I'm even afraid of myself. Afraid that I might do something reckless ...."

"Do you like Stakhovich?" Lyuba asked right in her ear.

Oulya shrugged her shoulders.

"You know, he thinks a lot of himself. But he's right. Of course there are plenty of lads to be found," said Lyuba, remembering Sergei Levashov.

"I think it's not only a matter of the lads, but of who'll lead them," Oulya whispered back.

And just as though echoing her thought, Oleg said at that moment:

"We won't be held back for lack of lads, there's p-plenty of bold fellows, the whole thing is the organization ... " He spoke in his ringing youthful voice, stammering more than usual. Everybody looked at him. "After all, we're n-not an organization ... We've ga-gathered here and we're just talking," he said with a naive look. "Go along, Lyuba, we'll wait for you. Not just wait, though, b-but choose commanders and learn a bit! And get in touch with the prisoners themselves."

"We've tried that already," said Stakhovich mockingly.

"I'll t-take that upon myself," said Oleg, with a quick glance at him. "Their relatives are taking parcels to them, and we can smuggle a letter in—in clothing, in bread, in dishes .... "

"You don't know the Germans!"

"It's not for us to do what the Germans want, but to make them do what we want ... "

"All this is trivial," said Stakhovich, without raising his voice, and the proud line of his thin lips became more marked. "No, in the partisan detachment we didn't act like this. Excuse me, but I'm going to move in my own way!"

Oleg blushed hotly.

"What do you think, Seryozha?" he asked, avoiding looking at Stakhovich.

"We ought to make the attack," said Seryozha, confused.

"That's the right way ... We'll find forces, don't worry!" said Stakhovich.

"But I tell you, we've neither organization nor discipline!" said Oleg, red to the roots of his hair.

At that moment Nina opened the door, and Vassya Pirozhok entered. His face was raw, stained with dried blood; one arm was bandaged. His whole appearance was so strange and distressing that all involuntarily rose and moved towards him.

"Where've you got that?" asked Turkenich, after a moment of general silence.

"At the Polizei headquarters. . ." Pirozhok was still standing in the door, his black eyes filled with a childish injury and confusion.

"And where's Kovalyov? Didn't you see any of ours there?" they all asked in one voice.

"We didn't see anybody—the Polizei chief beat us up in his office," said Pirozhok.

"Don't act like a child, tell us plainly what happened," said Zemnukhov angrily. "Where's Kovalyov?"

"At home ... He's lying down. And what's there to tell you?" said Pirozhok in sudden irritation. "During the day, just before those arrests, Solikovsky sent for us and told us to come to him, armed, in the evening—we were to be sent to make an arrest, whose, he said not. It was the first time he'd picked on us, and of course we didn't know that we weren't the only ones and that there were to be a lot of arrests. We went home and we thought—how can we go and take one of our own people? We'll never forgive ourselves! And I told Anatoli: 'Let's go to Sinyukha at the inn, we'll get drunk and not go, and then we'll just say we drank too much.' Well, we thought and thought—after all, what would they do to us? They don't suspect us. At the worst, they'd give us a beating and send us off. And that's how it went—kept us for three days, questioned us, bashed our faces in and sent us packing," said Pirozhok in utter confusion.

Serious as things were, Pirozhok's whole appearance was so wretched and ridiculous, and everything so childishly silly that embarrassed smiles spread over all their faces.

"And then there are pe-people who think themselves ca-capable of at-attacking the German gendarmes!" said Oleg stammering badly, an angry, ruthless expression settling on his face.

"I, Oleg Koshevoi, entering the ranks of the Young Guard, solemnly vow to my comrades-in-arms, to my own much-suffering land, to my people, unwaveringly to carry out any assignment set by the organization: to preserve the strictest secrecy about everything concerning my work in the Young Guard. I vow to take ruthless vengeance for the burned, devastated towns and villages, for the blood of our people, for the death by torture of our heroic miners. And if this vengeance should cost my life, I shall give it without a moment's hesitation. If I break this sacred vow under torture or from cowardice, may my name and my family be accursed for ever, and myself meet retribution at the stern hand of my comrades. Blood for blood, death for death! ..."

"I, Oulya Gromova, entering the ranks of the Young Guard, solemnly vow to my comrades-in-arms, to my own much-suffering land, to my people .... "

"I, Ivan Turkenich, solemnly vow to my comrades-in-arms, to my own much-suffering land, to my people ...."

"I, Ivan Zemnukhov, solemnly vow to my comrades-in-arms, to my own much suffering land, to my people...."

"I, Sergei Tyulenin, solemnly vow...."

"I, Lyuba Shevtsova, solemnly vow...."

. . . . . .

It may be that he did not understand her at all, that Sergei Levashov, when he came the first time and knocked at her window, and she ran out to him, and afterwards they talked through the rest of the night—who can say what he had imagined!

In any case, her first difficulties with regard to that journey arose just here, with Sergei Levashov. Of course, they were old friends and Lyuba could not go away without telling him. When Uncle Andrei had still been at liberty, Sergei Levashov had followed his advice and got employment at the administration garage as lorry driver. Lyuba sent a boy from the street with a message to him—she was friends with all the boys because she was so much like them herself.

Sergei came to her straight from work, late, in the same overalls he had worn when he returned to Stalino. He was very dirty, tired and gloomy.

To try to find out where she was going and why, was not in line with his usual habits, but this evening, that was evidently the main thing in his mind, and he upset Lyuba thoroughly with his sombre silence. In the end, she could stand it no longer and began quarrelling with him. What did he think she was, his wife or his sweetheart? She had no time to think about love when there was so much in life awaiting her, what had got into him, anyway, to keep on tormenting her? They were just good friends and she wasn't bound to account to him for her actions. She was going where she had to, on family business.

She could see that he did not quite believe in her business, and was simply jealous, and this gave her a certain pleasure.

She really needed to have a good sleep, but he continued sitting there and did not go. He was naturally so obstinate that he was capable of stopping all night, and in the end Lyuba had to send him away. Nevertheless, she was sorry to think that all the time she was away he might be as gloomy as that, so she went to the gate with him, took his arm and for a moment pressed close to him, then ran back into the house, undressed at once and got into bed with her mother.

Of course, her mother, too, was a problem. Lyuba knew that it was hard for her to be left alone, to face all the hardships unaided, but it was very easy to deceive her; and Lyuba caressed and kissed her, and told her everything that she was likely to believe, and at last fell asleep in her mother's bed.

It was only just beginning to get light

when Lyuba awakened, and began to prepare for the journey, humming as she did so. She decided to dress simply, so as not to spoil her best frock, but nevertheless, as conspicuously as possible, in bright colours. Her best frock of blue crepe-de-chine with the blue shoes and the lace underwear and silk stockings she put into her suitcase. She curled her hair for two hours standing in her underwear between two little mirrors in which she could barely see her face, turning her head this way and that and humming, and in her excitement pressing first one, then the other bare, ivory-like, foot with its strong little toes against the floor. Then she put on her suspender belt, wiped the rosy soles of her feet with her hand, drew on the fine flesh-coloured stockings and beige slippers and finally put on the cool, rustling frock sprinkled with the brightest-coloured peas, cherries and Lord-knows-what. She had already eaten something as she fussed about, without stopping her humming.

The weather was cool, and clouds were floating over the steppe. But Lyuba, feeling nothing of the cold, her cheeks red from the wind, which fluttered her bright frock, stood by the Voroshilovgrad highway with her suitcase in one hand and a light summer coat over the other arm.

The German soldiers and NCO's in lorries rushing past her called out, laughed and gestured familiarly, but she frowned contemptuously and paid no attention to them. Then she saw a long, low, light-coloured car approaching with a German officer sitting beside the chauffeur, and raised her hand casually.

The officer swiftly turned to the inside of the car, displaying the faded back of his uniform—evidently there was somebody of senior rank sitting there, then the car halted, brakes squealing.

"Setzen Sie sich. Schneller!"—said the officer, opening the door and smiling at Lyuba with his mouth only. He then closed it, and reaching back, opened the door of the back seat.

Stooping, holding her coat and suitcase before her, Lyuba slipped into the car and the door banged behind her.

The car rushed ahead, the wind whistling past it.

Beside Lyuba sat a lean, dried-up colonel, with sagging cheeks, the skin of his smoothly-shaven face wilted, and wearing a high, faded cap. The colonel and Lyuba looked each other over with a boldness arising from very different causes—the colonel because he held the power, and Lyuba because when all was said and done, she was beginning to feel nervous. The young officer in front, also turned and looked at her.

"Wohin befehlen Sie zu fahren?"—asked the smoothly shaven colonel with a Bushman-like smile.

"Do-o-on't understand a thing!" Lyuba trilled. "Talk Russian or else keep quiet...."

"Where, where. ..." said the colonel in Russian, waving his hand vaguely towards the far distance.

"Got a 'where' out, thank Heaven," said Lyuba. "Voroshilovgrad, what's it, Lugansk... Verstehe? Well, that's all right."

As soon as she began speaking, her nervousness disappeared and she immediately fell into that easy and natural manner which could make anybody,even a German colonel, take all that she did or did not do as the most natural thing in the world.

"Tell me, what time is it? ... Time ... time . . . there's a blockhead for you!" said Lyuba, tapping her own wrist with her finger.

The colonel stretched out his long arm to pull up the sleeve, mechanically bent the elbow and brought his watch on his bony wrist sprinkled sparsely with grey hairs close to Lyuba's face.

After all, knowledge of language is not absolutely essential, people can always find ways and means to understand one another.

Who was she? She was on the stage. No, not on the regular stage, she was a singer and dancer. Of course, there were a great many places where she could stay in Voroshilovgrad, she knew all the best people, after all, she was the daughter of a well-known manufacturer, who had owned a pit at Gorlovka. Unfortunately the Soviet government had taken everything from him and the poor man had died in Siberia, leaving a wife and four children, all girls and all very pretty. Yes, she was the youngest. No, she could not accept his hospitality, it might look queer, and she wasn't that sort of girl at all. Her address? Certainly she would give it, but she was not yet quite sure where she would stay. If the colonel permitted, she would make arrangements with his lieutenant where they could find each other.

"It looks as though your chances are better than mine, Rudolf."

"If that's so, I'll try to push your claims."

Was the front far off? There was no need for such a pretty girl to worry her head about the front. Anyhow, she could sleep in peace. In a few days we would take Stalingrad. We had already broken into the Caucasus—that would please her ... Who had told her that on the Upper Don the front wasn't so far off ... Oh, these German officers. Evidently he wasn't the only one to talk ... They said that all pretty Russian girls were spies, was that true? All right. That had been because there were Hungarians on that sector of the front. Of course, they were better than those stinking Rumanians and the Spaghetti, but all the same, you couldn't rely on them either ... The front was enormously extended, and Stalingrad was eating up a tremendous number of men. Try getting supplies to all that. I'll show you it on the lines of your hand—give me your little hand ... See, that big line, that's Stalingrad, and that one, with breaks in it—that's Mozdok ... You have a very fickle character ... Now multiply that a million times and you'll understand that a commissary for the German army needs iron nerves.—No, she mustn't think that he only bothered about soldiers' breeches, he could find something for pretty girls too, beautiful things, for here, on the legs, and here—of course, she understands what he is talking about. Perhaps she would like some chocolate. And a sip of wine, too—the dust was devilish ... Yes, it was quite natural for a girl not to drink, but—French wine. "Rudolf, stop the car. ..."

They halted about two hundred yards from a large settlement, which stretched on both sides

f the road, and got out. Here there was the usty opening of a cart road running along the ide of a gulley, it had willows at the bottom nd plenty of grass, already dry, up the sides, nd was completely sheltered from the wind. he lieutenant ordered the chauffeur to drive long the road to the gulley. The wind caught yuba's frock, and holding it down, she ran head of the officers after the car, her shoes inking in the dry sand, which soon filled hem.

The lieutenant, whose face Lyuba had ardly seen, since his faded back was turned owards her, and the chauffeur lifted a soft eather suitcase out of the car, and a heavy, ale-yellow plaited basket.

They settled down on the sheltered side of he gulley, on the thick dry grass. Lyuba would not drink any wine, however much hey urged her, but there were so many good hings spread out on a tablecloth, that it would ave been stupid to refuse them, especially s she was an actress and a manufacturer's aughter, so she ate as much as she wished.

She was very tired of the sand in her shoes, o, stifling her inward doubts as to whether she as acting like a manufacturer's daughter or ot, she took off her beige-coloured slippers, hook the sand out of them, wiped her little et in their fine stockings with her palms and emained shoeless to let her feet rest while she as sitting down. Evidently it was all right— n any case, the German officers took it as a atter of course.

All the same, she wanted very much to now if there were many divisions on the ector of the front nearest to Krasnodon and unning along the northern sector of the Rostov istrict—Lyuba had already learned from erman officers billetted at her home that part f the Rostov district was again in the hands f the Red Army. And to the great dissatis- action of the colonel, whose mood was much ore lyrical than businesslike, she continued xpressing her apprehensions lest the front hould be pierced at that place, and she might gain find herself in Bolshevik slavery.

In the end the colonel was offended at such ack of faith in German arms, and satisfied er curiosity.

While they were eating, a sound of confused ootsteps was heard coming from the tation. At first they took no notice of it, ut gradually the sound became louder, until it seemed to fill the air, as though some endless- ly long column of people was approaching. Even from the gulley could be seen the cloud f dust which the wind was carrying from the oad. Voices, the gruff tones of men and plain- tive women's cries, as though mourning a leath, could be clearly heard.

The German colonel and the lieutenant rose, followed by Lyuba, and climbed out of the gulley. A long column of Soviet prisoners of war convoyed by Rumanian soldiers and offi- cers stretched along the highroad. Alongside the column, sometimes breaking through the Rumanian soldiers to get closer to it, old and young Cossack women and girls were running, weeping and lamenting, throwing pieces of bread, tomatoes, eggs, sometimes a whole loaf or a bundle to the black, dry hands, which reached out to them from the column.

The prisoners were half-clothed in the torn, blackened dusty remnants of their military breeches and tunics, the majority of them barefoot or in terribly torn boots or broken bast shoes. Their faces were unshaven, and they were so thin and gaunt that their clothing looked as though it hung on skeletons. It was terrible to see those faces twisting into a smile directed towards the crying women run- ning beside the column, whom the soldiers drove away with their fists and rifle butts.

Lyuba could never remember when and how she snatched up the white loaves and some other food from the tablecloth, but the next instant she had climbed the bank of the gulley, she was running over the dry soil of the cartroad, heedless of her fine stockings, dashing out onto the highroad, flinging her- self at the column. She thrust the loaves and pieces of food into one outstretched blackened hand, a second, a third—a Rumanian soldier tried to seize her, but she slipped away from him. Blows from fists rained down upon her. Bending her head forward and protecting herself first with one elbow, then with another she screamed:

"Hit me, hit me all you want, you curs. But not on the head."

Strong hands pulled her away from the column. She found herself in the ditch on the side of the road and saw the German lieuten- ant strike the Rumanian soldier in the face with the flat of his hand, while a Rumanian officer in a salad-green uniform was standing to attention before the furious colonel, looking like a whipped dog, and stammering some- thing incoherent in the language of the ancient Romans.

But it was only when she had again donned her beige-coloured slippers and the car with the German officers was again racing towards Voroshilovgrad that she finally recovered. The most amazing thing was that the Ger- mans took even this action of hers as some- thing perfectly natural.

They passed the German control point without hindrance and entered the town.

The lieutenant turned and asked Lyuba where she wanted them to stop the car. Now fully mistress of herself, she pointed straight along the street, and asked for the car to be stopped beside a house which seemed to her suitable for a manufacturer's daughter.

Carrying her coat over her arm, she entered this completely unfamiliar building, accom- panied by the lieutenant holding her suitcase. She hesitated for a moment—should she try to get rid of him here, or knock at the first apart- ment door she came to in his presence. She glanced at him hesitatingly, and he, misunder- standing her glance, drew her to him with his free arm. In the same instant, even without any particular anger, she slapped his rosy cheek hard and ran up the stairs. The lieuten- ant, taking that too as a matter of course, followed her with her suitcase, his face wearing a sheepish expression.

When she got to the second floor she knocked at the first door she came to, as decid- edly as though she were returning home after a long absence. A tall, thin lady opened the door; her face, wearing an offended, proud ex- pression, still preserved traces, if not of beauty, at least of care and attention to her appearance. Yes, Lyuba certainly was in luck.

"Danke schön, Herr Leutnant," said Lyuba, boldly bringing out her entire stock of German with a vile accent, and held out her hand for the suitcase.

The lady who had opened the door looked at the German lieutenant and this German woman in the bright-coloured dress with a horror she could not conceal.

"Ein Moment." The lieutenant put down the suitcase, swiftly took a notebook from the kit, slung over his shoulder, wrote something with a thick, clumsy pencil and gave the sheet to Lyuba.

It was an address. Lyuba had no time either to read it or to think how a manufacturer's daughter would act in her place. She swiftly thrust the address under her brassiere and nodding curtly to the lieutenant as he saluted, went into the hall of the apartment. Lyuba heard the lady fastening the door behind her with numerous locks, bolts and chains.

"Mummie, who was that?" a girl's voice asked from within one of the rooms.

"Be quiet. Wait a minute," said the lady.

Lyuba entered the room with her suitcase in one hand and her coat over the other arm.

"I've been quartered in your apartment ... I shan't trouble you," she said, looking in a friendly manner at the girl, then casting a glance round the apartment—a large one, well furnished, but neglected. A doctor or an engineer might live in such a place, or a professor, but one could sense that the man for whom it had once been so well furnished was no longer there.

"I wonder who sent you to us," asked the girl in calm surprise. "The Germans, or who?"

The girl had evidently only just come home—she was wearing a brown beret, and her cheeks were still rosy from the wind. She was a strong, plump girl of about fourteen, with round full cheeks that made her look like a mushroom with a pair of lively brown eyes set in it.

"Tamochka," said the lady sternly, "that doesn't concern us."

"Why not, Mummie, if she's quartered on us. I'm just interested...."

"Excuse me, are you German?" asked the lady, confused.

"No, I'm Russian... I'm an actress," said Lyuba, not quite sure of herself.

There was a short pause, in which the girl came to her own clear conclusions about Lyuba.

"The Russian actresses were evacuated..."

And the little mushroom, red with indignation, flew from the room.

So Lyuba was fated to drink to the dregs all the bitterness that poisoned the victor's *joie de vivre* in the occupied districts. Nevertheless she understood that it was a good thing for her to get a foothold in this apartment, and for them to regard her exactly as they did.

"I shan't be here long, I'm going to find myself permanent quarters," she said. In spite of everything, she very much wanted them to feel a little more kindly towards her, and she added: "Really and truly, I shall go soon. Where can I change my clothes?"

In half-an-hour the Russian actress in her blue crêpe-de-chine frock and blue shoes, her coat flung over her arm, was making her way down to the railway crossing in the valley which divided the town into two parts, then climbed the unpaved stone street up the hill to Kamenny Brod. She had come to play in the town and was seeking permanent quarters.

Being a cautious man Ivan Fedorovich did not think that he could trust any one of the contacts which had been left for him in Voroshilovgrad. But being at the same time courageous, he risked utilizing an old acquaintance, a friend of his wife, a quiet, lonely woman whose personal life had not been a happy one. Her name was Masha Shubina, a draughtsman at the engine-building works. Shubina had not evacuated from Voroshilovgrad either with the first factory group or the second, simply because she loved her home town too much. Despite everything and everybody, she had been sure that the town would never be given up and that she could be of use.

Ivan Fedorovich, following his wife's advice, decided to go to Masha Shubina. He took the decision that same night when he and his wife were sitting in Marfa Kornienko's cellar. And having taken his decision, Ivan Fedorovich did not lose a single day in carrying it out.

He told old Narezhny to go home to Makarov-Yar (nobody in the village knew that Kornei Tikhonovich and his grandson were with the partisan column), instructed him and Marfa to seek out and muster those from the column still alive, and to pick new people from the local peasants and Cossacks, and former soldiers who had been cut off and settled down in the neighbouring villages.

But in addition to Narezhny and Marfa Kornienko, he decided to leave another, more personal, contact in the village. He left his wife with Marfa to be given out as a relation of hers, leaving her to settle down, investigate the new authorities in the district, and go to work as a teacher in some large village.

While Marfa was giving Ivan Fedorovich something to eat, an old man, a distant relative of hers, managed to make his way through the cordon of children, arriving just in time for breakfast. Ivan Fedorovich, his active mind ever on the alert for information of all kind, seized on the old man, wishing to find out how an ordinary old villager regarded the situation. This was the same shrewd, canny old man who had guided Koshevoi and his family, and whose bay horse the German commissary had taken, and thanks to which he had to return to his village. The old man realized immediately that this was no ordinary visitor, and he at once became alert, speaking in Ukrainian.

"Well, ye see, it's this way. Three days an' more their troops was passing. Strong forces they was. The Reds won't be coming back now, nay, that they won't ... And what'll ye say, if I tell ye that they're fighting at the Volga, Kuibyshev way, and that Moscow's ringed in and Leningrad's taken. Hitler said he'll hunger Moscow out...."

"And you want me to believe that you

were taken in by those yarns," said Ivan Fedorovich, with a wicked gleam in his eye. "Now look ye here, my old friend, we're about the same height, give me some o' your clothes and boots, and I'll leave ye mine."

"So that's the way the wind's blowing, is it," said the old man. "I'll bring ye some clothes in a twinkling ..."

It was in the old man's clothes and with a bundle on his shoulder that short Ivan Fedorovich, not so old but with a fine growth of beard, appeared in Masha Shubina's room on Kamenny Brod.

It seemed strange to be walking the streets of his native town in disguise. Ivan Fedorovich had been born here and worked here for years. Many of the buildings—factories, offices, clubs, dwelling-houses—had been put up in his time, and to a great extent through his efforts. He could remember, for instance, the meeting of the Town Soviet at which this square had been planned, and Ivan Fedorovich himself had seen to the paving of it, and the planting of shrubberies. How much effort and energy he had put in to make it a well appointed town, and yet in the town committee people had always complained, and rightly so, about the yards and streets not being sufficiently clean.

Now part of the buildings had been demolished by bombs—in the heat of defence one did not notice how badly it had spoilt the look of the place. Within the space of a few weeks the town had taken on such a neglected look that it seemed even the new masters themselves did not believe that they had settled down there for good. The streets had not been sprayed or swept, the flowers on the squares were faded, weeds were growing on the lawns, while scraps of paper and cigarette butts were whirled about by the wind in clouds of thick reddish dust.

This was one of the coal capitals. More goods had been brought here in former days than to many other districts, and the street crowds had always been colourful, well-dressed. One could feel that this was a southern town, there had always been plenty of fruit, flowers and pigeons. Now the crowds were less, and the people had become grey and inconspicuous; there was no care, no individuality in their dress, so that all looked alike, just as though they had deliberately neglected their appearance. One even had the impression that they had ceased to wash. The colouring to the street was given by the uniforms, the epaulettes and the metal badges of enemy soldiers and officers—mainly Germans and Italians, but also Rumanians and Hungarians. All one heard was their speech, and their cars roaring down the streets, leaving clouds of dust behind them. Never in his life had Ivan Fedorovich felt such a deep, intimate pity and love for his town and its people.

He felt as though he had had a home, been driven from it and had now slipped into it secretly and saw the new masters stealing his property, seizing with their dirty hands all that was dear to him, humiliating his family and workers, while he could only look on, powerless to prevent it.

His wife's friend bore the same stamp of depression and neglect. She was wearing an old, worn, dark dress, her auburn hair was twisted carelessly into a knot, shabby slippers slopped on her dirty feet—it was evident that she even went to bed without washing them.

"But, Masha, how can you let yourself go like this?" said Ivan Fedorovich, unable to restrain himself.

She glanced down at herself indifferently, and replied:

"Indeed, you're right. And I never noticed it. Everybody is the same. For that matter, it's better—they don't worry us so much... And incidentally, there's no water in town..."

She fell silent, and only then did Ivan Fedorovich notice how thin she had become, and how empty, cold and comfortless her room was. He thought that she was probably hungry and had long ago sold everything she had.

"Come, let's have a bite ... A woman packed me up all the food I need ... sensible woman ..." he said in some embarrassment, rummaging in his bag.

"Heavens above, is that what matters?" and she buried her face in her hands. "Take me away with you," she suddenly burst out passionately. "Take me to Katya, I'll serve you in every way I can... I'll be your servant, if only not to bear this hateful humiliation, day after day, this slow death without work, without any aim or object in life..."

There were deep horizontal lines on Ivan Fedorovich's open brow, and a stern, worried look came into his lively blue eyes. He pictured suddenly all the people in towns and villages who were feeling just as Masha did under the Germans. And he was stunned by the disproportion between the actually infinitesimal force of the resistance which he and his comrades were showing the enemy, and the unorganized and unused power of hatred and opposition, hidden in every one of the people. He was sufficiently honest and sensible to realize that nobody was to blame for this disproportion except himself and his comrades. This was something which must speedily be remedied at all costs.

"I'll be straight with you, Masha, maybe even cruel," he said, without looking at her. "If it was just a matter of you or of me, I could take you to Katya, and hide you both and myself as well," he said with a harsh and bitter laugh. "But I serve the State, and I'm not only not taking you with me, I want to fling you right into the furnace here. Are you game? Or maybe it'd be too much for you."

"I'm ready to agree to anything, to get away from the life I'm living now," she said.

"No, that's no answer," said Ivan Fedorovich sternly. "I'm not offering you a way out in order to make you feel better, I'm asking you if you're prepared to serve the people and the State."

"Yes, I am," she said softly.

He quickly bent over to her across the corner of the table, and took her hand.

"I've got to establish connections with my people here, in the town, but I can't rely on any of the contacts I've been given...

You'll have to dig up the courage and the cunning, the devil's own cleverness, and check up on the addresses I give you. Are you ready for that?"

"Yes, I am," she said.

"If you get caught, you'll be tortured on a slow fire. Will you be able to hold your tongue?"

She was silent for a moment, as though measuring her strength.

"I'll not betray you," she said.

"Then listen..."

Bending over still closer to her, so that in the dim light of the lamp she could see a fresh scar where the hair was retreating on his temple, he gave her an address right there, on Kamenny Brod, which he thought rather more reliable than the others, and which he particularly needed. It seemed to him to be more reliable because it had been left by the intelligence organs and was particularly needed since only through it could be learnt what was happening not only in the district, but on the Soviet side.

Masha was quite prepared to go there at once, and this combination of naive devotion and inexperience touched Ivan Fedorovich. A sly gleam played in his eyes.

"That's no way to go about it," he said in kindly, merry reproof. "This job needs to be done artistically, as though you were working in a fashionable atelier. You'll go there openly, in broad daylight. I'll teach you how and what to do ... I've got to be sure of my rear. Who are you living with?"

Masha had taken a room in a cottage belonging to an old worker from the engine-building works. It was a stone house, divided into halves by a corridor with two exits—to the street and into a yard surrounded by a low stone wall. In one half was the kitchen and one room, in the other two small rooms, one of which Masha occupied. The old man had many children, but all of them had gone away. Some of the sons were in the army, some evacuated, and the daughters had married and moved to other towns. According to Masha, he was a prudent man, rather a hermit, it was true, living with his books, but honest.

"I'll say you're an uncle from the village, Mother's brother,—my Mother was Ukrainian too. I'll say that I wrote you to come, because I found life hard..."

"You take your uncle to him. We'll have a chat with this hermit," said Ivan Fedorovich laughingly.

"And what work's to be found there, what'll ye work at?" growled the "hermit" gloomily, every now and then casting his large, prominent eyes at Ivan Fedorovich's beard and at the scar on his right temple. "Twice we sent away the factory equipment ourselves, and then the Germans bombed us several times ... Built engines, built tanks and guns, and now we're repairing oil stoves and lighters ... Some of the buildings are still there all right, and if you rout around, there's still a good bit of equipment here and there, but all that needs real good, capable people in charge. And the Germans..." he gestured with a thin arm ending in a horny fist. "They're not serious people ... They don't swim in deep waters, and they're thieves. Would you believe it—there were three bosses who came at once for one factory—Krupp—formerly it was the Hartmann works, and Krupp bought up the shares. Then there was the railway company, and the electric company—they got our Steam Power Station, though it's true ours had blown it up before they went ... They walked about looking at our factory, and then they got the idea of dividing it into three. We didn't know whether to laugh or cry. There was the ruined factory, and they began fencing it off with posts like a peasant in the old days with his strip of land. They even dug a trench for their posts right across the road that connects the whole factory, like pigs rooting round, they were. Well, they divided it and put up their posts and then took off every last scrap of the equipment and shipped it off to Germany. And the smaller trash they started selling right and left like speculators on the market. Our workers laughed: 'Well, the lord's sent us some fine masters.' These last years, you know, our fellows have got used to things on a big scale, but with them, it gets you sick just to look at them, let alone work. Well, in a word you laugh through your tears...."

They were sitting in the light of a feeble lamp, Ivan Fedorovich with his long beard, Masha, a bent old woman and the "hermit." Their shadows wavered and flickered eerily on the walls and ceiling, meeting, parting, merging, making them all look like some ancient cave-dwellers. The "hermit" was about seventy, small in stature but with a large head, which seemed too heavy for him; he spoke gloomily, monotonously all his vowels seeming to merge into one "boo-boo-boo."... But Ivan Fedorovich found it pleasant to listen to him, not only because the old man spoke wisdom and truth, but because he liked to hear a working man explain the industrial situation under the Germans in such careful detail to a chance-come peasant.

Nevertheless, Ivan Fedorovich could not resist expressing his own opinion of matters.

"In the village we look at it this way. He's got no interest in developing our industry here in the Ukraine, he's got all his industry there in Germany, all he wants from us is grain and coal. As far as he's concerned, the Ukraine's a kind of colony, and we're the Negroes..." It seemed to Ivan Fedorovich that the "hermit" was looking at him in some surprise; he laughed and continued: "There's nothing surprising in our peasants weighing things up, the people have grown up; you could find enough ministers for some Switzerland in our village alone..." And the sly gleam flashed in his eyes again.

"Be that as it may ..." said the "hermit," not in the least surprised by Ivan Fedorovich's discourse. "Well, all right, colonies. Then he ought to be getting things going in the country, oughtn't he?"

Ivan Fedorovich laughed softly.

"The winter grain's sown without crop rotation on the old stubble, from both winter and summer grain, and the land's

being worked with spades, so you can guess for yourself how much we're sowing."

"So that's how it is," said the "hermit", not in the least surprised at that either. "They just don't know how to run things right... Used to stealing from others, petty thieves, and that's what they live on, and they think they'll conquer all the world with that sort of culture—culture indeed! Stupid brutes," he added without rancour.

"Aha, Granddad, a peasant like me, you beat hands down," thought Ivan Fedorovich in satisfaction.

"Did anybody see you when you came here to your niece?" asked the "hermit" without any change of tone.

"They may have, but why should that bother me? I've got all my identification papers ..."

"I understand that all right," answered the "hermit" evasively. "But the way things are here, I must report to the police about you; but if you're not for long, then we'll let it go. I tell you straight out, Ivan Fedorovich, I knew you at once. You've been times enough at our factory, and any minute some wrong 'un might recognize you too..."

Indeed, Ivan Fedorovich's wife was right when she said he'd been born in a caul.

Early next morning Masha went to the address given her by Ivan Fedorovich and brought back with her a stranger who to the intense surprise of Ivan Fedorovich and Masha, greeted the "hermit" as though they had parted the previous day. From this man Ivan Fedorovich learned that the "hermit" was one of their own, who had been left to work underground.

It was from this man that he also learned for the first time how far the Germans had gone into the country. Those were the days of the great Stalingrad battle.

For the whole of the next days, Ivan Fedorovich was busy re-establishing his broken connections, both in the town itself and in the district. And in the heat of all this activity, the same man through whom Ivan Fedorovich had got into the organization brought him Lyuba the actress.

Like most of the Krasnodon people, she had never known the real circumstances of the death of the prisoners in the Krasnodon prison. The German gendarmerie and police had told the families that the prisoners had been taken to Voroshilovgrad, but judging by past experience everybody concluded that they had been taken somewhere into the Verkhneduvanny Woods and shot there.

For some time Ivan Fedorovich sat there, gloomy, unable to speak. He was sorry, desperately sorry about Matvei Kostievich. "Fine Cossack, that was," he ruminated. Then suddenly the thought of his wife crossed his mind. "How's she managing there, alone?..."

"Yes ..." he said. "This is hard underground work, never the like of it in the world"... He was pacing up and down the room, and seemed to be talking to himself rather than addressing Lyuba. "You can't compare our underground work with that we had before, in the Civil War days, under the Whites. At that time all the best forces of the people were on the spot—in the mines, the factories, the villages, but now the people who understand best what it's all about, the most active ones, the organized ones are at the front or evacuated, and we've only got the inexperienced, and they are scattered, unorganized. They're ready to do anything to drive the Germans away, but they don't know how to start, and we, those of us who know, are few. And the sort of terror they've started! Why, the Whites were children compared with them. They're killing people by the million . . . But they've got one weak spot; one you'd not find everywhere: they're stupid, dull, they do everything at the word of command, according to regulations, they live and walk about among our people as though they were blind, they don't understand anything... And that's what we've got to make use of," he said, halting opposite Lyuba, then again beginning his pacing from corner to corner of the room. "We've got to make the people understand that, so that they can learn to trick them and not be afraid of them. We've got to choose our folks, organize them, and they'll find the strength themselves. Our people mustn't hide in the forest—we're living in the Donbas, devil take it, they must go to the pits and the villages, even into German offices—the labour exchange, the local administrations, the village commandant's offices, the police, even the Gestapo. They must riddle and undermine everything by wrecking, by sabotaging, by a merciless terror from within ... Little groups of local people—workers, villagers, young people, about five to a group, but everywhere, at every turn ... Isn't that right? We'll make the Germans' teeth chatter," he said with such a vengeful feeling that it affected Lyuba and for a moment she found it hard to breathe. "What's your name?" he asked, again halting in front of her. His eyes twinkled. "Tell me what you want . . ."

In an instant the picture flashed before Lyuba's mind of how the seven of them had stood there in that room, drawn up in a line, how the low clouds had floated in front of the window, and each one stepping forward from the rank had paled, and their voices, pronouncing the vow, had taken on a high ringing note to conceal their tremors of awe; and the text of the vow, written by Oleg and Vanya Zemnukhov and confirmed by all of them, seemed to be something apart from them, something standing over them, sterner and more unshakeable than any law. As she remembered all this, her face paled with the emotion that seized her again, and her childish blue eyes with a steel glint in them seemed to take on an added intensity of expression.

"We need advice and help," she said.

"And who are 'we?"

"The Young Guard . . . our commander is Ivan Turkenich, he's a lieutenant in the Red Army, and was cut off when he was wounded. Our commissar's Oleg Koshevoi, a pupil from the Gorky School. There are thirty of us who have taken the vow . . . We are organized in groups of five, just as you said—it was Oleg who suggested it ...."

"Good lad, that Oleg of yours. . .."

With unusual animation Ivan Fedorovich sat down at the table, seated Lyuba oppo-

site him and asked her to name all the members of the staff and give a characterization of each. When she came to Stakhovich, Ivan Fedorovich frowned.

"Wait a bit," he said, and touched her hand. "What did you say his name was?"

"Evgeni."

"Has he been with you all the time, or did he come from somewhere?"

Lyuba told him how Stakhovich had come to Krasnodon, and the account he had given of himself.

"You'd better be a bit careful with that fellow, watch him and test him . . ." And Ivan Fedorovich told Lyuba of the strange circumstances surrounding Stakhovich's disappearance from the column. "Let's hope he's not been worked on by the Germans," he said thoughtfully.

Lyuba's face expressed uneasiness, which was the deeper for the fact that she personally did not like Stakhovich. For a little while she sat looking at Ivan Fedorovich in silence, then her face cleared, her eyes brightened and she said calmly:

"No, that's impossible. He probably just lost courage and left . . ."

"Why do you think so?"

"Our lads have known him for a long time as a member of the Youth League, he gives himself plenty of airs, but he wouldn't do anything like that. He comes from a splendid family, his father's an old miner, his brothers are Communists, in the army . . . No, that's impossible."

The unusual directness of her thought impressed Ivan Fedorovich.

"Sensible girl . . ." he said, with a strange glint of sadness in his eyes. "There was a time when we thought the same. But you see, it's this way," and he spoke as simply as though to a child. "There are still depraved people in the world who change their ideas as they change their clothes, or wear them like a mask—there've been plenty of such cases among enemies of the people, and the fascists are training millions of them all over the world. Then there are people who're just weak, that can be broken..."

"No, it's impossible," said Lyuba, thinking of Stakhovich.

"Let's hope it is. But remember, if he's lost courage once, he may do it again."

"I'll tell Oleg," said Lyuba briefly.

"And have youu nderstood everything I've told you?"

Lyuba nodded.

"Then carry on . . . You've got a connection—that man who brought you here. Keep in touch with him. And if you really find yourself in big difficulties, you come to me—I'll warn that man. . . "

"Thank you," said Lyuba, looking at him with eyes that had cleared.

They rose.

"Give our militant Bolshevik greeting to our comrades of the Young Guard ..." He carefully took her head in his small, accurate, mobile hands, kissed first one eye, then the other, and pushed her away gently.

"Go now," he said.

"Fellow-townsmen! Krasnodon people! Miners! Collective farmers!

"The Germans are lying. Stalin is in Moscow. Hitler is lying about the end of the war. The war is only now blazing up. The Red Army will return to the Donbas.

"Hitler is driving us to Germany, to make us work in his factories, make us the murderers of our fathers, husbands, sons and daughters.

"Do not go to Germany, if you want soon to embrace your husbands, sons and brothers on your own soil.

"The Germans are tormenting us, persecuting us, killing our best people, in order to frighten us, to force us to our knees.

"Fight the accursed invaders. Better death in battle, than life in slavery.

"Our country is in danger. But it has the strength to defeat the enemy. The Young Guard will tell you the whole truth in its leaflets, however bitter it may be for Russia. The truth will conquer.

"Read our leaflets and conceal them, pass on their contents from house to house, from village to village.

"Death to the German invader.

"The Young Guard."

Where had it come from, that small leaflet torn from a school exercise book? It was fastened on the notice board, there at the edge of the seething market place, where in peacetime the district newspaper *Socialist Motherland* had hung, and which was now occupied by yellow and black German posters.

Before break of day, on Sunday, people had gathered on the market place with bags and sacks; one woman would have only a chicken wrapped up in a cloth, others who had had a good vegetable harvest, or still possessed some flour left over from the previous year, brought their goods on hand-carts. There was no sign of oxen, the Germans had taken them all, not to mention the horses.

Those hand-carts will be remembered for many a year to come. They were not like wheelbarrows, but simply carts on two high wheels which people pushed in front of them, holding the crossbar. Thousands and thousands of people tramped through the whole Donbas with them, from end to end, in heat and dust, in rain and mud, in frost and snow, sometimes bringing goods to market, but more often seeking a roof or a grave.

Before daybreak people from the neighbouring villages had brought vegetables, grain, poultry, fruit and honey to market, while the townsfolk brought out all their odds and ends, a cap, a kerchief, a skirt, or a pair of boots. Some brought nails or an axe or salt, or an old piece of gingham, white cotton material, or an old-fashioned dress with lace trimming from grandmother's old treasure trunk.

It was a rare thing in these days even for a bold or stupid person, or a rascal, to go to market for profit. In those days it was poverty and destitution that sent the people there. German marks were current in the Ukraine, and who could tell if they were real, or if they'd stay, and for that matter, who had them? No, the old ways of their grandfathers were best—how often it had helped them in bad times—I give you and you give me. And from early morning people had been

seething on the market place, circling round each other a thousand times.

Everybody saw the board in the corner of the market-place, where it had been standing for so many years. And there hung the German placards, as they had done throughout the past weeks. And suddenly, on one of them—on the very one where photographs fastened fanwise showed a parade of German troops in Moscow, German officers bathing in the Neva at Petropavlovsk and German soldiers walking arm in arm with our girls on the Stalingrad river bank—on this very placard there was a white sheet of paper covered with neat writing in indelible pencil.

First one person stopped to look curiously at it, then two more, and more and still more, until a whole crowd, mainly women, old people and adolescents, had gathered round the board craning their necks to read the leaflet. And who would pass by a group straining their eyes to read a written sheet of paper—and in the market-place at that!

A large crowd began to form beside the board with the leaflet. The ones in front stood there in silence, showing no sign of going away. Some irresistible power seemed to chain them there, reading the words over and over again. Those at the back, trying to push forward, grew angry and noisy, asking what it was written there. And although nobody answered them, and it was quite impossible to push through, the huge and growing crowd already knew what was on the sheet of paper torn from a school exercise book: "It is not true that the German officers bathe by the Petropavlovsk fortress. It is not true that the Jerries go for walks with our girls along the Stalingrad streets. It is not true that there is no more Red Army and the front is held by Mongolians hired by the English." All this was not true. The truth was that there were their own people left in the town, people who knew the truth and only a few days after dozens of the best people had been tortured and shot, they were fearlessly telling the truth to the people...

A man, incredibly lanky, wearing the "Polizei" armband, checked trousers tucked into heavy topboots, and a jacket of the same material with a heavy holster hanging beneath it by a yellow cord, entered the crowd, rearing his narrow head in an old-fashioned cap. The people looked round, recognized Ignat Fomin and made way for him with an instant look of either fear or servility.

Seryozha Tyulenin, pulling his cap down over his eyes and hiding himself behind the people so that Fomin should not recognize him, looked for Vassya Pirozhok, and winked in Fomin's direction. But Pirozhok knew well enough what he had to do and he was already pushing his way through the crowd.

Although Pirozhok and Kovalyov had been dismissed from the Polizei, they were still on good terms with the other men serving, who did not consider their misdemeanour a crime. Fomin looked round, recognized Pirozhok and said nothing to him. Together they made their way to the leaflet and Fomin tried to scrape it off with his nails; but the paper was pasted firmly to the German placard and would not come away. Fomin made a hole in the placard and tore off the leaflet with part of it attached, crushed it and put it in his pocket.

"What are ye all crowding round for? What are ye staring at? Clear out of here," he hissed, turning his yellow, eunuch-like face on the crowd, his small grey eyes creeping out from the many and variegated folds of skin surrounding them.

Pirozhok, winding and twisting round Fomin like a black snake, shouted in a boyish voice:

"You hear... Disperse, gentlemen, it'll be better for you."

Fomin, stretching his long arms, appeared to hover over the crowd. For an instant Pirozhok seemed to be stuck to him. The crowd fell back and began to disperse. Pirozhok ran ahead of them.

Fomin marched gloomily about the market in his heavy topboots, and the people, halting in their trading, looked at his passing back with varying expressions—fright, amazement, or malicious joy... On Fomin's back, fastened to his checked jacket, was a leaflet with the following words written in large printed letters:

"You sell our people to the Germans for a piece of sausage, a mouthful of vodka and a packet of tobacco. But you will pay with your foul life. Beware!"

Nobody stopped Fomin, and with that ominous warning on his back he passed through the whole market and went to the police station.

Seryozha's light, curly head and Pirozhok's black one flashed now here, now there in the market, as they moved amidst the reeling crowd. They were not alone. The russet head of Tossya Mashchenko, the quiet, modestly dressed girl with the wise eyes, would suddenly emerge from some corner, and if Tossya's head was here, then you could be sure that the flaxen head of her companion, Stepa Safonov, would be somewhere near. Seryozha's bright eyes met the velvety-dark ones of Vitya Lukyanchenko—met and parted. And for a long time Valya Bortz, golden plaits swinging, circled about the stalls carrying a basket covered with a rough towel, but what she was selling or buying nobody could see ...

And people found leaflets in their shopping bags, in empty sacks, or even on the counters under cabbage heads or melons, yellow, brown or striped as though marked with hieroglyphs; sometimes they were not even sheets but narrow scraps of paper bearing printed words such as "Down with the Hitlerite two hundred gram, long live the Stalinist kilogram [1]...."

And people's hearts trembled ...

Seryozha rounded the lines of stalls, as he had already done many times, dived into the crowd where goods were sold from hand to hand, and came face to face with Natalya Alexeyevna, the doctor at the town hospital. She was standing there in dusty slippers, in a row of other women, holding a pair of lady's shoes, worn but still usable, in her chubby, childish hands. She blushed in embarrassment on seeing Seryozha.

[1] Reference is made to the bread rations.

"Good morning," he said, also confused, pulling off his cap.

But the next instant Natalya Alexeyevna's eyes held that familiar expression—direct, ruthlessly practical—that he knew so well. With swift, exact movements she wrapped up the shoes and said:

"Splendid. You're just the person I was needing."

Seryozha and Valya were to have left the market together and made their way to the labour exchange, from where the first group of young people going to Germany was to leave for Verkhneduvanny. But suddenly Valya saw Seryozha and a plump girl, her hair done like a woman's, leave the crowded market, make for the Li-fanchi cottages and disappear behind them. Pride forbade her from following them. But there was nothing more for her to do at the market. Her full upper lip trembled a little and a cold expression came into her eyes. Then, with her basket on her arm, several more leaflets still hidden under the potatoes, she left the market with a proud gait and made her way towards the labour exchange.

The square in front of the white, one-story building on the hill was cordoned off by German soldiers: those who were to leave their homes that day, with their mothers and relations, carrying bundles and suitcases, were crowding the slope outside the cordon, together with curious onlookers. The weather had recently been cool and damp, but now wild wind drove the dark clouds along the sky and did not allow the rain to fall. The wind caught the many-coloured dresses of the women and girls on the slopes and drove heavy clouds of dust along the road which passed the District Executive Committee building and the "Crazy Landlord."

There was a gloomy air about that crowd of women, girls, and youths, who stood there motionless and silent, petrified by their grief. If anybody spoke, it was in low tones or whispers. They even feared to weep loudly: sometimes a mother would brush away her tears with her hand, or a daughter would hide her eyes in her handkerchief.

Valya halted at the edge of the crowd on the hillside, from where one could see the whole district around Pit No. I-B and part of the railway network.

More and more people kept arriving from all parts of the town. Almost all of the young folks who had been distributing leaflets at the market place, had gathered here. Suddenly Valya saw Seryozha walking along the railway embankment, his head bent to prevent the wind from whipping off his cap. For some time he disappeared, then emerged from behind a shoulder of the hill. He was following no path, his eyes scanning the crowd. Then he saw Valya. Her bright full lips trembled in amusement, she avoided looking at him and asked him nothing.

"Natalya Alexeyevna ..." he said in a low voice, realizing that Valya was angry. Then he bent over to her ear and whispered: "There's a whole group of young folks in the Krasnodon settlement ... Started all on their own ... Tell Oleg ... "

Valya was a link with headquarters. She nodded. At that moment she saw Oulya Gromova coming along the road from Vosmidomiki, accompanied by a girl whom she did not know, wearing a beret and a coat. Oulya and the other girl were carrying a suitcase between them, struggling against the wind and turning their faces from the dust.

"If necessary you'll go there?" whispered Seryozha again.

Valya nodded.

Oberleutnant Sprik, the director of the labour exchange, realized at last that the young people would go on standing outside the cordon with their families indefinitely unless he hurried them. He appeared on the steps, clean-shaven, no longer wearing shorts as he had done on hot days in the labour exchange and on the streets, but in full uniform; he came out accompanied by the clerk, and shouted that those who were to leave should come and get their papers. The clerk repeated it in Ukrainian.

The German soldiers did not permit relatives and friends to come within the cordon, so this already meant farewell. Mothers and daughters, unable to restrain themselves any longer, burst into loud weeping. The lads tried to keep a stiff upper lip, but it was terrible to see their faces when their mothers and sisters clung to them convulsively, and when their old fathers, who had spent dozens of years underground and many times looked death in the face, wiped a tear from their eyes.

"It's time..." said Seryozha sternly, trying not to let Valya see how moved he was.

Unable to restrain her tears, she did not even hear him, but mechanically made her way through the crowd towards the building. Just as mechanically she pulled out leaflets folded in four from beneath her potatoes in the basket and pushed them into overcoat and jacket pockets, or under the handles of suitcases and the ropes tying up baskets.

Right beside the cordon, a sudden stream of people surging back in panic from the building crushed Valya. Among those seeing the travellers off there were a good number of youths, girls and young women, and one of them, accompanying a sister or brother, had chanced to find herself within the cordon and could not get out again. This amused the German soldiers, and they began seizing the first lads or girls they saw by the arm and pulling them inside. There were screams, prayers, weeping. Somewhere a woman was shrieking in hysterics. The young people shrank back from the cordon in horror.

Seryozha, his face a mask of suffering and anger, appeared from somewhere, seized Valya by the arm and dragged her out of the crowd, straight to Nina Ivantsova.

"Thank heaven... I thought those beasts..." Nina seized both their arms with her large womanly, dark hands. "Today at five, at Kashuk's...Tell Zemnukhov and Stakhovich," she whispered to Valya. "You haven't seen Oulya?" and she ran to look for Oulya. Nina, like Valya, was a link with headquarters.

Valya and Seryozha still stood there side by side for some time—they were both reluctant to part. There was a look on Seryozha's

face as though he was just about to say something very important, but in the end he said nothing.

"I'll be going," said Valya softly.

Nevertheless, she still stood there for some time. In spite of all that was happening about her, she suddenly felt so light-hearted that she glanced round, ashamed of herself, and raced down the hill with her basket, her strong sunburned legs flashing as she ran.

Oulya was standing beside the cordon, waiting for Valya Filatova to come out of the building. The German soldier who had admitted Valya with her suitcase had tried to seize Oulya's arm, but she only looked at him calmly and coldly. Their eyes met, and something like a human expression flashed for an instant in the soldier's eyes. He let Oulya go, turned away and suddenly shouted angrily at a flaxen-haired young woman, bareheaded, and clinging to her son, a youth of about sixteen. At last the woman tore herself away. It turned out that it was not the boy who was being sent away, but the woman. The lad, crying like a child, watched her go into the building with her bundle in her hand and smile back at him for the last time from the threshold.

Oulya had spent the whole night with Valya, sitting with her arms round her friend in the little room filled with autumn flowers at the Filatovas' apartment. Valya's mother would come in and stroke her head, or kiss them both, pack something more into her daughter's suitcase, or just sit quietly in the armchair in the corner. When Valya went, she would be left completely alone.

Valya, exhausted with weeping, trembled now and then in Oulya's embrace. Oulya, realizing with horror the inevitability of what was to come, softened and grown-up, sat there with a feeling both maternal and childish, silently stroking Valya's blond head.

In the weak lamplight only their faces and hands were visible—two girls and an old mother...

Heaven forbid that the world should again witness such things! That farewell between Valya and her mother, that endless road with the suitcase against the whistling wind, that last embrace before the cordon of German soldiers...

But all this is over, over... No, it is still going on... Her face filled with gloomy strength, Oulya stood right against the cordon of German soldiers, never taking her eyes off the door.

The youths, girls and young women who passed through the cordon were ordered by a fat corporal to leave their bundles and suitcases on the square beside the wall. Their things, they were told, would be brought on by lorry. When they entered the building, Nemchinova, watched by an Oberleutenant, handed each of them a card, the only document to prove their identity for the whole journey, to be produced when demanded by the German authorities. There was no name on the card, only a number and the name of a town. With these cards they emerged again from the building and the corporal gave them their places in ranks along the square.

Now Valya Filatova came out; her eyes searched out her friend and she took several steps towards her, but the corporal caught her arm as she passed and pushed her into the ranks. She found herself in the third or fourth row at the far end, and the friends could no longer see each other.

The grief of this unthinkable parting gave people the right to show their love. Women in the crowd tried to break through the cordon, crying out last words of farewell or advice to their children. And the young folks in the ranks, mainly girls, already literally belonging to another world, replied in stifled voices or simply by waving their handkerchiefs, or else silently gazed at the dear faces, tears running down their cheeks.

But now Oberleutnant Sprik came out with a large yellow package in his hand. The crowd fell silent. All eyes were turned upon him.

"Stillgestanden," commanded the Oberleutenant.

"Stillgestanden," repeated the fat corporal in a terrible voice.

The column was motionless. Oberleutnant Sprik marched in front of the first rank, and touching each of those standing in front with his thick finger, counted them. There were more than two hundred in the column.

The Oberleutnant handed the package to the fat corporal and waved his hand. The group of soldiers ran to clear a path through the crowd. A sharp command from the corporal and the column turned, wavered, and slowly, as though reluctantly, moved along the road, accompanied by the convoy, and led by the fat corporal.

The people, pushed aside by the soldiers, ran along both sides of the column, following it, and the sound of weeping, sobs and cries merged into one prolonged groan carried away by the wind.

Oulya, raising herself onto her toes as she ran, looked for Valya in the column until at last she saw her.

Valya, her distended eyes tortured because she could not see Oulya at this last moment, was searching with her eyes along both sides of the road, trying to find her friend.

"I'm here, Valya, I'm here, I'm still with you..." cried Oulya, as she was being pushed by the crowd. But Valya neither heard nor saw her, and continued looking about with that tormented expression.

Oulya, carried further and further away, saw Valya's face two or three times more, then the column descended beyond the house of the "Crazy Landlord" to the second crossing, and Valya disappeared.

"Oulya," said Nina Ivantsova, appearing suddenly in front of her. "I've been looking for you. Today at five at Kashuk's... Lyuba's come..."

Oulya stared at her unhearing, silently, with a terrible look in her black eyes.

Oleg, paling slightly, took a notebook from the inner pocket of his jacket, flicked the pages composedly, and sat down at the table on which stood a bottle of vodka, glasses and plates with nothing on them; the rest, falling silent, also took their seats with serious

faces, some at the table, some on the divan. Everybody looked at Oleg in silence.

Only yesterday they had still been ordinary school friends, carefree and mischievous, and now it was as though each one of them had said farewell to the past. From that day when they had made their vow, they had torn asunder their former irresponsible ties of friendship in order to forge new, higher ones—the friendship of common ideals, of organization, of the blood which each one of them had vowed to shed for their country's freedom.

That large room in the Koshevoi's apartment, similar to a room in any of those standard houses, with its unpainted windowsills covered with ripening tomatoes, its walnut divan on which Oleg slept, Elena Nikolayevna's bed with its many plumped-up pillows covered with a lace counterpane—that room reminded them of all their former carefree life under their parents' roofs, and at the same time was already a secret meeting place where they had entered on their new independent path—the path of struggle.

Oleg was no longer Oleg, but Kahsuk. That was the name of his step-father, who in his youth had been a partisan well-known in the Ukraine, and in the last years of his life manager of the agrarian department in Kanev. Oleg had taken this name because it was linked with his first heroic ideas of partisan struggle and all that training in courage and fortitude — field work, hunting, horse-riding, and canoeing on the Dnieper which he had received from his step-father.

He opened his notebook at the page where he had written in code all that must be decided that day, and gave the floor to Lyuba Shevtsova.

Lyuba rose from the divan and frowned. She suddenly saw again her whole journey filled with such incredible difficulties, dangers, meetings and adventures that it would be impossible to tell them all even in two nights...

For those few days in Voroshilovgrad she had been under the orders of the man who had led her to Ivan Fedorovich. And that man had attached great importance to her being on such terms with the German commissary colonel and his adjutant, and to her having chanced on an apartment where she was taken for what she was not.

She did not need to learn the code, because it was still the same one that she had learned before her departure, but now she was to take a radio transmitter with her, because it was very difficult to use it in Voroshilovgrad.

That same man taught her how to set her radio so that it would not be traced. She herself was not to remain all the time in Krasnodon, but was to travel to Voroshilovgrad and other points, not only preserving the contacts she already had, but forming new ones among the German, Rumanian, Italian and Hungarian officers.

She was even able to arrange with the people where she had been staying that she should come to them when she was in Voroshilovgrad, as she had not liked the apartments she was offered. The little girl who was like a mushroom still regarded Lyuba with scorn, but the mother felt that she was at least less offensive than the Germans.

Now she was among her friends again, and only yesterday afternoon she had been standing at the crossroads with her suitcase, now very heavy because there was something else there among her clothes. She had had no choice, the only way had been to make use again of a passing German car to take her home.

This time she did not raise her hand to a passenger car, on the contrary, she much preferred a lorry with soldiers. In the end she found a Red Cross van, with a senior medical officer, several junior ones and five or six orderlies. They were all slightly drunk and that just suited Lyuba. She had found that drunken Germans were much easier to trick than sober ones.

It turned out that they were bringing pure spirit for field hospitals, a great deal of it in large, thick jars. And Lyuba suddenly realized what a good thing it would be to get as much of it from them as possible, because spirit was a general "Open, Sesame," a magician's wand.

It ended in her persuading the senior officer not to drive his heavy lorry through the night, but to spend it with a good acquaintance of hers in Krasnodon, where she, Lyuba, was going on tour. She frightened her mother thoroughly when she brought all those drunken German officers and men into the apartment.

The Germans drank the whole night through and Lyuba even had to dance for them, as she was pretending to be an actress. She felt as though she was dancing on razors, but all the same she was able to trick them. She flirted simultaneously both with the officers and the soldiers, and the latter, jealous, continually got in the way of their superiors, so that the senior medical officer even kicked one of the orderlies in the stomach.

The Germans left with the dawn—they had not closed an eye for a moment, and even the driver was as drunk as a lord. Lyuba's mother began to scold her, but when Lyuba displayed the four big jars of spirit which she had managed to get from the lorry, her mother, although a simple soul, realized that her daughter knew what she was about.

As she had previously agreed with Oleg, Lyuba first of all told the staff all that Ivan Fedorovich had said to her about Stakhovich.

She was a direct, fearless girl, even cruel in her own way when she disliked anybody, and she did not conceal Ivan Fedorovich's presumption that Stakhovich might be in German hands.

While she was telling them all this, the members of the staff feared even to glance at Stakhovich, and he sat there quietly, his thin arms resting on the table, looking straight in front of him, strength in his face. But at Lyuba's last words he changed in an instant.

The strain which he had put upon himself suddenly snapped, his lips and hands trembled, and amazed and offended, but at the same time frankly, openly, he looked around at all of them and suddenly seemed like a boy.

"He . . . he said that?. . . He could think that..." he repeated several times, looking

into Lyuba's eyes with that offended, hurt expression of a child.

All were silent; he dropped his face into his hands and sat there for some time. Then he raised his head and said quietly:

"A terrible suspicion has fallen on me, that I ... Why didn't he tell you that they had already been driving us for a week and that there were only a few of us left, and he himself and everybody else realized that it was necessary to disperse?" He looked at Lyuba as he spoke, then again his open look passed over all their faces. "When I was lying there in the bushes, I thought—they're going to try a breakthrough, to save themselves, and most of them, if not all, will be killed, and maybe I'll be killed with them, but I can save myself and still be useful ... That's what I thought then ... Now, of course, I understand that that was just an excuse. There was such firing ... it was very fearful," he continued naively. "But all the same I don't feel that what I did was such a great crime. Night had fallen and I remembered that I could swim well, that I was alone the Germans might not notice me ... When they all ran, I lay for a little while, the firing there had died down, then began again in another place, very heavy. I thought: 'Now's the time,' and swam on my back, only my nose above water—I swim well—first to the middle, and then following the current. And that's how I got away ... But such a suspicion, how could he? ... After all, he too saved himself for that matter ... I thought since I can swim well, I'll make use of it. And I swam on my back, that's how I escaped."

Stakhovich told all this without using one foreign word, as he usually liked to do—all that had dropped from him, just like his condescending, patronizing tone, even his artistically dishevelled hair fell onto his face; he sat there, confused and tousled, like a boy.

"Well, take it that that's how you escaped," said Vanya Zemnukhov. "But why did you tell us that you'd been sent by the headquarters of the column?"

"Because they really did want to send me ... I thought, since I'm still alive, nothing's changed! .. After all, I wasn't just wanting to save my skin, I wanted and I still want to fight the Germans and I've got experience, I took part in organizing the column and I've been in battle ... That's why I said it! .."

Everybody had been feeling so heavy and depressed, that after Stakhovich's explanation their hearts even lightened somewhat. But all the same, the whole thing was very unpleasant. Why did it have to happen!

It was clear enough that Stakhovich was telling the truth, but everybody felt that he had acted badly, and his manner of relating his action was no better; it was all unpleasant and incomprehensible, and they did not quite know how to deal with him.

After all, Stakhovich was no stranger. He had not been a careerist, or one seeking his own advantage. But he had been one of those young men accustomed since childhood to mix with people of importance, and to a certain extent spoiled by various external manifestations of their authority at a period of his life when he was as yet unable to understand the real content and meaning of authority, and that the right to such authority is earned by hard work and character training.

A clever boy to whom things came easy, he had been noticed by people important locally while still at school, noticed because his brothers, Communists, were also men of importance. Since childhood he had been accustomed to move among these people, accustomed to speak of them to his companions in a tone of equality; he had read much but all too superficially; he was able to express well both in speech and writing—not his own ideas, which he was not as yet capable of working out, but those of other people which he often heard; and although he had done nothing of value himself, he was considered a leading, active person among members of the district Youth League committee. And rank and file Youth League members, not knowing him personally, but always seeing him in the presidium or on the tribune at meetings, would usually regard him as someone important from the district or the region.

Without understanding the real social meaning of the work done by the people among whom he had grown up, he was thoroughly at home in their personal and business relations, knew who was the rival of whom, who supported whom; and he was accustomed to think that the ability to hold authority did not rest on service to the people, but on skillful manoeuvring among personal relationships so as to have the support of great numbers of individuals.

He had acquired from these people their mockingly-patronizing tone with each other, their blunt directness and independence of statement, without understanding what a long and hard lifetime lay behind that manner. And instead of expressing himself in a lively, outright manner as young people do, he was always reserved, spoke in a quiet, even voice, especially if he was talking over the phone with some stranger, and in general, had a way of emphasizing his superiority to his comrades.

In this way, ever since childhood he had been accustomed to consider himself as a person to whom the usual rules of human relationships did not apply.

Why, after all, should he die like the others, instead of saving himself like Ivan Fedorovich? And what right had Ivan Fedorovich to place him under suspicion, when he himself was to blame for the column.

While the others were still silent, undecided, Stakhovich even fed his courage with such arguments. But suddenly Seryozha spoke abruptly:

"The firing had begun in another place and he lay down on his back and swam! The firing had shifted because the column was trying to make a breakthrough. As though they all went to their deaths in order to save him? ..."

Vanya Turkenich. the officer, was sitting there, with his military bearing, looking at nobody, bright-eyed, his face filled with frankness and courage. He had such great

natural modesty and spoke so seldom that he was always heeded.

"A soldier has to carry out orders," he said. "But you ran away during the fighting. To put it shortly—deserted in battle. At the front, we shoot men for that, or send them to a punitive battalion. People atone for their fault with their blood... "

"I'm not afraid of shedding my blood," said Stakhovich, paling.

"You're just a lot of show, and that's all there is to it," said Lyuba.

All looked at Oleg, waiting for his opinion.

"Ivan Turkenich has already said everything," said Oleg very calmly, "you can't improve on it. And to judge by Stakhovich's attitude, he evidently does not acknowledge discipline ... Can such a person be on the staff of our detachment?"

When Oleg said this, everything which had been in their hearts came surging out. All the boys attacked Stakhovich passionately. They had taken the vow together—how could he take it with such a thing on his conscience, how could he leave it unconfessed? A fine comrade, who was ready to sully such a sacred day! Of course, he couldn't be kept for another moment on the staff. And the girls, Lyuba and Oulya did not even say a word, such was their contempt for Stakhovich. This cut him more than anything else.

He lost his head completely; he looked round in his humiliation, trying to meet all their eyes, repeating continually:

"Don't you believe me? Give me any trial... "

At this point Oleg showed that he was no longer Oleg, but Kashuk.

"But do you understand that you can't be kept on the staff?" he asked.

Stakhovich was forced to admit that he could not be on the staff.

"The important thing is that you should understand it yourself," said Oleg. "As for assignments, we'll give you them, and plenty of them. We'll test you thoroughly. You'll still be leader of your five, and you'll have plently of chance to restore your good name... "

"He's from such a fine family," said Lyuba. "It's a shame!"

They voted on expelling Evgeni Stakhovich from the staff of the Young Guard. He sat there while the voting was going on, with hanging head, then rose and mastering himself, said:

"This is very hard for me, you understand that yourselves. But I know that you can't act in any other way. And I don't feel injured. I swear ..." his lips trembled and he ran out of the room.

For some moments there was a heavy silence. This first serious disappointment in a comrade came very hard on them. And such an operation without anaesthetics was very difficult to perform.

But Oleg smiled broadly and said, stammering slightly:

"Yes, he'll p-pull himself together yet, b-boys, I swear he will!"

Vanya Turkenich supported him in quiet tones:

"And do you think there are never any such cases at the front? A young soldier can be scared at the beginning, and later on he makes a grand fighter!"

Lyuba felt that the time had now come to give details of her meeting with Ivan Fedorovich. She said nothing, it is true, of how she had come to him—in general, she had no right to tell anything about that other side of her activities—but she even showed, walking about the room, how Ivan Fedorovich had received her and talked to her. And all their spirits rose when Lyuba told them that the Young Guard had found the correct organizational path. The representative of partisan headquarters had approved of them and praised Oleg, and kissed Lyuba at parting. It certainly did look as though he was pleased with them!

Excited and happy, even feeling a sort of surprise, as though seeing themselves in quite a new light, they began shaking hands and congratulating each other.

"No, Vanya, only think, just think!" said Oleg to Zemnukhov with naive happiness. "The Young Guard's acknowledged, it exists! From now on, our lives don't belong to ourselves, but to the Party, to the whole country!"

And Lyuba embraced Oulya, with whom she had been friends ever since that meeting at Turkenich's, but whom she had as yet had no chance to greet, and kissed her as though they had been sisters.

Then Oleg again looked into his notebook and Vanya Zemnukhov, who had been appointed organizer of groups of five at the previous meeting, suggested naming other leaders—after all, the organization was going to grow.

"Maybe we'll begin with Pervomaisk?" he said, glancing merrily at Oulya through his professor-like glasses.

Oulya rose, her arms hanging straight down by her side, and suddenly all the faces turned towards her unconsciously expressed that wonderful, happy, innocent feeling which the perfect beauty of a woman or girl must arouse in pure hearts. But Oulya never noticed this admiration.

"We suggest Vitya Petrov and Maya Peglivanova," she said. Suddenly she saw that Lyuba was looking at her excitedly. "And at Vosmidomiki let Lyuba pick some. We'll be neighbours," she added in her deep, calm voice.

"What on earth are you thinking of!" Lyuba reddened and gesticulated with her little white hands. What sort of an organizer was she!

But all agreed with Oulya and Lyuba gave in. In a second she saw herself as organizer at Vosmidomiki and the idea pleased her.

Seryozha rose, very confused.

"I have two reports to make," he said gruffly, his lips pouting. And suddenly they all found it so amusing that for some time they gave him no chance to speak.

"First of all I want to speak about that Ignat Fomin. Are we going to stand for that skunk!" Seryozha suddenly burst out, crimson with indignation. "That Judas betrayed Ostapchuk, and we still don't know how many of our miners he's got on his black conscience! . . What do I propose?

propose to kill him. Give me the assignment, because I shall kill him anyway," he concluded, and suddenly it was clear to everybody that Seryozha would really kill Ignat Fomin.

Oleg's face became very serious, and deep vertical lines appeared on his forehead. All the members of the staff were silent.

"What then? It's right, what he says," said Vanya Turkenich in his quiet, calm voice. "Ignat Fomin is a traitor to our people. He should be hanged. Hanged in a place where our people can see him. And there should be a sign fastened to his chest—saying why he's hanged, to serve as a lesson to others. After all"—and there was an unexpected note of ruthlessness in his voice—"they don't spare us, do they! ... Give me and Tyulenin the assignment ..."

After Turkenich had expressed himself in support of Tyulenin, everybody seemed relieved. However great their hatred for the traitor, it was difficult in the first moment to bring themselves to *this*. But Turkenich had spoken with authority, he was their eldest comrade, a Red Army officer—so that meant that it had to be.

"First of all I'll put Tyulenin's proposal with regard to Fomin to the vote, and then we'll vote on whom to assign to carry it out,"—said Oleg grimly.

"The question's clear enough," said Vanya Zemnukhov.

"Yes, the question's clear, but all the same, I'll put the question of Fomin separately," said Oleg with gloomy insistence.

Everybody understood why Oleg was so determined. They had taken the oath. Now each one had again to decide *this* in his own heart. In stern silence they voted for the execution of Fomin and appointed Turkenich and Tyulenin to carry out the execution.

"You've decided correctly! That's the way to deal with them, with skunks!" said Seryozha, with a passionate glow in his eyes. "Now I'll go on to my second announcement."

Natalya Alexeyevna, the hospital doctor, that same woman with the little plump hands and direct, ruthless, practical eyes, had told Oleg that in the settlement eighteen kilometres from the town, bearing the same name—Krasnodon, a group of young people had organized themselves to fight the Germans. Natalya Alexeyevna herself was not a member of the group, but had learned of its existence from the teacher Antonina Elliseyenko, who lived in the same house as her mother, and she had promised to help them establish connections with the town.

At Seryozha's suggestion the staff appointed Valya Borts to contact this group—in her absence, because the staff messengers, Nina and Olya Ivantsova and Valya were not present, they were sitting in a shed out in the yard with Marina on guard.

The Young Guard staff were utilizing the fact that Elena Nikolayevna and Uncle Kolya had gone to the district where Marina's relatives lived to try and exchange some odds and ends for grain, and Grandmother Vera, pretending to believe that the young people had gathered for a party, had taken Aunt Marina and her little boy out into the shed.

While they had been conferring, darkness had fallen, and Grandmother Vera suddenly entered the room. She looked at the table over her glasses, of which one earpiece was broken and fastened with black thread, saw that the bottles of vodka were untouched and the glasses empty.

"Maybe you'd take some tea—I've just made it!" she said, to the great consternation of the underground group. "And I've persuaded Marina to sleep in the shed with the boy, as the air's fresher there ... "

Grandmother took Valya, Nina and Olya, and they brought in the tea; then from the remote depths of some remote drawer she routed out a few sweets, closed the shutters, lighted the lamp and went out.

Now, when the young people were left alone in the light of the smoky lamp, whose tiny wavering flame brought out only chance details of faces, clothing and objects in the darkness, they really did look like plotters. Their very voices were deeper, mysterious.

"Would you like to listen to Moscow?" Oleg asked softly.

They all took it as a joke. Only Lyuba started and asked:

"How, to Moscow?"

"Only on one condition: that you don't ask any questions ..."

Oleg went out into the yard and returned almost immediately.

"A little patience ..." he said. He disappeared into Uncle Kolya's dark room.

The young folks sat in silence, not knowing whether to believe it. But how could anybody joke about such a thing, here, at such a time!

"Nina, help me," Oleg called.

Nina Ivantsova joined him.

Suddenly from Uncle Kolya's room they heard a soft, familiar, although almost forgotten sound—a hissing, a slight crackling, notes of music—somewhere people were dancing. All the time some German march kept on coming through. The quiet voice of a man speaking English was giving the figures of those killed on the globe, and somebody kept talking and talking in German, quickly, as though fearing that he would not have time to finish.

Then suddenly through the slight crackling from the air which seemed to enter the room in waves coming from a very great distance, they heard the familiar clear, deep, velvety voice of the announcer Yuri Levitan:

"From the Soviet Information Bureau ... Report of operations for the seventh of September . . . evening communiqué ..."

"Write it down, write it down!" Vanya Zemnukhov suddenly hissed to Valya, and himself seized a pencil. "We'll publish it tomorrow!"

And that free voice from free soil spoke across thousands of miles:

". . . On the seventh of September our troops engaged the enemy in bitter fighting west and south-west of Stalingrad . . . and also in the districts of Novorossiisk and Mozdok . . . On other fronts there were no changes . . ."

It was as though the echoes of mighty battles had entered the room.

The boys and girls, leaning forward, bodies tense as violin-strings, faces like those on ikons, the eyes large and dark in the light of the lamp, listened in silence to the voice from free soil.

On the threshold, leaning against the door, unnoticed, stood Grandmother Vera, her thin face criss-crossed with wrinkles like a Dante bronze.

There was electric light only in the Germans' offices. Uncle Kolya utilized the line to the administration and commandant's office which passed by the edge of the neighbouring yard—one of the posts stood right against the Korostylev's house. The wireless set was kept in his room under the floorboards beneath the chest of drawers. When it was in use a wire passed out of the ventilator and was attached to another wire wound round a long pole with a hook, which in its turn was hung on the main wire, beside the post.

The Soviet Information Bureau's report of operations . . . Whatever happened, they must have a printshop!

Volodya Osmukhin, Zhora Arutyunyants and Tolya "Rolling Thunder" dug up the remnants of the type in the park. It may be that the people who had buried it had not had boxes at hand, and had hastily emptied the type into the holes and covered it with soil. The German soldiers digging lodgements for their lorries and AA guns, not realizing at first what this was, had thrown up part of the type together with the soil, and then, when it dawned upon them, had reported to their officers and the type had been confiscated. But there were still some remnants left at the bottom of the hole. In several days' patient digging, the lads had discovered some of it within a radius of several metres from the place marked on the plan, and collected all that there was.

Vanya Zemnukhov's elder brother, Alexander, now in the army, had been a printer on the local paper *Socialist Motherland*, where Vanya had often visited him. Following Vanya's instructions, Volodya made a small printing press. The metallic parts he brought secretly from the workshop; and Zhora undertook to make a wooden case in which all this could be packed, and a case for the type as well.

Zhora's father was a carpenter. True, contrary to what Zhora had expected, neither his father, nor even his mother, with her character, had taken to arms after the arrival of the Germans. But nevertheless, Zhora had no doubt that gradually he would draw them into his work. After thinking it over well, he found that his mother was rather too energetic and should be brought in last; better to start with his father. And Zhora's father, an elderly, quiet man whose head only reached to his son's chin,—Zhora had taken after his mother in character, height and hair like a raven's wing—dissatisfied at the underground group giving him such a tricky assignment through his juvenile son, made the cases without his wife's knowledge. Of course, he had no way of knowing that Zhora and Volodya were now big people—leaders of groups of five.

The friendship among these young people had reached a stage where they could not spend a day without seeing each other. It was only between Lucy Osmukhina and Zhora that the same strained, official relationship still obtained. This was undoubtedly one of those cases of utterly opposing characters. Both of them were well-read, but Zhora liked scientific and political books, while Lucy preferred books dealing with strong human passions—actually, she was older than he. True, when Zhora tried to penetrate the misty future, it flattered him to think that Lucy would be familiar with three foreign languages, but nevertheless, he considered such an education insufficiently substantial, and was perhaps not too tactful in his attempts to make a construction engineer out of Lucy.

In general, from the first time they met, Lucy's flashing bright eyes and Zhora's resolute black ones had crossed like swords. And whenever they were together, usually not alone, they attacked each other with cutting remarks, supercilious and biting from Lucy, and accentuatedly restrained and didactic from Zhora.

At last the day came when they gathered in the evening in Zhora's room—he, Volodya Osmukhin, Tolya "Rolling Thunder," and Vanya Zemnukhov, their older comrade and leader who, not so much as a poet, but as the writer of most of the Young Guard's leaflets and slogans, was naturally most interested in their printshop. And here the press was assembled. Snuffling, coughing hollowly as though into a barrel, Tolya Orlov walked up and down the room with it in order to show that the press could be carried by one person in an emergency.

They already had a flat brush and a roller and instead of printer's ink, Zhora's father, who had spent the whole of his life painting and varnishing wood, prepared what he called "an original mixture". They immediately began sorting out the letters in the case, while short-sighted Vanya Zemnukhov, to whom all letters looked like "O", sat on Zhora's bed saying that he couldn't for the life of him understand how all the letters of the Russian alphabet could be made out of that one "O".

Just at this moment somebody knocked at the curtained window, but they were not alarmed. So far, neither Germans nor Polizei had ever been in this distant corner of the settlement. And sure enough, it was Oleg and Turkenich who had come—they could not sit at home, they were also impatient to print something in their own printshop.

But then it appeared that their visit was not as simple as that. Turkenich quietly called Zhora aside. They went out into the vegetable patch together, while Oleg stayed to help Volodya and Tolya as though nothing were happening.

Turkenich and Zhora lay down by the fence in the cool autumn sun, which was often dimmed by clouds. Earth and grass were still damp after the rain. Turkenich leaned over to Zhora and whispered in his ear. As

ie had expected, Zhora immediately replied decidedly:

"Quite right! That's justice and it'll be a lesson to other skunks! ... Of course I'm with you."

It had demanded great judgement to pick out from among the lads those who not only would be prepared to take part from a sense of justice and discipline, but whose moral feeling of duty had hardened into iron will to such an extent that their hand would not tremble.

First of all Turkenich and Seryozha Tyutenin thought of Sergei Levashov, a resolute fellow who had himself gone through a good deal. Then they stopped at Kovalyov—plucky, kind-hearted, and very strong physically—that was the kind they needed. Seryozha wanted to suggest Pirozhok, but Turkenich reminded him that Pirozhok was too adventurous. His best friend, Vitya Lukyanchenko, Seryozha purposely omitted out of pity for him. And finally they decided on Zhora. And they made no mistake.

"And you haven't settled who is to make up the tribunal?" Zhora asked. "No need for any prolonged discussion, the important thing is that the accused should himself see that he is executed after a trial."

"We'll appoint the tribunal ourselves," said Turkenich.

"We shall judge him in the name of the people. We're the lawful representatives of the people here, now . . ." And Zhora's staring black eyes flashed.

"Eh, the lad's an eagle," thought Turkenich.

"We really need somebody else, too," he continued aloud.

Zhora thought for a moment. First of all Volodya occurred to him, but Volodya was too sensitive for such matters.

"I've got Radik Yurkin in my five. From our school. I think he'd do."

"But he's hardly more than a boy. He'll feel bad about it afterwards."

"Not a bit," said Zhora. "Boys never feel bad that way. It's we, adults, who always feel bad about things, but boys, they never suffer a bit. He's so calm, and such a daredevil!"

While Zhora's father was carpentering in the shed, Zhora discovered his hot-headed mother at the keyhole, and was forced to tell her that he was now fully independent, his comrades were grown-up men, and she'd better not be surprised if he went and got married tomorrow.

They returned just at the right moment—the type had been sorted and Volodya had already set several lines. In an instant Zhora dipped his brush into the "original mixture", and Volodya flung down a sheet and ran the roller over it. The printed text emerged in a funeral border from the metal plates, which the inexperienced Volodya had not cut away sufficiently at the workshop. In addition, the letters were of different sizes, but they could do nothing about that. The most important thing, however, was that they were looking at a real printed text, and everybody could read what Volodya Osmukhin had set.

"Don't go out alone with Vova don't moan we know your love oh oh oh."

Volodya explained that he had tried to find words with the letter "O" and had even set "oh oh oh," because they had more o's than any other words, and had omitted the punctuation because he had forgotten that it had to be set like letters.

Then Oleg spoke:

"You know, in Pervomaisk two girls want us to accept them into the Youth League! And he looked around at the others with big, glowing eyes.

"In my group, too, there's a lad who wants to join the League!" said Zhora. The lad in question was that same Radik Yurkin, because so far Zhora's group of five consisted of Radik Yurkin alone.

"We could print temporary League cards in the Young Guard printshop!" cried Oleg. "After all, we've the right to accept members—our organization is officially recognized! . . "

Wherever he might go, whatever movements of hands or feet might be made by the lanky body of that man with the narrow head in an old-fashioned cap and python's eyes hidden in endless folds of skin, that man was already dead.

Vengeance was following on his heels, day and night, on guard or on a round-up; it peered through his window when he and his wife were turning over the things taken from the family of a man just killed, vengeance knew every one of his crimes and kept account. Vengeance followed him in the form of a boy, swift as a cat, with eyes that saw in the dark; but if Fomin had known the ruthlessness of that barefooted vengeance, he would have dropped all movement that gave the appearance of life.

Fomin was dead because in all his actions and undertakings he was now led not even by the greed for gain or a thirst for revenge, but by an all-inclusive malevolence hidden under a mask of officiousness and benignancy—a malevolence without any particular object, against his own life, against everybody, even against the Germans.

This malevolence made Fomin's soul empty and desolate, but never had it been so bitter and hopeless as now, because his moral support, a base one, but still a support, had collapsed. However great his crimes had been, he had hoped to attain a position of authority, when all would fear him, and out of that fear would respect him and kowtow to him. And so, surrounded by general respect, he would come to the haven of well-being and independence, as had happened in the lives of rich men in the old days.

But not only had he not acquired any property, he even had no hope of acquiring any means to give him a standing in society. He stole the belongings of the people he arrested, and saw how the Germans, while closing their eyes to it, despised him as a hireling, a mean dependent scoundrel and thief. He knew that the Germans would need him only until their rule was established, and when that was done, when their Ordnung was firm, they would drive him out or else simply destroy him.

Many feared him, it was true, but those

same people, and others too, despised him and shunned him. But without asserting himself in life, without people's respect, even the things he got for his wife, brought him no satisfaction. He and his wife lived worse than animals, for animals at least have pleasure in life: in the sunshine, in their food, in reproducing themselves.

In addition to the arrests and round-ups in which he took part, Ignat Fomin like all the police, took guard duty—either walking his beat on the streets or at some institution.

That night he was on guard at the administration, occupying the former Gorky School in the park.

Gusts of wind rustled the foliage, made the thin boles of the trees creak and swept damp leaves along the paths. Rain was falling—not so much rain as a fine drizzle. The sky was dark and cloudy, but amidst the clouds one could discern neither moon nor stars. The crowns of the trees stood out against the sky still darker, indistinct, their damp tops merging into the sky as though mingling with it.

The brick building of the school and the wooden summer theatre rose in massive piles opposite each other, on either side of the main path.

His black autumn coat buttoned high, the collar raised, Fomin, as though on a chain, was pacing back and forth along the path, without going into the park itself. Sometimes he would halt under the wooden arch, leaning against one of the poles. He was standing like that looking through the darkness along Sadovaya street, when hands of terrible strength seized him under the chin from behind and gripping his throat—he could not even gasp—and dragged him backwards so that something creaked in his spine and he collapsed on the ground. In the same instant he felt several pairs of hands upon him. One still held him by the throat, another gripped his nose in iron pincers, while somebody else thrust a gag into his spasmodically opened mouth and wrapped the whole lower part of his face tightly in something like a coarse towel.

When he came to himself, he was lying on his back with bound hands and feet under the wooden archway of the entrance, and over him, as though cut in two by the dark bow, was the dim sky with that indistinct something, not light but rather mist.

Several dark figures, whose faces he could not see, were standing motionless on either side of him.

Translated by Eve Manning

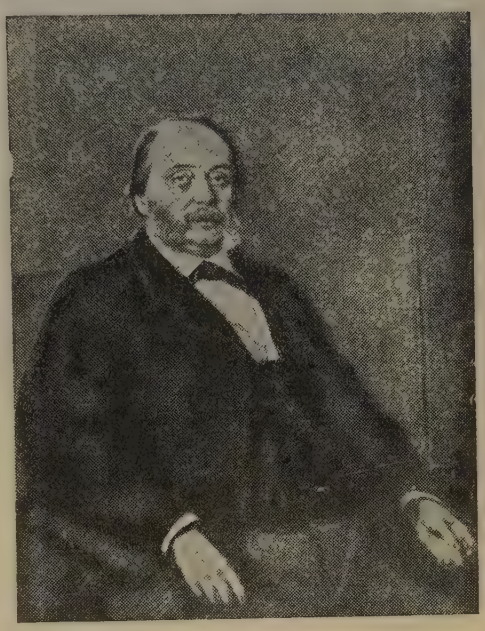
IVAN GONCHAROV

Goncharov's was not a life rich in noteworthy events: a quiet childhood spent in a village and the ordinary course of school and university training were followed by thirty years of government service interrupted only once for a three years' journey round the world on a Russian military vessel.

Goncharov enjoyed labouring over his works "slowly, contemplatively, meditatively and in profound calm"; he did not hurry to get them published. His first novel, *The Everyday Story*, lay for a year in the desk of a friend before it reached the publisher. He never bothered about the circulation of his novels and showed an attitude of indifference towards their translation into foreign languages.

Ivan Alexandrovich Goncharov was born on June 18th, 1812, in Simbirsk, the central town of one of the Volga provinces. His father, who came from an old merchant family, died when Goncharov was barely seven years old. The lad was brought up by the landowner Tregubov, a close friend of his family. From boyhood he was a keen observer of Russian society which later became the subject of his works. Recalling his boyhood years Goncharov writes: "Our house, one would say, was a cup filled to the brim ... A huge yard, or rather two yards, with many buildings, poultry houses and baths. Our horses, cows, even sheep and goats, chickens and ducks—these formed the population of the yards. Barns, cellars and ice-wells were filled with supplies of flour, various kinds of millet, and all kinds of provisions to feed those who lived in the yard. In other words, it was both an estate and a village." This picture of patriarchal plenty remained as well fixed in Goncharov's mind as the carefree and lazy people of whom there were many in the sleepy provincial town at that time. "I was an observant and impressionable youngster, and I think that when I saw all these figures, all this mode of living, all this idleness and lounging I acquired my first dim impression of the lives of people like Oblomov" (the hero of Goncharov's novel of that name).

Goncharov got his elementary education in a Simbirsk private school. When he was ten years old he was sent to Moscow where he attended a Commercial School until he was eighteen. In 1831 he entered the Faculty of Literature of Moscow University. Goncharov did not join any of the groups of progressive students who were interested in philosophy and politics. He devoted himself entirely to a study of belles lettres. At one time he was entranced by Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* and Klopstock's poems; he was also an assiduous reader of Walter



Scott's historical novels. But it was Pushkin whom Goncharov regarded as his master, and he learned more from Pushkin than from any other writer. Goncharov was a younger contemporary of Pushkin, his school years coincided with the closing years of the poet's career. To the end of his life Goncharov considered himself a disciple of Pushkin in the field of prose.

After completing his university course Goncharov spent a year in government service in Simbirsk and then moved to St. Petersburg. The insignificant post that he held left him plenty of spare time; he was a frequent visitor at the home of the artist Maikov where he taught Russian literature to his two sons, Apollon and Valerian, the future poet and critic respectively. Well-known writers gathered in the Maikov salon and compiled elegant almanacs, a pastime in which Goncharov also took part. These handwritten almanacs were intended for private circulation only. Goncharov, however, was not satisfied with what he wrote and never attempted to print his earlier literary experiments. He had been in St. Petersburg eleven years before he published his first novel, *The Everyday Story*, a complete and mature work which brought him immediate recognition. The novel appeared in the magazine *Sovremennik* (Contemporary) at the beginning of 1847.

Alexandef Aduyev, the hero of *The Every-*

day Story, the son of a poor landowner, leaves his mother's estate and goes to the capital in search of "a career and a fortune." St. Petersburg gives a cool reception to the romantic young man who dreams of becoming a poet. "The time of versifiers is over," Alexander's uncle tells him, "today talent is capital: the more you are read, the more they pay you." Aduyev is indignant. His lyrical verses are used as wallpaper and to earn a living, he is forced to translate works on farming. In order to make a career for himself he becomes one of the smaller cogs of the bureaucratic machine: "he wrote and wrote unceasingly ... And when he recalled his former plans, the colour came to his cheeks." Aduyev is also disappointed in the women he meets: one of them gives him the cold shoulder, another bores him to tears while in respect to a third he almost falls low enough to play the role of vulgar seducer. Aduyev leaves the city and tries to rest in nature's lap. Life in the province, however, is too dull for him. "I must go away," Aduyev decides after his dispirited flight from St. Petersburg, "I cannot waste away here. Others have made names for themselves ... but what about my career and my fortune? .. I am the only one that got left ..."

In the end Alexander Aduyev is compelled to drop his romantic illusions. We see him rapidly climbing the rungs of fortune and career. In the epilogue he is a fat and bald man, a prominent bureaucrat with an order on a ribbon and claimant to a dowry of half a million. "The Aduyevs make their way," says his practical uncle, now reconciled to his nephew. When his aunt reproaches Alexander with having betrayed the idealism of his youth, he sighs loudly and says: "What can I do, such are the times. I keep pace with the times, one must not get left."

The theme of Goncharov's first novel reminds us of Balzac's *Lost Illusions*, which Goncharov undoubtedly knew. But Goncharov's treatment of the theme is quite original, and is based on the Russian life of his time. Every stage of Alexander Aduyev's "éducation sentimentale" is described with keen psychological penetration. Exceptionally well done, too, is Aduyev's uncle. The elder Aduyev is shown as a business-like man and while describing his "adaptability to life," the author also reveals his gross egoism. Another interesting figure is the wife of Aduyev the elder, a beautiful young woman, who wilted before her time in the golden cage built by her husband.

In *The Everyday Story* Goncharov raised a vital problem of Russian life of his day, he showed the senselessness of pseudo-romantic dreaming which had no purpose. He wanted a positive hero of considerable vitality who, however, would be far removed from vulgar money-making. Written in pure narrative style with a sprinkling of humour, *The Everyday Story* met with great success among Russian readers. Belinsky, the great Russian critic, wrote to one of his friends that Goncharov possessed wonderful talent, that "there is nothing laboured about him, when you read his works you seem to be listening to a skilful story-teller rather than reading. I am sure you will like this story very much. And how it will benefit society! What a terrible blow it strikes at romanticism, dreaming, sentimentalism and provincialism." Belinsky's prophesy soon proved true. *The Everyday Story* brought Goncharov into the foreranks of the Russian writers of the day.

After the publication of *The Everyday Story* Goncharov paid a visit to his home. The writer was charmed with the poetic qualities of his native countryside which he had not seen for fourteen years. "A crowd of old familiar people came to me," he wrote later in his reminiscences, "I saw the still extant patriarchal way of life and the new shoots alongside it, a mixture of young and old." Inspired by what he had seen, Goncharov conceived a new novel, *The Precipice*, which, however, he finished only twenty years later. This was due not only to Goncharov's habit of taking his time, but also to the social conditions of the time. The gloomiest period of Russian social thought and literature had come. The government of Nicholas I was scared of the revolutions that broke out in 1848 and 1849 in almost all the countries of Western Europe and took savage measures to prevent the revolutionary ferment from spreading to Russia. The progressive journals and their collaborators were under a real censorship terror. Under these conditions Goncharov could not have written either *Oblomov* or *The Precipice*, both of which had to do with serfdom, the most painful and the most urgent problem in Russia at that time.

About the middle of 1852 Goncharov was invited to make a long voyage on board the Russian frigate *Pallada* which was going to Japan. In his childhood Goncharov had been carried away by travel books and his guardian Tregubov had trained in him a "passion for the sea." The frigate *Pallada* left Kronstadt at the beginning of October 1852 and brought Goncharov home again in 1855. His impressions during the voyage were recorded in the book *Frigate Pallada*, one of the best-loved travel books in Russia. It was published in 1858.

Goncharov was a keen observer of the manners and customs and the landscape of the countries he visited. During his stay in London he showed complete indifference to museums, but he was intensely interested in the London streets and types of Englishmen whom he described with kind humour. Sailing farther on from England, Goncharov put in at Madeira, stayed in Capetown, passed the islands of the Indian Ocean, visited the Phillipines and finally reached Japan where he stayed for a long time visiting the ports. His superb descriptions of the customs, the pictures of the life of exotic countries, his penetrating understanding of the national psychology and the humanity of his observations of the life of foreign people make his book a fascinating reading. Wherever he went Goncharov remained a Russian at heart. He made a characteristic confession: "Russians have taken such deep root in our own country that wherever and for how long I travel, I always carry on my feet the soil of my native Oblomovka and there is no ocean that can wash it away." His conception of his own country did not

become weaker through these colourful pictures of the south and the east, on the contrary, it blossomed in the mind of the writer with new force. His notes on his travels are "subjective" in the best sense of the word: they not only show us the countries visited but also the man who describes them. *Frigate Pallada*, the narrative of a clear-sighted traveller, the Russian Odyssey, enjoyed a great success. But the critics, while welcoming Goncharov's travel notes, viewed them as "a test before real work."

After his return to Russia in 1855, Goncharov set enthusiastically to complete the novel *Oblomov*, a fragment of which he published in 1849, before his round-the-world journey. This part, entitled *Oblomov's Dream*, depicted the boyhood of a lad brought up amongst idle and ignorant provincial landlords. When the novel was finished it presented a complete picture of all the stages of the life of the central figure. *Oblomov* was published in 1859 and is justly considered the peak of Goncharov's creative art. It is one of the most perfect of the classic Russian novels.

Contrary to Alexander Aduyev who finally followed the road of bourgeois prosperity, Ilya Oblomov remained throughout his life a phlegmatic idler to whom the finest thing on earth was undisturbed peace and quiet. He was brought up by people to whom "work was a punishment." From early childhood it was drummed into him that he was a nobleman and that he had the serf Zakhar and another three hundred Zakhars to provide for his wants. "Later he discovered that it was much easier, and himself learned to shout: 'Hi! Vasya, Vanka! Give me this, give me that! I don't want this, I want that! Run and fetch it!'" An upbringing that bred in him hostility to all enlightenment, crippled his nature at the earliest period of its development. "Ilya remained sorrowfully at home, he was nurtured like an exotic hothouse plant and grew as slowly and became as flaccid as the plant. Forces seeking expression remained dormant and wilted away." The main features of Ilya Oblomov's character that were formed during the years of his childhood and boyhood were apathy, inability to undertake anything practical. Later, when Oblomov went to St. Petersburg and settled down there, "he was deeply disappointed with his first day in government service." Oblomov soon became too lazy to enjoy society where "one had to be dressed all day," too lazy to be attracted by women "and too lazy to live."

Two people were fond of Oblomov and each tried in his own way to save him. Energetic Stolz tried to make a practical businessman of his friend, but he failed on account of Oblomov's laziness. Ilya Oblomov preferred the easy-going life of the country estate where "all his wishes would be satisfied and where he would enjoy the pleasures of meditation."

But even that proved unattainable. Oblomov was attracted by Olga Ilyinskaya who herself was interested in him. Olga, a girl whose mind "demanded its daily food," whose soul "yearned for life and experience," was from her very first meeting with Oblomov taken up with the idea of awakening his slumbering soul: "He will live, act, bless life and her. To bring a man back to life—what honour a doctor wins when he saves a hopelessly sick patient! And to save a morally dying mind and soul?" Olga's attempt to resurrect Oblomov, however, was a failure; even though he loved her he could not free himself from the inertia that held him back, could not give up his untroubled existence which was bringing him to complete vegetation. One of the most dramatic passages in the novel is when Olga decides to leave for ever the man she loves. "I love that in you which I wanted to see in you, what Stolz showed me, what we thought out together about you ... You hide your head under your wing and don't want anything else: you are willing to spend your whole life billing and cooing under one roof ... but I am not that sort; that's not enough for me ... Tenderness ... that I can get anywhere."

The break with Olga enabled Oblomov to plunge deep into his comfortable sleepy existence. By the end of the novel we see him in St. Petersburg, in the apartment of the middle-class woman Pshenitsyna, where he feels protected from the life that was "overtaking" him everywhere.

One of the most important motifs in Goncharov's story is revealed in the epitaph which Stolz pronounced to his friend: "You have perished, Ilya, and there's no use telling you that your Oblomovka is no longer in the backwoods, that its time has come and that the rays of the sun have reached it. There's no use telling you that within four years it will be a railway station and your serfs will be building a railway embankment and your grain will run along an iron road to the wharves ... that there will be schools, literacy and ... No, you will be scared to see the dawn of a new happiness which will be painful to unaccustomed eyes. Good, old Oblomovka," he said ... "You have outlived your time!" In this way Goncharov welcomed the end of feudal, "patriarchal" Russia, the end of serfdom, the victory of industrialism, the new evolution of Russia.

Oblomov is a much more finished work than the earlier *The Everyday Story*. The novel is written in a vivid and flexible language, is harmonic in structure and, most important of all, discloses the full psychological profundity of its characters. This is especially true of Oblomov himself. He is the embodiment of the essential features of the dying system of serfdom.

Goncharov's novel caused lively discussions in Russian society. Young democratic Russia was the first to hail the novel. The famous critic Dobrolyubov, one of the leaders of Russian progressive thought, in an article entitled *What do we mean by Oblomovdom?* showed that Oblomov himself represents a definite social type "painted mercilessly, severely and accurately." Dobrolyubov's review of the book was a condemnation of inertness and apathy, sluggishness, moral slavery, feudal aversion to labour and "the habit of drowning every live cause in a flood of words."

Before he had finished *Oblomov*, Goncha-

rov left the Ministry of Finance, where he had been working for twenty years, and entered the Ministry of Education where he worked, first as a censor (1856—1860), then as editor of a government newspaper (1862—1863). Finally he became a member of the Press Council (1863—1867).

Russian readers in the late fifties owed the appearance of a new edition of Turgenev's stories and novels, of Nekrasov's poems and a complete edition of the works of Fonvizin, the 18th century Russian satirist, to Goncharov's "amiability" as a censor. This "amiability," however, did not last long. In the period from 1861 to 1863, the time of the complete break between the democrats and the former liberals, Goncharov changed his views and joined the groups which opposed the radical movement of the stormy early sixties. The student riots, the rebellions of the peasants "freed from their land" and the nationalist uprising of the Poles were met by him with disapproval. Goncharov attacked Pisarev, one of the most radical critics of the sixties, and even brought about the banning of the journal he edited *(Russkoye Slovo)*.

This ideological shift is reflected in a way in *The Precipice*, Goncharov's last novel, which appeared in 1869.

In *The Precipice* Goncharov depicts a patriarchal family of provincial landowners: the authoritative but kind-hearted "grandmother" Berezhkova and her two granddaughters, Vera and Martha. Martha is sweet in her virginal directness and chastity. The elder sister, Vera, is reticent, intelligent and has her own strict demands which she makes of people and of life. Like Pushkin's Tatyana, Vera feels that she is "alien" to the surroundings in which she has been brought up; like Tatyana she is looking for a strong and interesting person who will help her find "the meaning of life." Perspicacious and observant, Vera quickly sees through her cousin Raisky whom Goncharov depicts as a talented failure, a gifted dilettante from well-to-do aristocratic circles who flits from one thing to another. Vera gives her heart to Volokhov, a young student of radical views and libertine morals, who is so unlike all her other acquaintances. The character of Volokhov was intended by Goncharov to be a caricature of the Nihilists, the Russian radicals of the sixties. Vera lives with the idea of "taming" him. But when she sees that her efforts bear no fruit she decides to part with Volokhov for ever; a momentary weakness of spirit prevents her from doing so, and Volokhov masters her. After this, however, Vera musters up sufficient strength to part with him. She prefers to link up her life with that of Tushin, her faithful friend, whom Goncharov depicts as a "Russian landlord of the new type, a spirited and kindly man."

The significance of *The Precipice* lies in the manner in which the author shows the spiritual qualities of the Russian people, their capacity for deep feeling and their high sense of their own duty. This links *The Precipice* with Turgenev's *A Nest of Gentlefolk*. Goncharov's ethical ideals are fully embodied in the three chief female characters. The readers were captivated by the depth of his psychological analysis, the superb descriptions of the family scenes, the charm of the Russian landscapes and the purity and the music of the language.

But Goncharov's attack on the Nihilists was bound to repulse the radical critics and many of his readers. He tried to justify himself and in a number of "self-critical articles" explained to his readers the objects and ideas of his last novel. During the last twenty years of his life Goncharov wrote rather little and what he wrote added nothing of importance to his works. The only exception was a brilliant article entitled *A Million Torments*, on Griboyedov's famous comedy *Wit Works Woe*.

Goncharov died in the autumn of 1891 at the age of seventy-nine.

In his article on *What do we mean by Oblomovdom*? Dobrolyubov said the following of Goncharov:

"He does not give you and apparently does not want to give you any conclusions. The life which he depicts is not a medium for abstract philosophy but is an end in itself. He does not stop at one side of an object or one moment of an incident but twists and turns the objects on all sides, awaits the completion of all moments in an incident and then sets to work to give them artistic form." According to Dobrolyubov, Goncharov's chief merit was his ability to grasp the object as a whole, to mould it, carve it ... He has a wonderful ability to cause the fleeting manifestations of life to stand still at any given moment and to hold them before his eyes in all their freshness and their entirety until such time as they become the complete property of the artist."

Goncharov possessed, to the highest degree, the "calm" and "completeness" of a poetic conception of the world. He did not like the art which, as he said, "limits the purpose of art to that which is purely utilitarian." He differed, however, from those writers who understand "calm" and "completeness" to mean ideological omnivorousness and a departure from reality; like the majority of Russian writers of his epoch, Goncharov was a convinced exponent of realism. One of Goncharov's favourite subjects was the struggle between old and new, a subject dictated by the life of those times.

Goncharov said of *The Precipice* that there, as in a tiny lake, the whole process of turmoil and struggle was reflected. "I looked for the reflection of this struggle in faces and places which I knew." In his broad realistic pictures of life Goncharov paid particular attention to human psychology. It was precisely in this way that he described with great understanding and profundity the complicated emotions of Vera. With the same keen insight he described all other characters, some of whom are shown in the course of their whole life, from childhood to old age.

Goncharov was a master at drawing types. He admitted that while writing *The Everyday Story* he was not depicting Alexander Aduyev alone but "himself and many like him." In Goncharov's opinion realistic art should make the figures it depicts charac-

teristic types: "If the figures are typical they must inevitably reflect—in a larger or smaller way—the epoch in which they live and of which they are typical." Goncharov created such types in the Aduyevs, in Olga and Vera, in the "grandmother" and Raisky, but most of all in Oblomov.

Goncharov's bright warm humour is one of his most attractive features. He did not love cold irony but placed "comforting warmth" above all else in his humorous descriptions of reality. This is the quality which Goncharov loved in Dickens; Goncharov appreciated the "fantasy, humour, poetry and love" of that "teacher of all novelists."

Goncharov's language was faultlessly correct, smooth, without any pomposity and extravagant eloquence but nevertheless full of warm, lively expressiveness. His syntax was peculiarly original and was well characterized by the Russian critic Vengerov: "Goncharov's composition is astonishingly smooth, not a ripple, not a jar. He has none of the psychological tones of Turgenev, none of Pisemsky's touches of local colour and none of the nervous tension conveyed by any of Dostoyevsky's expressions."

Goncharov's novels are full of expansive descriptions of manners and customs. These descriptions include his portraits of the characters, the places in which they dwell and the urban or rural landscapes which form the backgrounds to their dwellings. Goncharov's attachment to these descriptions sometimes adds a little difficulty to the action in his novels. It was, however, these extensive epic canvases that always captivated Goncharov. A novel, as he understood it, had to show life in its entirety. Goncharov said through his character Raisky in *The Precipice*, that a novel is like an ocean—there are no shores or they cannot be seen, it is not overcrowded, there is room for everything there ... Life is a novel and a novel is life." And Goncharov's novels were like this, boundless and expansive.

ALEXANDER ZEITLIN

AS TOLD BY THE PARTISANS THEMSELVES

Stories told by people in various walks of life have always been given prominence in Soviet books and magazines. This genre, which has come to be known as documentary, has won popularity amongst readers. Heroes of transarctic flights, scientists, actors and innovators in industry and agriculture—people known throughout the country—tell of their research work and of strenuous efforts crowned by victory. Many years ago Maxim Gorky spoke of the great value of such books written by "people in the know," people who have accomplished great and difficult tasks. . . The novel and the documentary story are not rivals, they are brothers-in-arms; they do not repeat but supplement each other.

In to-day's Soviet literature we find the recollections of a new kind of "people in the know"—recollections told by partisans, by "avengers of the people," by men who, month after month, wrought destruction in the German rear, demolished important strategic lines of communication, and who managed to organize normal Soviet life in large regions within the bounds of occupied territory.

How did they come into being and of whom were they made up, these partisan columns? Of workers and collective farmers, of city and village intellectuals, of employees in social and state organizations. As soon as the Germans approached a city, engineers and clerks, housewives and students, who only the day before were engaged in their peaceful labours, would abandon their homes and belongings and leave for the woods and steppes and there take up the life of the soldier, acting as scouts, saboteurs, snipers and dynamiters. The Germans sent punitive expeditions against them, sent out tanks, searched for them with dogs, dropped them leaflets containing threats and promises, hanged and shot those whom they caught. But the partisans kept up the struggle until their home district became Soviet again. They came out to meet the advancing Red Army, and then the situation was reversed: the daring men who only a week ago blew up a bridge while a German train was passing over it, became engineers and builders again, while a brave woman grenade-thrower went back to take up her work as geography teacher in high school. The years of war, however, could not fail to leave their indelible mark on the memory of the partisans. In the dark days of fascist occupation these people felt keenly the value and importance of things which had formerly seemed to them ordinary and simple: they shed their blood for their collective farms and theatres, for their rest homes and nurseries, for their factories and institutes, and as an author who fought in a partisan unit put it, they realized that without all these things that are bound up with the Soviet system of life, they simply could not exist. This realization made them understand many things, and made them tell of their adventures and experiences in a new way. This lends a particular freshness to the partisans' memoires, gives them a dramatic and tense character, for it was under conditions of constant danger and in surroundings which demanded unremitting effort that the character of people and their true moral qualities were laid bare.

One of the first books of this genre was written by P. Ignatov. Prior to the German invasion of the North Caucasus he occupied the position of dean in one of the institutes of higher learning in the city of Krasnodar. His eldest son, Evgeni, was head of a mechanical designing bureau in a large industrial plant.

His youngest son—Guenya—was ninth grade pupil in high school, while Valentin, his third son, was away from Krasnodar at the time, having been at the front from the beginning of the war.

As soon as the danger of German invasion became real the people of Krasnodar decided to leave for the mountains and there to wage partisan warfare. People who formerly worked together now prepared to fight together. The workers of the margarine plant elected Evgeni Ignatov chief of staff and his father—commander of the unit. They decided to specialize in blowing up bridges, dams and warehouses, to mine roads and destroy ferries, for there were many engineers among them. On a hot day in August, 1942, when the German artillery was shelling the outskirts of Krasnodar, the new partisans left the city and started out for the foothills. A mountain salient, hard of access, was selected as camp, and from there they began their activity against the Germans.

Ignatov's story is replete with episodes that are more thrilling and absorbing than the most fantastic adventure novels. He tells of dogged week-long engagements between German and partisan snipers, of raids, ambushes and duels; of a daring feat carried out by the Ignatov brothers, who made use of a small tank cleverly seized from the Germans during a raid on a large village held by the fascists; of blowing up a mountain bridge and causing a large column of enemy trucks to fall into a chasm; of endless encounters with German units, of crossing dizzy mountain peaks by narrow paths, of assaulting the enemy's lines of communication... Probably the most exciting in Ignatov's book is the story of the transformation of peaceful citizens, many of whom had seen the mountains only from the window of the railway carriage or while on vacation in a health resort on the coast of the Black Sea, into true masters of mountain warfare, who held their ground against the special mountain units of the German army.

The strictest discipline rules the partisan camp, but gradually it becomes natural, logical and clear to every partisan and permeates his very being. "Quite unexpectedly"—Ignatov writes—"many suddenly discovered that here, in the foot-hills, they have begun to live an interesting life, brimful of a vital activity. And risky, dangerous sabotage became so ordinary that quite often, before leaving for an operation, our engineers would tell their friends—just as they used to in Krasnodar not long before:

"Well, we're off to the factory..."

But behind these wise-cracks, behind the calmness of men who were doing their daily, accustomed work, lay a steady readiness to perform heroic deeds, to face death. It was thus, thinking only of the success of a planned operation, that the two Ignatov brothers went to face certain death. Armed with hand grenades they threw themselves under a German locomotive, blew up the entire train and gave their lives for victory.

This is the most powerful, exciting chapter of the book. Even here Ignatov's tone is reserved, but the details accompanying his description of the funeral of the young heroes at the height of the battle against the Germans reveal the grief of a father and friend, of a comrade-in-arms and commander, of one who is tied to his children not only by bonds of blood but by a spiritual kinship as well.

Ignatov returned to his city when it was freed from the invaders. He saw an endless stream of people passing through the hall of the municipal Soviet building, past two coffins covered with poppies and roses, with lilacs and lilies-of-the-valley. Those coffins contained the bodies of his two sons, brought back from the railway embankment, where on a warm night in October—for the first time in the Kuban—a fascist train was blown up by two young men. The book about the Ignatov brothers ends with this mournful and glorious apotheosis.

This book describes the activity of one of many ordinary partisan units. Petro Vershigora, however, the producer of the Kiev film studio, headed a big partisan unit, which carried out an unusually daring raid many miles into the rear of the German armies. Vershigora, who began his activity as a junior platoon commander, ended it as major-general and Hero of the Soviet Union.

His pre-war work has left its mark on the memoires of this partisan. When reading *People With a Clear Conscience*—that is how Vershigora's book is called—one sees at once that it had been written by an artist. Here one notices a professional keenness of observation, a care of details, an ability to depict people and to show their characters concisely and expressively. A fine humour allows him to give a natural and lively description of that peculiar and unrepeatable atmosphere of relations established among people resolved to die or win rather than live and be slaves.

There is a great deal of humour in Vershigora's story of himself, about his first steps in the role of commander, about his dividing 682 herrings among 982 men and being relieved of his commissary's duties for lack of ability, about the capture of Hitler's saboteurs, about the crossing of the Dnieper and the remarkable gift as a swimmer, which he, Vershigora, discovered quite unexpectedly in himself.

"Prior to the war"—Vershigora says—"if somebody had told me that I would be a soldier, I'd have been greatly surprised." But after having smelled powder he did not want to return to the life of a civilian. This does not mean that he had decided to stay in the army for the rest of his life, but merely he did not want to be detached from this struggle. Being a war correspondent at the front he wrote to his wife: "My work is very interesting while fighting is going on, but when things are quiet a feeling of wild distress overcomes me. You wrote to me about your doings and moods. How well do I understand you! I too, am overcome by the same mood, when I feel that I walk on the side-road, outside the main thing, instead of being right in the thick of it. Ah, if I could only get into the partisan warfare somewhere behind the enemy line!"

Vershigora's dream turned into reality with marvellous rapidity. A mere three weeks later he parachuted into the German hinterland, on territory held by partisan detachments.

"That territory, called 'small patch' by the partisans," Vershigora tells us with a smile, "was 130 kilometres long and 70 kilometres wide; this territory, four times as large as the Duchy of Luxemburg, was held by the partisans."

While carrying out his new assignments the former film producer met hundreds of detachments of the peoples' avengers. At that time he was "working" around Bryansk—a large railway center—informing the Soviet command about the number and destination of German freight trains passing through the station. Very soon he wanted to do more active work, and here he was lucky again—he met the partisan detachment led by Kovpak.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of Vershigora's notes a book of memoires by Major-General and twice Hero of the Soviet Union, Sidor Kovpak, made its appearance. The title of this book is *From Putivl to the Carpathians*. Kovpak is a man with an entirely different history. It may be said that during the period of peaceful construction. Vershigora and his generation have, to a certain extent, been enjoying the fruit of the victories which Kovpak and his generation won in battle and labour. At the beginning of the war against Hitler Germany Kovpak was over fifty. He had seen military service in the World War I, after the October Revolution had taken part in the fighting against the White Guards under Chapayev and Parkhomenko, and had worked many years in the service of the state. When the Germans invaded the Soviet Union Kovpak was chairman of the local Soviet in the little old town of Putivl, in northern Ukraine. This middle-aged man, who for a number of years had been engaged in town management and improvements and who was now compelled to take up arms again, conducted a campaign of which it has been rightly said that it has hardly any precedent in the history of warfare. It was to this man that Vershigora now bound his fate and a short while afterwards he became commander of a reconnaissance unit in Kovpak's column.

Thus we have two books which in the main deal with the same events, and although they are not novels and deal with mere facts, each of them is interesting in its own way and is not a repetition of the other. This is explained by the fact that they were written by men who do not resemble each other in the least, by men of striking individuality. In Vershigora's memoires the commander's experiences are those of an artist, while in Kovpak's recollections we see a real partisan leader, one who went through the excellent school of the civil war and work in Soviet organizations. This is why they view things from different angles; Kovpak is more businesslike, more restrained and analytical, while Vershigora gives us more portraits, living scenes and detailed descriptions. The two books, however, are similar in that they both throw light on the general march of events, thus each confirming the truth of what the other tells. They have something else, too, in common, and that is the authors' modesty, a perfect absence of any kind of "play of interests," of any clear or masked manifestations of self-applause. Both Kovpak and Vershigora do not demonstrate or declare their modesty, far from it. But a careful reading of their writings reveals that Vershigora speaks of Kovpak and his comrades—commanders and rank-and-file partisans—while Kovpak tells of the people he came to lead, Vershigora among them. The two do not dwell on their own merits but on those of their comrades-in-arms.

"Ahead of him, a lean old man wearing a strange civilian suit, rode on a tall horse... He looked like a steward making the rounds of his estate. The old man—he turned out to be Kovpak—dismounted and began to yell at somebody. Only then he noticed me and held out his hand. He introduced himself and said:

'Hide your document, you won't need it here.'

... I made an attempt to explain the purpose of my coming, but Kovpak interrupted me and asked:

'Have you been given something to eat?'

I replied that I wasn't hungry, to which he answered:

'That's none of our business. We have to give you a welcome.'

"This efficiency, the steady and quiet rhythm of campaign life, the rumble of voices in the forest, the unhurried but not slow life of men who are sure of themselves and working with a sense of their own dignity—this was the first impression which I gained of Kovpak's detachment. When I took a closer look at these people I realized at once that I was going to fight together with them, and if I should be left with enough strength to write a book, I would entitle it *People With a Clear Conscience*."

This is how Vershigora describes his meeting with Kovpak.

By that time Kovpak and his men had covered a long, difficult road. It all began from a rather unimportant thing—the activity of small partisan detachments hiding in the enormous Spadshanski forest and fighting the German occupation forces. Later on these groups began to combine and to undertake operations against the Hitlerites on a growing scale. As in thousands of other detachments—in Ignatov's for example — there were teachers, workers, engineers, collective farmers, students and public workers. The entire population supported them and in every village, in every home, they found sympathy and help. Kovpak himself was known and respected throughout the district, which he had covered from end to end in the capacity of chairman of the municipal Soviet. True, then he was building roads and bridges, and now he was destroying them. Sometimes it hurt old Kovpak but he and the people of Putivl understood very well that their lives and liberty were at stake and that new bridges, stronger and more beautiful ones, would be built later. This is why Kovpak and not the Germans was still master of the district, in whose villages the anniversary of the October Revolution continued to be celebrated and teachers' conferences were called.

When Kovpak's men succeeded in establishing contact with the "mainland" they cheered

up considerably. They became definitely convinced that the activities of their detachment formed a part of Stalin's gigantic strategic plan. A few months later a united headquarters of the Bryansk woods partisans was organized and the Kovpak unit joined it. In this way an almost unbroken partisan front, some 150 kilometres long, was formed. Now the blows which the partisans dealt the Germans were directed by the Red Army command. In August, 1942, Kovpak and many more leaders of partisan detachments boarded an aircraft and flew to Moscow to be received by Stalin.

The story of how Kovpak met Stalin is one of the most interesting pages in the book. Here the old partisan speaks in great detail, as every word of that conversation remained in his memory. The supreme commander questioned Kovpak about every phase of his unit's activity and asked him to consider whether he could undertake a raid on the right bank of the Dnieper. Kovpak deliberated every circumstance and answered in the affirmative. When the business of what kind and quantity of munitions would be needed for the successful carrying out of the operation had been settled, Stalin said good-bye to Kovpak and to the other commanders and told them: "The main thing, comrades, is to maintain close contact with the people." Then he smiled, pointed to all of us sitting at the table with a sweeping motion of the arm and said: "So far you are our second front."

Kovpak returned by plane to his camp with orders to cross over to the right bank of the Dnieper and to deal several blows at the German lines of communication, along which reinforcements for Hitler's armies advancing towards the Volga and the Caucasian foothills were then being rushed up. In this way Stalin, while preparing a smashing counter-offensive at Stalingrad, was at the same time sending the partisans hundreds of kilometres into the rear of the German lines.

It was then that Vershigora and his unit joined Kovpak's column. In his memoires he recalls how Kovpak upon his return from Moscow told about his meeting with Stalin. "The old man's fine memory retained Comrade Stalin's every word, every gesture and pause. And when he came to the farewell scene he would address someone of his listeners as follows:

"Well, let me have your hand!... I was already near the door, and had finished discussing everything with Comrade Stalin, when he rose from behind his desk, called me over and said: 'Now, keep well, Kovpak,' and wished us all good-luck. Then he smiled again at me and took me by the hand... like this... and said loudly: "My best greetings to the men and women partisans.' And he pressed my hand so hard that I almost screamed. Let me tell you, boys, Stalin has a powerful grip!"

I remember the sparkle in the eyes of the 14-year-old partisans Semenisty and Volodya Shishov and of the grey-bearded Korenev, as if it had been they and not Kovpak whom Comrade Stalin had shaken hands with in the Kremlin."

Every preparation having been completed with great care, the raid started on the night of October 25th, 1942, when, far to the East, heavy fighting was in progress on the streets of Stalingrad. At first the partisans moved carefully, outflanking the German garrisons. Then Kovpak ordered his men to push along as rapidly and noisily as possible, so that the Germans would have no time to gather forces with which to resist and surround the partisans. The "noise" began with a night attack on the German garrison in Krolevets. Here an incident happened which Vershigora could never forget. A local peasant woman served as guide and showed them the way. In the darkness of the night she failed to notice right away the number of men following her. But then, when she saw a column of men stretching several kilometres, behind her and heard the roar of the artillery salvos, she went down on her knees and asked in a whisper:

"Is it possible that the front has reached us? And where did you come from, dear hearts?"

"That night," Vershigora writes, "I learned a great deal. I realized the meaning of our campaign: it was not only that we should kill so many hundred Jerries, blow up bridges and derail enemy trains—it meant that we should plant hope in the hearts of hundreds of thousands of Soviet people, who wait day and night and believe that the Red Army will come back and free them from bondage."

From that night on the partisan raid was like an avalanche of snow rolling down the mountainside. Kovpak was advancing at the rate of 60 kilometres a day. Many took his detachment for an army that had broken through. The Germans in the rear were fleeing from towns and villages. New partisan units were forming everywhere; some of them joined Kovpak and others were active in their native places. In the meantime the raiding detachment kept on destroying fascist garrisons and putting important communication centres out of commission for a long time. Month after month it appeared in different parts of the Ukraine, creating new partisan-held districts and passing from region to region. After covering a total of six thousand kilometres the detachment stopped in the dense Polesye forests, and there it was given a new assignment—to start out westwards, to reach the Carpathian mountains and to deal a blow at the oil refining plants of Drogobych, one of the most important German sources of fuel for the Eastern front.

The new raid began. Kovpak's men reached the Czechoslovak border, set fire to the wells, broke through the German ring and returned to the Dnieper in small groups. This part of the campaign has not yet been described by Vershigora, for so far he has published only the first part fo his memoires. But Kovpak, with characteristic restraint, describes how his group met the group led by Vershigora in the forests of southern Polesye. It was there that all the remaining groups drew up afterwards and all Kovpak's partisans united again. In the course of 26 months' fighting in the enemy's rear they covered a total of 10,000 kilometres in 18 regions in the Ukraine, Russia and Belorussia, killed 18.000 fascists, derailed 62

trains, blew up 256 bridges, destroyed 96 warehouses, two oil refining plants, more than 50 thousand tons of fuel oil, 50 communication centres, about 500 trucks and 20 tanks and armoured cars. The area covered by them is equal to Portugal, Spain and Italy taken together. After that they joined the Red Army when it reached the right bank of the Dnieper. Such are the figures and such are the results of the heroic efforts of "the people with a clear conscience."

Kovpak tells how the chief of staff, the old teacher Basyma, carefully wrote down every order in his note-book. In reply to some of the partisans' questions he would answer with a smile: "These writings will be studied by historians."

The old teacher was right. Works of scientific research and entrancing novels will be written about Kovpak and his men, as well as about other partisans. But even then these recollections will not lose their force, recollections written by the same hand that held the tommy-gun tightly, the hand of a peoples' avenger, the hand of the Soviet partisan.

JOSEPH GRINBERG

NEW BOOKS

A SOVIET CLASSIC

A volume of *The Selected Works of Alexei Tolstoy*, impressive in size (about 800 pages) and luxuriously bound, came off the press after the writer's death, although he had helped to get the volume ready for publication.

The works, of great interest and varied in character, show readers who know Alexei Tolstoy chiefly through his large psychological and historical books (*The Road to Calvary* and *Peter I*), that in thirty-five years of creative work this most sensitive connoisseur of Man has utilized his powers in many genres and has left behind him an endless gallery of human characters. The collection contains examples of all genres except the long novel and dramatic works. Here you will find a narrative of everyday life, a psychological tale, a detective story, a short historical sketch, a children's tale (*The Childhood of Nikita*), an essay, and finally the work of a publicist. Since the abundancy and variety of the material called for a certain amount of systematic arrangement, the collection is divided into six parts.

The section headed *Under the Old Lindens* occupies about 300 pages. Its very heading and the nine narratives and stories written between 1909 and 1913 transplants the reader beneath the stately lindens of an old-world country-estate where he gains insight into the backward life of the nobility dwelling along the Volga. The portraits from the hand of this talented artist are of great interest not only to the reader, but to those studying the epoch described. While writing mercilessly about the stupid conceit, the lax morals, the poverty of thought and emotion of the landowners, Tolstoy remains strictly objective. Even in his early tales, side by side with a savage and apt caricature carried almost to the grotesque, there is a study of those able to sustain their frankness, honesty and purity throughout life. Tolstoy's feminine characters are drawn with a particular warmth and tenderness.

Reading Tolstoy, one is amazed at the wealth and variety of his colours, the masterly way he uses them, his picturesque language, especially vivid in the direct speech of his characters. Among articles in the last section of the collected works is *The Homeland*, first published in a newspaper dated November 7th, 1941. This article is a passionate call to the Russian people to hold Russia's capital, Moscow, against the enemy hordes. In it he recalls the history of the Russian people and their culture. Speaking of the Russian's ancestors, of Russia's might and invincibility, he writes: "... the Russian people grew and multiplied. With a magic thread it wove the web of the Russian tongue, bright as a rainbow after a spring shower, keen as an arrow, tender as a lullaby, sonorous and rich... And the hoary world over which this magic web of words was cast submitted to it like a bridled steed, making it its own, and became the native land of the descendants, the land of fathers and forefathers."

While in the first half of the volume Tolstoy appears chiefly as a writer of everyday life, the section headed *Stories and Tales 1915-1929* with its fifteen narratives reveals the author as a past master of the psychological story.

The diversity of situations, the acute clash of characters, the depth of analysis allied with a certain restraint in describing the struggle of conflicting emotions, the astonishing vitality of human thought and feeling—all this increases the reader's admiration of the author's superb mastery with every story read. In each of them, whether it be a detective tale about a charming lady spy (*The Lovely Woman*), a story of a savage wife-murderer (*Vassili Suchkov*), a psychological novel of boundless love (*Love*), or the story of the girl from a rich family who lived through the Civil War with a Red partisan column but who, in the subsequent period of peaceful construction, was unable to re-establish her life (*The Viper*)—in each of them the psychological world of man is revealed to the reader in all its complexity.

And then Russian history is faced with the sternest trial of the people's tenacity, strength and devotion to their country. The war for life or death begins, the war for the freedom and independence of the Russian people.

And that genuine Russian man and writer Alexei Tolstoy, while still engaged on his big historical novel *Peter I*, musters all his talent, penetrating thought and warmth of feeling in victory's cause. His name appears more frequently than that of many

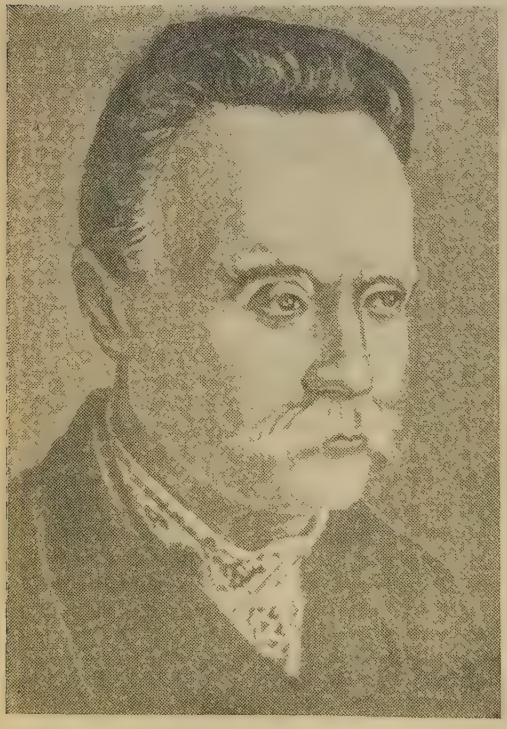
other writers at the foot of newspaper columns. He becomes a passionate wartime publicist and his writings are charged with wrath and hatred for the foe, and a love of everything truly Russian. The final section of the collection contains over a score of articles addressed to his fellow countrymen.

These are preceded by seven stories no less well-known to the public than his newspaper articles. They are tales of people and happenings, told by rank-and-file Red Army man, Ivan Sudarev, the son of a peasant. These incidents simply but expressively related, free of pathos and without a vestige of pretension, describe the comradeship, grit, pluck and endurance of the average Russian.

This interesting book is valuable not only because of the variety and literary merit of its contents, but also because it traces vividly the long and complex evolution of one of the greatest 20th century writers. If in his early works (1909—1912) Tolstoy's horizon is bound by the tight-locked milieu of his own provincial gentry, later this horizon steadily widens and he begins to perceive in all kinds of people those basic national features which go to make the living, full-blooded character of the man of Russia. And with the skill of a great master he resurrects that character, familiar down to the last detail and as akin to him as his own flesh and blood.

UKRAINIAN POET

A volume of poems by Ivan Franko, a prominent Ukrainian writer and public figure at the end of the 19th century, has been released by the *State Literary Publishing House*, Moscow. The translations are by Russian poets.



Ivan Franko

Ivan Franko was born and lived in Galicia, one of the most poverty-stricken provinces of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire. The fifties and sixties of last century were the years of his childhood. He was the son of the village blacksmith and to the end of his days he remembered his native village, the humble landscapes of Galicia and particularly the hopeless poverty of the peasants who used to gather round the forge in his father's smithy.

"Deep down in my memories," Ivan Franko once wrote, "there is a small but steady fire burning to this very day. It is the fire in my father's smithy. And it seems to me that as a child I absorbed some of it into my soul to light the long road of life and it has not been extinguished even now."

A man of indefatigable energy, Ivan Franko would not be baulked by the many obstacles in his path: poverty and hardship, the persecution of the Austrian authorities and the vicious attacks of reactionaries. He finished college and became one of the foremost Ukrainian scientists. He was elected a member of the St. Petersburg and Prague Academies.

The Ukrainian reader is well acquainted with the prose of Ivan Franko, with his tales and short stories about the life of the Galician peasants or the workers at the Borislav and Dorogobych oil fields.

How true to life was the picture Franko drew of the way men were forced to toil in the damp and dark workings for a pittance! He described more than the physical sufferings of the Ukrainian workers; he dealt also with their inner world, their thoughts and aspirations. He showed how agriculture was breaking down under the pressure of the landed proprietors, how men were humiliated, how human dignity was being trampled in the mire.

Ivan Franko's poems, both social and lyrical, are charged with a great feeling for humanity. He regarded his work as the performance of a duty to society, as a weapon in the battle to rid the people of oppression. A champion of democracy, he denounced the selfishness and greed of the owners while portraying affectionately the working folk, those good, honest people of the Ukraine who were doomed to the bitter lot of serfs.

The political poems of Ivan Franko are rich in form and content. Here we find simple lays like folk songs, reminiscent of Burns, there is satire, that ridicules the pawns of reaction and the renegades, and poems sounding the clarion call to battle.

The poems in this new anthology are remarkable, too, in their depth of thought, the incisive way they get to the root of the problem. Deeply impressive is *Moses* where the poet used the form of a parable to raise the acute problems of the struggle for liberation.

Ivan Franko is not only the vehicle of expression for social trends, he is also a master

of lyrics, who conveys sincerely and deeply the complexities of intimate feeling and experience. There is certainly reason in what the critics say when they compare his lyrical poetry to Heinrich Heine's.

When writing of love and friendship, of happiness, of reunions and partings, the poet is always in accord with the times. He does not portray heroes divorced from their epoch and setting, the heroes of his verse are always persons of a definite social milieu.

The publication of this volume of Ivan Franko's poems is an important event, inasmuch as it gives the Russian reader his first opportunity to gain an idea of the broad scope of the ideas covered by this classic Ukrainian poet.

TATAR VERSE TRANSLATED INTO RUSSIAN

Poems About Friends, a collection of verse by the Tatar poet A. Yerikeyev, in Russian translation, has been issued by the *Soviet Writer* Publishing House. It includes works written by the poet between 1930 and 1944.

Even in his pre-war verse Yerikeyev spoke of the friendship of the peoples, a subject that was to become the keynote of all his work. "To have true friends is the finest thing on earth. To sing of stars in the sky and friendship's worth."

In his poems *We Stand for Country, Our Native Land, The Land We Love, Tatarstan Speaking*, and *The Commonwealth of Peoples* Yerikeyev speaks of the new significance which friendship between the peoples acquired during the war, "in the days of the great trial."

"The Tatar people won through to happiness side by side with their Russian brothers."

Yerikeyev's poems always have a story to tell and his *Mother* makes an especially strong impression. A bomb kills a woman's child and injures her own hand. A Red Army troop train comes along. Seeing that it is heading for disaster the woman stops it by holding up her wounded arm bound with a blood-soaked rag as the danger signal.

Always Yerikeyev's poems are intimate, simple and melodious. In describing the grimmest situation he never loses his tenderness and affection. Those moods are given full expression in his poems *I write to You in the Evening, Your Letters, I Dreamed of the Flowers in the Field*, and that expressive poem *Thou* written in the eastern style. It tells of love that is stronger than death.

And then again he says:

"Love that has been through fire and water will be twice as dear to us."

Side by side in Yerikeyev's verse one finds the social theme and the eternal *Rose and Nightingale* of Eastern poetry, though in modern language. This co-existence of elements of various poetic milieus is merged by the talented Tatar poet into an organic whole.

ART AND ARTISTS

Passionate is the demand for beauty, the intense desire for culture of the mind among the people who for years have been isolated from museums, pictures and books. This explains why the Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow, recently reopened, is sometimes visited by as many as twelve thousand people in one day.

How great a scope, then, lies before those engaged in the popularization of art? What a high standard their work must possess to satisfy this demand!

Monographs and booklets on art and artists, on individual pictures, on museums, etc. can be most useful. The *Art* Publishing House is issuing a series of short books on the life and work of the great masters — *Titian* by M. Orlov, *Fedotov* by G. Nedoshivin, *Kramskoy* by N. Mashkovtsev, *Kozlovsky* by A. Romm, *Alexander Ivanov* by A. Zotov, *Levitan* by M. Alpatov.

There are artists whose very names arouse our admiration for the grand nature of their work, for their attractive personalities, for their splendid lives devoted to noble aims.

It is very difficult to write in popular style about them without vulgarizing the intricate way of their development and the important problems which they attempt to solve in their creative work. Therefore, popular works in which a scientific analysis of the material is accompanied by an attractive presentation will be highly valued. From this point of view I want to deal specially with those issues of the *Art* Publishing House *Mass Library* in which Titian, Alexander Ivanov, Kozlovsky, Fedotov, Kramskoy and Levitan are treated.

In the sketches on Titian and on Alexander Ivanov we see two brilliantly endowed artists in whose work the spirit of the people was expressed, men filled with the progressive ideas of their time. Each of these artists, in his own line, attained perfection and harmony in the eternal subject of art—the splendour of Man.

The well-known Russian painter Alexander Ivanov, artist and thinker, broadened the conception of life and art. "New times," he said, "demand a new art. Modern art must combine the technique of Raphael with the ideas of modern civilization."

Zotov justly regards Alexander Ivanov as an artist of world-wide significance who in many respects forged ahead of the Western European 19th century artists. Zotov draws a very attractive portrait of Ivanov as an artist who raises profound ethical problems in his art.

There is something symbolical in the fact that during the years of the siege of Leningrad the Suvorov statue stood undamaged, attracting the glances of the city's gallant defenders. The Suvorov statue on the Field of Mars and the "Samson" statue at Peterhof were by Mikhail Kozlovsky. Romm's book on Kozlovsky gives us a picture of a Russian sculptor who transformed bronze and marble into examples of heroism and civic courage, idylls and elegies. The author of this book describes the Russian Academy of Arts in the 18th century, the colonies of Russian artists

in Italy and Paris, where Kozlovsky at one time lived and worked, and against this background clarifies the role and significance of this famous Russian sculptor.

The authors of the books on Ivanov, Fedotov, Kramskoy and Levitan in discussing their work and the moral aspect of these artists underline the peculiarities of Russian art. "It is in Russian art," said Nedoshivin in his booklet on Fedotov, "that we find the spirit of serving the people," it is the Russian tradition that "a pure life is more highly valued than beautiful lines" and "the lines are therefore all the more beautiful."

The books on Kramskoy and Levitan are the result of vast study. Mashkovtsev skillfully sketches the life of the Russian artist Kramskoy. He carefully analyzes separate works, especially his "Visit to the Old Home." Kramskoy is shown as an artist who developed during the stormy years of the democratic wave of the sixties and seventies.

One shortcoming of this book is the author's failure to show Kramskoy revealing the ideology of his peasant types. These portraits are not simply studies from life but are the result of a consistant analysis of the character of the people.

Kramskoy apparently set himself the same task of studying, capturing and depicting the Russian character when he painted his portrait of Leo Tolstoy.

Mashkovtsev writes that Kramskoy, happening to be in the neighbourhood of Yasnaya Polyana, met Leo Tolstoy by chance. It is not correct. Kramskoy visited Yasnaya Polyana with the fixed intention of painting Leo Tolstoy at all costs. He had already promised the work to Tretyakov who was collecting portraits of figures prominent in the field of Russian culture.

"He was always occupied with something significant, important, elevated in the world and therefore there is something strikingly human in his landscapes," writes M. Alpatov in his sketch of Levitan.

Levitan "was able to express the poetry of the people's comprehension of nature ... the feeling of man's participation in the life of nature." This statement by Alpatov reveals the immortal quality of Levitan's work and that which made him extremely popular.

ACTORS OF THE PAST

All six monographs inculcate love for the artists and help their readers to understand art.

Those who study the art of the actor are faced with many difficulties. The admirers of Garrick, Keen, Talma or Shchepkin are no longer among the living; the showbills which made theatre history in their day have rotted away in the museums, and one can only get an idea of the character and the style of the creative work of actors who lived a hundred years ago from the unreliable and scattered evidence to be found in memoirs and criticisms or in the drawings of contemporary artists. Important work on this material has been carried out by the Soviet theatre critic, B. Alpers, the first volume of whose book *The Actors' Art in Russia*, has just been issued by the *Art* Publishing House. Alpers' book is the first attempt to give a composite history of the art of Russian acting in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, former work in this field being limited to monographs on individual actors.

This volume deals with the first half of the nineteenth century, with classicism on the stage, with actors of the transition type and with the celebrated masters Mochalov, Karatygin and Shchepkin. The author has been able to show the historical connection between the actor's art and his time and gives a vivid description of the former leaders of the theatre and the specific nature of their art. Alpers' true and subtle observation reveals facts overlooked by former investigators. He notes quite justly that there was frequently a lack of sympathy between the greatest actors and the best playwrights. Thus, Martynov had no love or understanding of the works of Gogol' and Ermolova, did not accept either Chekhov or Ibsen. And at the same time these great actors often created their best parts in insignificant and now forgotten plays by some unknown author, they themselves, according to Alpers, becoming the creators of an unwritten drama of world-wide significance.

Some of the most successful pages of the book are those on melodrama which former theatre historians regarded as negative phenomenon. Alpers shows that there are moments in history when melodrama is almost the only genre in which the positive hero of the age finds a place on the stage from which he can have a heart to heart talk with his contemporaries... melodrama becomes a sort of substitute for tragedy or a herald announcing its approach.

In spite of all the qualities of Alpers' book it has some faults. He is not sufficiently objective and from among the celebrated actors he deals with one can pick out his favourites and his "ugly ducklings". His handling of such important questions as realism, romanticism and stage method leads him into certain contradictions and one comes across points of questionable authority. But on the whole it is an interesting and useful book for all those interested in the past of the Russian theatre.

THE HISTORY OF NOVGOROD

The history of Novgorod, closely bound up with the history of the Russian people and their culture, goes back for more than a thousand years.

Novgorod the Great, a series of popular essays by D. Likhachev, has just been published in Leningrad. It covers the history of culture in Novgorod between the 11th and 17th centuries and summarizes the work of Russian historians and extensive materials from rare books and journals.

In Russian literature Novgorod has long been the symbol of freedom-loving Russia and of the indomitable will of the Russian people. Radishchev and his fellow Decembrists wrote about Novgorod; Karamzin and Zhukovsky told of the city, Pushkin and Lermontov wrote verse about her, Belinsky re-

garded her as the "very source of Russian life from whence come all the manners and customs of the Russian people."

The poets were followed by the scholars; Soviet researchers have discovered a number of facts missed by pre-revolutionary historiographers and have found material in the records which sheds new light on the history of Novgorod and of all Russia.

We know, for example, that Novgorod developed earlier than many West-European cities. Novgorod won her independence and became a republic earlier than a number of European city-communes. She ruled over a huge territory from the Gulf of Finland to the Urals and the middle reaches of the Volga. The town was better planned than those of Europe, roads and a drainage system appeared here when they were still unknown in Europe. During the terrible years of Tatar-Mongolian rule Novgorod escaped the destruction that overtook other Russian towns; the rich manuscripts of Kiev Rus and her book-learning found shelter here. Building in stone continued and the scribes, icon painters and masters of mural painting practised their arts.

At a critical moment in the history of the Russian people Prince Alexander Nevsky of Novgorod defended his country against the Swedes and the German Dog Knights; when the ancient city of Novgorod was again united with Moscow the cultural treasures she had guarded were safely transferred to the Russian state and the Russian people.

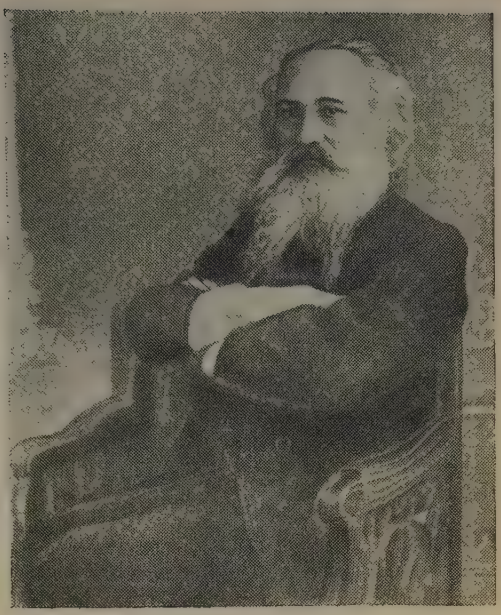
Likhachev develops an interesting point. He says that by the beginning of the 12th century the main lines of Novgorod's architectural treatment were laid down, the plan was carefully preserved and all later buildings were added according to it.

Likhachev shows the relationship between Novgorod and Moscow in a new light. Modern research has rejected the legend of the "conquest" of Novgorod, and facts now available require that this chapter of Russian history be rewritten.

The plebeian sections of the Novgorod people had long felt drawn towards Moscow as a strong principality in which they hoped to find protection against the boyars. This is why on July 14th, 1471, the enormous Novgorod army fought without enthusiasm on the banks of the Shelon and was defeated by the army which Ivan III had gathered from all parts of Russia. The people of Novgorod did not want to defend Martha the Mayoress who was in league with the Polish King and the Lithuanian Princes. Ivan the Third's campaign against Novgorod was an occasion for great pomp and the crushing of Novgorod's independence was regarded as the reunion of ancient Russian lands.

LIFE OF A SCIENTIST

The *Soviet Science* publishers have issued a biographical study of the great Russian crystallographer Evgraf Fyodorov (1853—1919) by I. Shafranovsky. Modern crystallography owes much to Fyodorov. It is due to his methods that chemists are able to determine the chemical nature of substances from a single crystal. The laws of the distribution



Professor Evgraf Fyodorov, Member of the Academy

of atoms, ions and molecules in the crystal are the result of his work on space groups of which he gave two hundred and thirty. Fyodorov's theory was brilliantly confirmed when Max von Laue discovered that the structure of atoms could be studied by means of X-rays.

I. Shafranovsky's book is a fine example of how the biography of a scientist should be written. Crystallography, which has always been considered a dry and dull subject, is made interesting. The general reader will have no difficulty with the five chapters devoted to the development of crystallography before Fyodorov and the essence of his scientific ideas. The language of the book is rich and expressive, the biographical material interesting and varied and partially based on unpublished material from the archives. Of no little interest is the part Fyodorov played in the revolutionary movement of the seventies. The only regret is that the author did not review Fyodorov's works dealing with general questions of the scientific world outlook; Fyodorov's great versatility is shown in many works of this character.

BRET HARTE IN RUSSIAN

The *State Literary Publishing House* in Moscow has just issued a volume of the selected works of Bret Harte in Russian. It contains fourteen of the American author's best stories, including *The Luck of Roaring Camp, Tennessen's Partner, Miggles* and *How Santa Claus came to Simpson Bar*. In addition, the collection includes four of Bret Harte's ballads: *In the Tunnel, Cecily, Her Letter* and *Chiquita*, all appearing for the first time in Russian, translated by Mikhail Zenkevich, a well-known poet and translator of English and American

poetry. An article by A. Startsev entitled *Chernyshevsky on Bret Harte* gives little known facts about the prominent Russian critic's fondness for Bret Harte's works which, in 1878, Chernyshevsky's wife sent him while he was an exile in Siberia. Chernyshevsky was greatly taken with Bret Harte's ballads and wrote to his wife that he had memorized them and recited them during his solitary walks. Of Bret Harte's stories *Miggles* was his favourite. This he translated and sent in the form of a letter to his children (Chernyshevsky's letter containing his translation of *Miggles* and his opinions on the author was confiscated by the tsarist censorship and became known only after the October Revolution). In one of his letters Chernyshevsky gives a detailed analysis of *Miggles*, dwelling mostly on the moral aspect of the young heroine.

The preface to the collection gives a biography of Bret Harte and sums up his career as a writer.

NEW EDITIONS OF ZOLA AND MAUPASSANT

In his valuable epilogue to this new edition of *Débâcle* Professor M. Eihenholtz gives a short summary of the French writers's views on the Franco-Prussian war and an interesting account of Zola's newspaper articles during the period when he was writing *Débâcle*. He mentions the historical circumstances under which it was created, its ideas and artistic merits.

Two translations of *Débâcle* into Russian were printed in 1892 when the novel first appeared in France. It has often been translated since and now appears in a translation by V. Parnakh whose excellent translations of French authors are well known here. In the hands of a skillful translator the original has lost none of its stylistic peculiarities or richness of language.

The *State Literary Publishing House* has issued some new translations of Maupassant's novels and of Zola's *Débâcle*.

The collection of fifty-four short stories by Maupassant opens with *Boule de Suif*. The translations are by A. Chebotarevskaya and G. Rachinsky, already well-known, and twenty-eight other translators. The epilogue, by J. Danilin, the editor of the collection, a well-known expert on the French literature, gives a brief characterization of Maupassant's creative outlook and attempts a classification of his stories into lyrical, fable, character novels, problem novels, etc. J. Danilin also touches on the question of Maupassant's hidden irony—"his highest artistic achievement," but at the same time "the author himself preserves the complete objectivity of the story-teller, and his irony seems to flow of itself from within the very essence of things."

VAUDEVILLES OF LABICHE

The *Art* Publishing House has issued Labiche's vaudevilles in a small volume designed in excellent taste by the artist N. B. Kuzmin. It contains four one-act comedies: *Major Cravachon*, *The Misanthrope*, *Cunning Plan* and *Slap in the Face*, all well translated into Russian by A. Farikh, the lyrics being the work of T. Shchepkina-Kupernik. A short introduction by Professor A. Jivilegov characterizes Labiche whose plays *The Straw Hat* and *Moneybox* are successfully showing on the Soviet stage. Jivilegov justly defends the brilliant French writer of comedies and novels from the attacks of such French critics as René Doumick who declares his works to be "heavy reading."

SERGEI RACHMANINOV

Like his teacher, Taneyev,[1] Sergei Rachmaninov is one of the most versatile personalities in the history of Russian musical culture.

He was born on April 1 (March 20, according to the old style calendar), 1873, at Oneg, an estate belonging to the composer's mother, in the province of Novgorod. His father was an officer descended from a long line of Russian landowners.

The Rachmaninovs were a musical family. Sergei's grandfather, a pupil of John Field, composed music and was an excellent pianist. To his son, the father of the future composer, he bequeathed a love for music, a sensitive ear and an unusually retentive memory. Any melodies he heard he immediately fixed in his memory and he would whistle them with the skill of a virtuoso. It is one of the tunes he heard from his father that forms the theme of the famous *Polka de W. R.* by Rachmaninov, who gave the piece his father's initials as a title.

The composer's mother, too, was extremely musical, and her son, who from the age of four showed unmistakable ability, received his first lessons in piano playing from her.

The boy made rapid progress and his parents invited the pianist, Anna Ornatskaya, a former pupil of the Petersburg Conservatory, to take charge of his musical instruction. It was she who prepared him for entrance into the Conservatory. In course of time, Rachmaninov dedicated to Anna Ornatskaya his *Spring Waters*, one of the composer's loveliest songs.

In 1882, Rachmaninov went with his mother to Petersburg where he joined Professor Demianski's class at the Conservatory, easily taking first place among his fellow-students. It was the time when the star of Sergei's young cousin, Alexander Ziloti, a remarkable Russian pianist and a pupil of Franz Liszt, was in the ascendant. And it was Ziloti who advised the parents, in 1885, to have his cousin transferred to the Moscow Conservatory. There he studied under Nikolai Zverev, one time the teacher of Ziloti, who had a very high opinion of his former instructor.

Professor Zverev was indeed a pedagogue out of the common run. The boys lived at his "pension," where he not only directed their studies and pianoforte practice, but took charge of their general musical education. He took them to concerts and to the theatre and introduced them to the musicians who visited his house, among whom were Chaikovsky and Anton Rubinstein.

Among the boys of Rachmaninov's own age at Zverev's school was Scriabin. Later the two found themselves together in the composition class conducted by Professors Arensky and Taneyev, where they rapidly distinguished themselves, attracting the attention of Moscow musical circles.

Rachmaninov's teacher in the Senior Department had been Ziloti and it was in his class that the young pianist brilliantly passed his finals in the spring of 1891. He was now busy preparing for his graduation in composition. Some of his early works were written at this time: several songs; a trio for piano, violin and 'cello, which has remained unpublished, several small pieces and his first pianoforte concerto, the opening movement of which the composer played at one of the pupils' recitals at the Conservatory. The orchestra was conducted by Vassili Safonov, the outstanding pianist and conductor, who was the first to perform the greater part of Scriabin's symphonic compositions.

For his graduation in composition from the Moscow Conservatory in the spring of 1892, Rachmaninov submitted a one-act opera *Aleko*. The libretto was based on Pushkin's poem *The Gypsies*, adapted by Vladimir Nemirovich-Danchenko, and was the subject proposed to the students taking their composition finals. This first opera of Rachmaninov was written in the incredibly short space of seventeen days, which gives some idea of his extraordinary creative powers in those early days.

This work shows the same trends that we have already seen in his other works belonging to the same period: the first pianoforte Concerto, and his songs. It possesses the same lyrical warmth of feeling, combined with dramatic emotion, that is so characteristic of all Rachmaninov's music.

Rachmaninov early acquired great skill in his art and the hand of the master can be already felt in his youthful works, even in such complex forms as the opera.

The Art Council of the Conservatory was unanimous in awarding the young composer the big gold medal for his *Aleko* and the name of Sergei Rachmaninov was written in golden letters on the marble board that was headed by the illustrious name of Taneyev, who played such an important part in Rachmaninov's development.

Chaikovsky, too, was much attached to Rachmaninov; he appreciated the gifts of the young musician and never failed to give him support.

After leaving the Conservatory Rachmaninov devoted himself entirely to music, both as a performer and composer. Gradually he won fame in Russia and abroad.

In 1892, he launched on a series of concerts that continued through half a century. His magnificent gifts as a pianist were now in their full brilliance; his extensive repertoire included Russian and West-European classics, contemporary composers and his own works.

[1] See *A Great Teacher*, by the same author, in the No. 9 of the magazine *International Literature* for 1945.

In his art he synthesized, as it were, the achievements of two schools: that of Liszt—through Ziloti—and that of Rubinstein—through Zverev. Critics noted the inspired execution; the faculty for revealing the style and content of a composition and the combination of technical perfection and emotional expressiveness which it has been given to few pianists to attain.

It is not surprising that Rachmaninov was soon the favourite of the Russian musical world and received a warm welcome on his first appearance as a composer.

At a symphony concert conducted by Safonov in the season of 1892—1893, the dances from *Aleko* were performed, and on April 27, 1893, the premiere of the opera took place on the stage of The Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow. "A charming thing which I liked extremely," Chaikovsky said, writing of Rachmaninov's first opera.

The firm of Gutheil, one of the largest in Russia, began to publish Rachmaninov's works. A volume of his compositions appeared early in 1893, among them the famous *Prelude in C-sharp minor*. After Rachmaninov had played it himself in Russia—a performance still remembered by contemporaries as a triumph of the young composer—Alexander Ziloti presented the *Prelude* on a London concert-platform, after which the London Philharmonic immediately offered Rachmaninov an engagement in England.

The invitation was not accepted until some four or five years later. The composer could not and would not leave his country, stricken as he was by grief at the death of his teacher, Zverev, and still more by another loss—the death of Chaikovsky.

Chaikovsky died on October 23, 1895, and on the same day Rachmaninov began working at one of his finest compositions,—the *Trio Elégique* for piano, violin and violoncello, dedicated to the memory of the great composer, just as Chaikovsky had dedicated his *Trio* to the memory of Nicholas Rubinstein.

Love, devotion, the grief of loss, deep philosophic thought, the author has embodied them all in the soul-stirring strains of the trio. In its austere melody the listener will recognize the singing of ancient Russian ritual chants which not long before had been used by Chaikovsky himself in his *Symphonie Pathétique*, and ten years before that by Taneyev in his cantata *John of Damascus*. In December, 1893, the *Trio Elégique* was completed and soon afterwards performed for the first time.

The same year witnessed the completion of others of Rachmaninov's compositions several new songs, two pieces for violin and piano, a large suite for two pianos called *Fantasia*, and *The Crag*, a symphonic fantasy on the theme of the famous poem by Lermontov beginning with the words "For a night a little golden cloud rested in the bosom of the giant crag."

In his first opera, as well as his first orchestral work, Rachmaninov showed himself to be in music a continuator of the traditions of the Russian literary classics by seeking for themes in works of outstanding Russian writers.

This is true also of his *Fantasia* for two pianos. Forming the epigraph of the work are two lines chosen by the composer from Khomiakov,—the same poet who inspired Taneyev in the writing of his cantata *On Reading a Psalm*.

What fascinated Rachmaninov in Khomiakov's verses was the picture of the ringing of church-bells, whose "melodious silvery thunder" bearing "tidings of sacred festivities" the composer had grown to love from his childhood years spent in the countryside around Novgorod.

These mighty sonorous sounds can be sensed both in the *Fantasia* and in the monumental harmonies of the *Prelude*. There is no specifically religious element in Rachmaninov's treatment of the chimes. They are images born of his homeland, of its boundless expanses.

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In the scores of *Aleko* and the *Crag* Rachmaninov had reached the zenith of his art as a master of instrumentation. The colourful *Gypsy Capriccio*, produced in 1894, is further evidence of this.

The year 1895 saw the completion of the first symphony. Its first performance in St. Petersburg on March 15, 1897, with Glazunov as conductor, was not a success and was followed by some unfavourable reviews in the press.

It was not the opinion of others, however, that was the decisive factor in the mental crisis under which the young musician, then already sufficiently well-known and appreciated, was labouring. This is what he wrote to his friend, Alexander Zatayevich, shortly after the performance of his symphony: ". . . What grieves me and affects me most painfully is that my symphony which I was very fond of before, and which I am fond of still, left a disagreeable impression on me after the very first rehearsal." (From a letter written on May 6, 1897). Further on in the same letter we read the following: "Whatever happens, I do not intend to renounce my symphony and in six months' time, when things have quieted down, I shall look it over, perhaps revise it, and perhaps have it published or—who knows—by that time my partiality for it may have passed. In that case I shall tear it up . . ."

Neither course of action, however, was adopted. The symphony was not published during the composer's lifetime. Nor was it destroyed. On October 17, 1945, Rachmaninov's first symphony was performed for the first time in Moscow from the orchestral scores preserved in Leningrad, under the baton of Alexander Hauk.

If, almost half a century ago, the first symphony was by no means comprehensible to everyone, and only advanced musical thought could appreciate the boldness and depth of its conception, in our own days it cannot fail to stir its listeners.

The music is tempestuously emotional. Throughout the four movements there breathes a spirit of tense mutiny and romantic impulse. We hear ancient chants taken from eight-part church music mingling with other strains that bring the symphony close to the

melodious Russian lyric songs of the 19th century.

Only now can we see how early Rachmaninov's personality as a symphonist was formed — a worthy successor to Chaikovsky and Taneyev. In the first symphony the features that were later to grow to such noble maturity are already defined—the tragic force (in the first and fourth movements and to some extent in the second); the lyricism of the third movement, dramatically expressive and full of an inherent virility; the concentrated feeling and profoundness of conception of the whole composition.

The same characteristics are true of the Rachmaninov's song cycles, written in 1896, immediately following the symphony, and containing such gems as *The Little Island*, *Wait for Thee*, *Spring Waters*, and *Six Moments Musicaux for Piano*. At this time Rachmaninov became known as a conductor. Between the years 1896 and 1898 he was at the Mamontov Opera Theatre in Moscow, staging *The Grave of Askold* by Verstovsky, *Rogneda* by Serov, *The Mermaid* by Dargomyzhsky, *May Night* by Rimsky-Korsakov, *Carmen* by Bizet, and Saint-Saens's *Samson and Delilah*.

In the season of 1898—1899, on the invitation of the London Philharmonic, Rachmaninov went to London where he scored a tremendous success, playing his own compositions on the piano and conducting his fantasy *Crag*. These concerts and his tour to Vienna which followed soon after the visit to England, marked the beginning of his world fame as composer, pianist and conductor.

In the years 1900—1901 Rachmaninov was busy with his Second Concerto for Pianoforte which established his fame definitely and which he performed himself with outstanding success. This work is endowed with every quality of Rachmaninov's style, linked as it is with the Russian musical classics and yet profoundly original both in content and in the manner of its exposition.

The first opening chords of the piano create the impression of inner power, they are full of sonority reminding you of bells pealing thunderously through the boundless plains of the Russian land, calling her valiant knights to war with the enemy. It is in these bell-like effects that we find one of the most characteristic peculiarities of Rachmaninov's pianoforte style, to the national traits of which should undoubtedly be added the melodic profuseness, not only of the themes of Rachmaninov's compositions but even of his accompaniments.

The singularity of his pianoforte style, devoid of all outward showiness and shallow decorative effect, is manifest in his ten preludes, also completed in 1901 and in the noble *Variations on a Theme from Chopin*[1] written in 1903.

It is significant that Rachmaninov's choice should have fallen on the great Polish composer's Twentieth Prelude, a piece so nearly approaching a funeral march.

The measured tread of the funeral procession retains in the Rachmaninov's variations a tragic force, the mournful anguish of Chopin's concluding chords resounds in the music of

[1] Prelude C Minor No. 20.

Sergei Rachmaninov with his granddaughter Sofia Volkonskaya. (The photograph was taken during the last years of the composer's life)

the Russian composer with a dramatic pathos intermingled with an intimate lyricism which finds its development in the free variational theme.

It should be incidentally remembered that the form of Theme and Variations has been a favourite one with Russian composers, evidence of which are the overtures of Glinka and Balakirev; the chamber music of Borodin and Taneyev; Scriabin's pianoforte concerto and many other works of Russian composers whose traditions have been carried on by Rachmaninov.

Shortly after the turn of the century Rachmaninov wrote a cycle of twenty songs (among them *The Lilacs*, *On the Death of a Linnet*, *No Prophet*), the cantata *The Spring*, to words by Nekrasov and a sonata for violoncello and piano. In the last-named work Rachmaninov's exquisite lyrical gifts awoke to a new life.

In 1904 he accepted an engagement as opera conductor at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow, and under his baton the immortal creations of Glinka (*Ivan Sussanin*), Dargomyzhsky (*The Mermaid*), Borodin (*Prince Igor*), Mussorgsky (*Boris Godounov*), Chaikovsky (*Eugène Onegin*, *Oprichnik*, *Queen of Spades*) and Rimsky-Korsakov (*Pan Voevoda*) were revealed in new conceptions. Rachmaninov's eighty-nine appearances at the conductor's stand at the Bolshoi, in the years 1904 to 1906 are remembered by contemporaries as genuine festivals of Russian music. It is thanks to Rachmaninov that traditions of Russian opera music were established that are still alive to this day—an art when the interpretation of

every image reveals the inmost essence and takes its roots in the life of the people. According to contemporaries, Rachmaninov's chief aim was to achieve melodiousness, a free natural declamation of the vocal element and its harmonious fusion with the orchestral parts to which he gave due importance without allowing them to dominate over the singers. He was on friendly terms with many opera stars, among them was Chaliapin, a close friend of his since Mamontov theatre days,[1] and Antonina Nezhdanova, to whom the composer dedicated his famous *Vocalise*, written in 1912.

Work in the Bolshoi Theatre played a big part in Rachmaninov's life. Not only did he make a profound study of classical opera, but during these years he made his own invaluable contribution to opera.

On January 24, 1906, at the Bolshoi Theatre, with the composer conducting, Rachmaninov's two one-act operas, written in 1904 and 1905, had their premiere: *The Miserly Knight* and *Francesca da Rimini*. In the former we have the text of Pushkin's drama preserved almost intact; the latter is written to a libretto by Modeste Chaikovsky, originally intended for Liadov, who based his text on the well-known episode from Canto V of Dante's *Inferno* — the mournful love-story of Francesca and Paolo and their terrible death.

In *The Miserly Knight*, Rachmaninov, basing his music on the poetic sense of melody in human speech and building the recitative on speech intonations, ably continues the work first attempted by Dargomyzhsky in his *Stone Guest*, by Rimsky-Korsakov in *Mozart and Salieri* and indeed in many of his operas and songs.

In *Francesca da Rimini*, although a broader element of melody holds sway, the constructive methods of the two Rachmaninov operas have one and the same aim, that of creating tragic images calculated to arouse the most profound compassion. In this aspect Rachmaninov is a direct continuator of Mussorgsky, Chaikovsky and Taneyev, the founders of Russian musical tragedy, who strove to embody the ideals of lofty ethics in their art.

And these strivings we sense in equal measure, underlying the works of Rachmaninov also.

In the summer of 1906, Rachmaninov set to work outlining a plan for a new opera based on Flaubert's novel *Salambo*, a subject which had at one time attracted the fancy of Mussorgsky. The libretto was the work of Mikhail Slonov, formerly a fellow-student of Rachmaninov at the Conservatory, and a man on whose discrimination the composer could always rely for the choice of texts for his songs.

This plan—significant of the appeal tragic subjects possessed for the composer—never came to fruition. In the autumn of the same year, during which he wrote a new long cycle of songs, the composer was carried away by the idea of an opera on the subject of Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna*. At that time Rachmaninov and his wife (in 1902 he had married his cousin, Natalia Satina, a pianist) were living in Dresden—"like out-and-out recluses." The composer wrote in a letter to Slonov: "We are not seeing anyone; we don't know anyone and don't show ourselves anywhere. I am working very hard and feeling very well."

The result of this hard work, however, was not *Monna Vanna* which, like *Salambo*, was to remain in the realms of what might have been, but the monumental *Second Symphony*, completed in the rough by January 1907 and performed for the first time a year later in Petersburg under the direction of the composer, who, not wishing to entrust it to anyone else, conducted the work himself.

The *Second Symphony*, which Rachmaninov dedicated to his teacher, Taneyev, bears some of the best features of the composer's work and brings out much of what makes Rachmaninov resemble Chaikovsky.

It was in Dresden, too, that *The Island of the Dead* was written, under the influence of Boecklin's picture.

In those years Rachmaninov was much before the public eye both as pianist and as conductor. In 1907, he played his *Concerto* in Paris where he also conducted his *Spring* cantata, with Chaliapin singing the solo. In 1908, he made a number of appearances at Moscow, Petersburg, Warsaw, London and Berlin, and in 1909, crossing the ocean for the first time, he played his newly-completed third concerto in New York. This creation of his genius is unequalled in the strength, depth of imagery and elemental power of the instrumentation. Following on the third concerto Rachmaninov wrote several of his well-known cycles of pieces for the pianoforte: thirteen preludes (1910), six *Etudes-Tableaux* (1911), and nine *Etudes-Tableaux* (1916—1917) as well as the *Second Sonata* (1913).

Of the song cycles written during that period, perhaps the finest is that containing *In My Garden at Night, Daisies, The Pied Piper, A-ou* (1916).

His studies of the ancient sources of Russian choral music resulted in two works for mixed chorus: *Lithurgy of John Chrysostome* (1910) and *Vespers* (1915), dedicated to the memory of Stepan of Smolensk, an expert in the art of Russian church singing.

During the time between the composition of these two works Rachmaninov wrote a piece of music which was a favourite with the composer himself: *The Bells*, a symphonic cantata for soloists (Soprano, Tenor and Baritone), chorus and full orchestra, written to the text of Edgar Poe's well-known poem in a translation by Constantine Balmont (1913).

The symbolical images of the poem acquire the charm of life, of a poetic realism all their own. It is of unclouded happiness that the silver sleigh bells ring as they dash by, and the golden bells accompany the merriment of the wedding feast. The brass of the tocsin sounds the alarm and in the Finale we have the funeral dirge of the iron bell of death, that we have already heard in Rachmaninov's *Island of the Dead* and in Taneyev's *John of Damascus*.

The conceptions underlying both Taneyev's cantata and Rachmaninov's *Bells* are essen-

[1] The Director of State Theatres Teliakovsky, says in his reminiscences that Chaliapin, who was unusually exacting and self-willed, used to pick quarrels with literally every conductor with the exception of Rachmaninov, for whom he entertained boundless esteem.

tially similar, as in both works the image of death is contrasted with the joy of life and the undying beauty of human emotion.

Throughout those years Rachmaninov's activities were surprisingly many-sided. As composer, pianist and conductor he played a prominent part in public life and was Vice-President of the Russian Music Society and a leading member of the Russian *Music Publishing House*.

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At the end of 1917, Rachmaninov left his native land which he was never to see again. With his family he went first to Sweden where he had been invited for a concert-tour, thence to England and from there to various countries of Western Europe, which vied with one another for the honour of welcoming the great Russian musician.

The departure was bound up with a deep-seated crisis in Rachmaninov's mind which had its beginnings at this time. He believed that the revolutionary upheaval would prevent him from serving the art he loved. But Rachmaninov loved his country too well to make life away from his homeland an easy thing to bear. We find it difficult to believe that in later years he was contented with the decision to leave a country where mighty musical forces were growing apace while he, Rachmaninov, was not creating anything new.

He travelled extensively through Western Europe and America, appearing as a pianist without a peer in talent or the mastery of his art, and as a conductor of remarkable skill.

It was not till 1927 that Rachmaninov composed his fourth concerto for pianoforte, conceived years before in Russia. But evidently it failed to satisfy the composer because in 1938 he revised the work.

What longing for the homeland makes itself felt in the *Three Russian Songs* for orchestra and chorus, completed in 1928! The intervening years saw the composer, absorbed as was his wont by concert appearances, writing but very little. In 1931, he revised and altered his second pianoforte sonata. In 1932, his variations on a theme by Corelli appeared and in 1934, the *Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini* for piano and orchestra. Both were splendid things but composed on themes created by others, as were also the brilliant pianoforte transcriptions written during the years of Rachmaninov's travels in foreign countries.

At last in 1936, after years of thought, the glorious *Third Symphony* was born—a work profoundly tragic in character which may well rank with the supreme attainments in musical art. The complex and varied themes intertwined in the symphony are subordinated to a single melody of awe-inspiring beauty —this time also based on ancient church intonations.

This melody rings out with stirring force, an embodiment of the unforgettable image of the homeland. One seems to hear the great composer bidding farewell to the land of his birth; so mournful, so solemn are the tones of Russian song depicted as only Rachmaninov could do.

Not long before his death the composer completed another orchestral work, a three-part cycle of *Symphonic Dances*, which appeared without the names of the parts, viz. *Morning*, *Midday*, *Evening*, being designated in the publication as had been originally planned by the composer. Even in the dance-genre Rachmaninov inclined to poetical generalizations of this kind.

From certain manuscript material for the *Biography of S. V. Rachmaninov* sent to Moscow by a friend of the composer, his wife's sister, Sofia Satina,[1] we learn that while living abroad (he spent the last years of his life in the United States), Rachmaninov remained a Russian in thought and feeling, ardently interested in the life of his people and the development of their culture.

In the very first months of the war the composer sent the Russian War Relief big sums he had collected during his concert tours. He also sent gifts for the Red Army to the U.S.S.R., while his wife and daughters knitted warm things for the men, sending their presents to the front with affectionate letters and wishes for success and victory over the enemy who was in those days making thrusts towards the heart of Russia.

It was not fated that Rachmaninov should live to see the happy day of victory. In February, 1943, he began a concert-tour in the United States, during which violent attacks of a mortal disease set in, and on March 28, the great composer died at Beverley Hills, California, of fulminant cancer. The news of his death shook the world, causing poignant grief in his own country.

In the history of our culture Rachmaninov is entered as a musician of great genius, who carried on the traditions of Russian classic and multiplied their glory.

IGOR BOELZA

[1] The M.S. of the *Material* is preserved in The U.S.S.R. Society for Cultural Relations With Foreign Countries in Moscow.

RACHMANINOV DAYS IN MOSCOW

In October, 1945, a series of Rachmaninov Days was held in Moscow. An exhibition devoted to the composer was organized in the halls of the Central Museum of Musical Culture. Among the exhibits were some of Rachmaninov's personal belongings which after his death had been sent on to Moscow by his family: the evening dress he wore at his last appearance in public and various articles of domestic use.

A few days after the opening of the exhibition a scientific session sponsored by the Museum was held at the Moscow Conservatory, devoted to the life, creative art, and performances of the great Russian musician. On the opening day an inaugurational paper

was read by Professor Igor Boelza on the role of Rachmaninov in the history of Russian musical culture. The papers which followed dealt with the various aspects of Rachmaninov's musical art.

In his report on *The Life and Creative Art of Rachmaninov in Documents and Materials*, Evgeni Bortnikov, Head Curator of the Museum, threw light on many points in the composer's biography hitherto unknown to the public. In his paper the musicologist, Boris Dobrokhotov, spoke of some unpublished chamber ensembles by Rachmaninov and certain of his unrealized conceptions for operas, among which were drafts for *Esmeralda*, *Boris Godunov*, *Mazepa*, and *Salambo*. Tamara Pytovich had interesting things to tell of some unpublished works for the pianoforte, and Vladimir Protopopov read a paper on several symphonic works belonging to the latter period of the composer's work.

Great interest was aroused by the paper read by Professor Yakovlev, Doctor of Arts, devoted to Rachmaninov as conductor both at the opera theatre and on the concert platform.

In an interesting address, Professor Alexander Goldenweiser gave some reminiscences of Rachmaninov the pianist and examples of his phenomenal musical memory and gifts of execution.

The programme of the session which extended over five days also comprised a performance of Rachmaninov's *First Symphony* conducted by Alexander Gauk.

Besides the *First Symphony* of Rachmaninov already thrice performed in Moscow, the October concert programme of the Moscow State Philharmonic included a number of other hitherto unknown works of the composer. During the months of October, November and December, 1945, were performed a symphonic poem, *Prince Rostislav*, and a youthful *Scherzo*, the latter imbued with such freshness and charm that nothing but an "encore" would satisfy the audience.

Further pieces were some unpublished instrumental ensembles, among them two uncompleted string quartettes and a youthful trio for piano, violin and 'cello. Several piano compositions and songs which have so far remained in manuscript were performed for the first time on this occasion.

All these works are evidence that Rachmaninov's compositions are wider in scope and more versatile in nature than might be supposed judging only by the printed editions. At the present moment the State Music Publishing House is preparing for the press all Rachmaninov's unpublished works as well as a comprehensive collection of articles and materials which will also include the papers and reports read at the meetings of the Rachmaninov session.

Rachmaninov and Opera is the name of a collection now being prepared for print by the All-Russian Theatrical Society. Besides bibliographical and musical material on the theme in question, the collection will contain material bearing on the scientific session recently held by the All-Russian Theatrical Society.

The latter function opened with a moving address by Antonina Nezhdanova who spoke of Rachmaninov as a great man and a great musician. Then followed a paper read by Professor Boelza on *Rachmaninov and Russian Opera*. The role of the tragic element in Rachmaninov's operas was further dwelt upon in an interesting and comprehensive paper by Professor Tamara Livanova, entitled *Three Rachmaninov Operas*.

In an extensive paper *Rachmaninov and the Opera Theatre*, Professor Vassili Yakovlev showed how great was the contribution made by Rachmaninov to the Russian opera theatre not only as a composer, but also as a conductor.

The Rachmaninov session and concerts in Moscow have played an important part in the study of the great heritage of creative and executive art bequeathed by the great Russian musician.

THE UNCONQUERED

(A new film, produced by Mark Donskoy)

The Unconquered, a novel by the young writer Boris Gorbatov, was first published in serial form in the newspaper *Pravda* during the summer of 1943. It immediately caused a stir amongst the reading public and the interest it aroused was made still more poignant because the facts related by the author were at that time still unknown to the public at large. Describing the life in a Soviet city captured by the Germans, the author drew a vivid picture of the fascist regime, of the brutal treatment meted out by the Nazis to the civilian population, of the terror and the executions which became a daily practice in the life of the occupied areas. And he showed how Russian people behaved under the yoke of the invader: subjected to moral and physical tortures, the Soviet citizen retained his national dignity and remained an unconquered son of his homeland.

The events described were a true reflection of reality, and none could accuse the author, Boris Gorbatov, of invention or of laying on the colours too thickly. From the first days of the war Gorbatov was at the front as a war correspondent and he accompanied the Red Army units which entered the liberated towns and villages of the Donets Basin and the Ukraine. He saw the smoking ruins—the usual traces left by barbarians on foreign soil. He spent many a night with families that had survived the occupation. Indeed, his own mother remained in the occupied zone, escaping death only by a miracle.

This novel, which in the course of two years has run into editions of many million copies, has now been filmed by Mark Donskoy.

The film shows us the family of an old worker Taras Yatsenko. As the action develops, the true depth and strength of this man's

character is gradually revealed to the audience.

When the Germans first appear in the town, Taras orders his family to bring in a supply of water, to close the shutters and bar the doors. "And none of you are to go out into the street without permission!... It has nothing to do with us!" But life proves to Taras that barred doors will not keep out the enemy, that they do not pass by a single house, not one citizen, and the time comes when the Germans break into Taras's house. At first they take Antonina, his son's wife, to work for them. And for fear of being sent into bondage to Germany, she obeys. Then they turn their attention to Taras himself, and to his mates—old craftsmen—and order them to restore the plant and to repair tanks. The old men—skilled masters every one—declare that they are only unskilled labourers, and in one way or the other try to avoid doing any work. One of them pays for this with his life... We see the old workers in grim silence raising the body of their dead comrade.

The mournful path of the funeral train is interrupted by another, still more terrible procession: a convoy of German soldiers are leading a group of Soviet citizens—old men and women, boys and girls and little children—to be shot. Amidst these doomed victims Taras notices Dr. Fishman who has treated all his children and grand-children.

In deep grief, Taras makes a deep, low bow.

"You bow to me... to me?" asks Dr. Fishman.

"To you, Aron Davydovich. Before you and your sufferings."

"Thank you, brother."

Taras decides to shelter the doctor's six-year-old grand-daughter in his own home. They hide the little girl in a trunk, but even here the vandals find her, and the child, half-asleep and clutching a doll to her breast, is dragged to execution.

Step by step, event by event, Taras begins to understand that everything going on around him is the concern of every Soviet citizen, that it is no use hiding behind strong bars, that it does not matter if life is lost so long as the soul is saved, that it is not enough to "suffer" but that one must "not give in."

Like thousands of city dwellers, Taras sets off to the nearest village in search of food, hoping to exchange some of his personal belongings for bread.

"Bent backs and wheelbarrows — there seemed to be nothing else left in all the world, as though this were a road of bondage," is the author's description of this journey. "Creaking and rattling, the wheelbarrows rolled over the stones, dragging behind them the people, exhausted, drenched in sweat and black with smoke. It seemed that the people were not walking, but that the wheelbarrows moved forward themselves with human hands fettered to them... And in the face of this ocean of human sorrow, his own grief seemed small and insignificant to Taras."

They wander for a long time in search of "the unravaged land." And finally they see a long line of waggons loaded with grain, a herd of cattle... But it appears that the grain and cattle are being convoyed by German soldiers who have just pillaged a village.

Still from the film The Unconquered

During these tragic wanderings, Taras meets his eldest son Stepan, long reported missing. Stepan is also a vivid and typical figure. In his time, the "chief" of his region, holding an important government post, he has not given in to the Germans, but has gone underground and become a partisan. Like his father, he roams through the villages and roads of war, eagerly searching; only he is not in search of "unravaged land," but of "unravaged souls." He gathers them in and leads their fight against the invaders.

Nastenka, Taras's young daughter who has just finished high school, is also connected with the partisans. So is "Polizei" Vasilek, whom all regard as a traitor, but who went to serve with the Germans, not of his own free will but upon orders from Stepan. Ignat, the village elder set up by the Germans, is also looked upon as a traitor. Before the war he was opposed to the collective farm system, consequently, the Germans entrusted the administration of the village to him. Now, however, slave labour for the robbers has convinced him of the advantages of the collective system of farming, of free, communal labour for oneself and one's state.

"We haven't given them any grain," he tells Stepan. "How did we manage it? My back knows the answer."

"Ah, they cannot conquer your soul!"

"My soul!" Ignat laughs. "They cannot even conquer my back. I have a disobedient back," he adds, squaring his shoulders. "Never mind, it'll hold out!"

The Russian back held out, the soul of the Russian people held out; Taras refused

to submit to the enemy, like millions of others such as he, honest sons of their free country.

Under the skillful direction of Mark Donskoy, this film about the unconquered Russian soul is moving and truthful. An expert in the media of cinematographic expressiveness, Mark Donskoy conveys the ideological conception of the film with real artistry and cogency. Many of the scenes and shots in this film rise to the level of epic tragedy. The thoughts and actions are not only conveyed by the actors, but everything on the screen—the landscape, the inanimate objects, the symbolic details all take part in the action.

Before the arrival of the Germans, Taras tries to persuade Dr. Fishman to shelter in his house. But the doctor refuses, not wishing to bring danger to Taras and his family. The two men separate and before us on the screen remains a single, tall tree, standing lonely amidst the plain, and next to it—the figure of the doctor. The doom of the old Jew is expressed by this brief shot more eloquently than any words could have done.

The dual position in which the workmen find themselves when brought to their old plant by the Germans is simply shown. Although they cannot work in the shops because they have declared themselves to be unskilled labourers and do not wish to help the Germans, yet their hands, unused to idleness, are itching to get back to work. As soon as the overseer leaves the shop, the old men take up their hammers and work in unison at the forge. For the first time since the occupation, a smile softens Taras's grim face and he twirls his moustache cheerfully. But what are the old men doing? They are forging a flowering branch out of the iron! It was not for this the Germans brought the masters to the plant. A revolver shot rings out and one of Taras's friends falls lifeless. Here the producer makes skillful use of the forged branch; the workmen lay it on their murdered comrade's coffin instead of a wreath.

The scene of the mass shooting has been cleverly mounted. A sombre, black sky heavy with threatening clouds, seems to lower over the plain as though nature herself was protesting; the pathetic figures of old people and children; the sharp, guttural commands passed down the line of murderers. An invisible chorus joins the powerful symphony of the orchestra, and in its song is the grief of a people wailing for the innocent victims and calling for vengeance. The sky becomes ever more lowering and threatening until the blue-black clouds blot it out altogether.

At each machine-gun burst, men and women fall. Those who are mortally wounded and stand tottering on their feet are methodically shot by the storm-troopers. The finale of this scene is an empty field, a charred and mutilated tree with a black gauze scarf trailing mournfully from one of its branches.

The sonorous chorus suddenly changes into the quiet, touching voices of little children singing an innocent song about the birds that weave their nests in the spring. We are in one of the rooms in Taras s house. His two little grandsons are playing with the grand-daughter of the unhappy Dr. Fishman. The contrast between this peaceful scene and the whirlwind of death which has just swept over the screen deeply affects the onlookers.

A long chain of scenes shows the hopelessness and weariness of Taras's search for the "unravaged land." Each new shot shows weary wanderers, pushing endless wheelbarrows loaded with household goods and chattels. The tragedy is emphasized by the flickering campfires, which outline endless barbed wire fences against the night sky. Like a gigantic cobweb this barbed wire encircles the whole of the occupied zone, turning it into one vast concentration camp. . . .

The chief roles in the film are played by actors of the Ukrainian theatres.

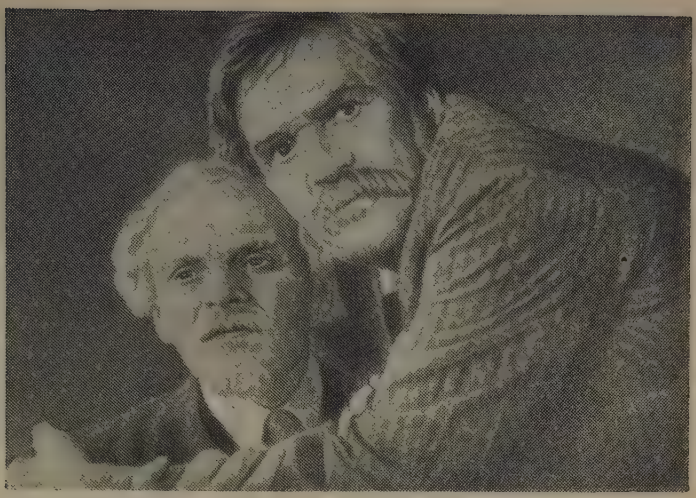
Taras is played by a master of the stage Ambrose Buchma, the leading actor of the Ivan Franko Theatre in Kiev. His interpretation of the spiritual struggle, Taras's doubts and hesitation as to the fate of his family, and the decision which he finally arrives at—NOT SUBMIT TO THE INVADER, is most convincing. Buchma has succeeded in creating both a living individual and a complex type symbolizing the high morale of the people. The role of Taras's son Andrei is taken by Evgeni Ponomarenko. Andrei was in the Red Army and during the German advance he faltered and gave himself up. The father renounces his son—the traitor: "You have betrayed us all! Russia, and your wife, and me, old fool that I am, and my hopes!" Andrei finds sufficient strength to overcome his passing fear and to return to the front. By heroic exploits he washes out the stain of treason and the father opens his arms wide to his re-found son.

A touching and sincere portrayal of Dr. Fishman is given by Benjamin Zuskin.

Stepan is played by Daniel Sagal. This is not the first time that this gifted actor has appeared in Donskoy's productions. In the film *How the Steel Was Tempered*, he played the role of the sailor Zhukhrai, and in Gorky's *Childhood* that of the Gypsy. This actor possesses a versatile and rich talent. Under his calm, slightly ironic demeanour we sense a profound inner force. . . . In Gorbatov's novel Stepan plays a bigger part than in the film and we may perhaps have some regrets that Donskoy did not give the actor enough scope to develop the theme of the "chief," the organizer of "unravaged souls."

Two types of Russian women are delineated in this film: on the one hand, Efrosinia, the wife of Taras (People's Artist of the Ukraine, Lyubov Kartasheva), and Antonina, Andrei's wife (Maria Samosvat); and on the other, Valya, Stepan's wife (Elena Osmyanovskaya) and Nastya, Taras's daughter (Vera Slovina). The first two quietly and submissively bear all the sufferings that fall to the share of their family. Valya and Nastya on the other hand, are just such inspired fighters for the happiness of the people as the men. Valya voluntarily joined her husband in his underground work and helped him valiantly in the partisan struggle. Nastya distributes anti-fascist leaflets at the risk of her life and dies a martyr's death at the hands of the hangmen.

Nikolai Zimovetz, student of the Kiev Theatrical Institute, plays the role of "Poli-



Still from the film
The Unconquered

ei" Vasilek with much warmth and sincerity. Bound to silence, Vasilek has to bear the general contempt and may reveal his secret to none, not even to his sweetheart—Nastya. But what happiness floods the hearts of both when Stepan arranges a meeting for them and lets Nastya understand that Vasilek is still the honest boy whom she had known in the school-room.

People's Artist of the Ukraine Vatulya gives a colourful impersonation of the elder Ignat.

The child actors who take the parts of Taras's grandchildren and Dr. Fishman's grand-daughter themselves lived in Kiev under the Germans. The terror which they had experienced left a profound impression on their childish hearts, and the director had no need to resort to artificial means of arousing their emotions. It was sufficient to say: "A German has come to your house" and the speech froze on their lips, their faces grew serious, their eyes large with terror and full of unchildlike anger.

Cameraman Boris Monastyrsky deserves mention for his skilful photography. The music composed by Lev Schwartz adds to the emotional effect of the film and harmonizes with the events unfolding on the screen.

The picture was made on the newly-restored lot of the Kiev Film Studio, and work began soon after the expulsion of the Germans from that city. While the film was being shot, numerous citizens of Kiev who had experienced all the horrors of the occupation period, crowded the lot, acting as voluntary consultants helping the director to reproduce the atmosphere of the still recent past. During the screening of mass-shooting scene, many living witnesses of the executions were present who related how, being only wounded, they had fallen into the pit with the dead, how more and more corpses had come tumbling down onto them, and how at night, bleeding and exhausted, they had crept out of the grave and been sheltered by the peasants of a nearby village.

Mark Donskoy belongs to the second generation of Soviet film producers. Before taking up film work he changed his profession several times. He was a student of medicine and then of law, graduating the latter. However, instead of practising law he turned to literature and wrote a book of short stories: *Prisoners*. Later he joined the conservatory and studied composition. An enthusiastic sportsman, he was particularly fond of boxing, shooting and football, and qualified as a football referee.

Donskoy is forty-four years of age and has been with the cinema for nineteen years. In the course of this time he has produced fourteen films, the most successful of which are: the trilogy about Maxim Gorky's childhood, boyhood and youth, *How the Steel Was Tempered*, after the novel by Nikolai Ostrovsky, and *The Rainbow*, based on Wanda Wassilewska's book. For these productions the Government awarded him the Order of Lenin and the Order of the Red Banner of Labour, and granted him the Stalin Prize with the title of Merited Art Worker. The film *The Rainbow* won high praise abroad. The American Film and Radio Association awarded *The Rainbow* first prize as the best film of 1944, and the Soviet cinema industry presented a copy of this picture to the late Franklin Roosevelt. The president acknowledged the gift by a telegram in which he said that when the film was shown in the White House, Professor Bolen was invited to translate the Russian dialogue into English, but that the picture was so grand that it was understood without any interpretation. The President stated that *The Rainbow* would be shown to the American public with commentaries by Reynolds and Thomas.

The newspaper *Daily News* awarded *The Rainbow* 3.5 points, *i. e.*, the same as to the best American picture *Wilson*. The discussion on the *Rainbow* in the American press lasted for three months, some of the most outstanding critics of the U.S.A. taking part in it. Besides America *The Rainbow* was shown in 24 countries, including Great Britain, France, Belgium and Sweden.

OLEG LEONIDOV

THEATRE

Trenev's Kutuzov at the Red Army Theatre

In No. 10 of our magazine we acquainted our readers with the play *A Great Captain*, by Constantine Trenev about Kutuzov, the Russian general who defeated Napoleon.

This play, now included in the repertoire of many Soviet theatres, has been staged by the Central Theatre of the Red Army in Moscow.

A number of the scenes of the play are well-known historical episodes from the war of 1812, and the whole is conceived in the form of a dramatic chronicle. The interest centres round the image of Kutuzov and even when he is physically absent from the stage, his name is on the lips of soldiers on the battlefield, of Cossacks on the march and of generals met in conference. Even in the episodes taking place in the headquarters of Napoleon one senses the invisible presence of the leader who embodied that intrinsic might of the Russian people against which Napoleon's military glory struck and foundered.

There are a number of scenes connected only by chronological sequence, and personages sketched in rough outline. It was a task of no small difficulty for the producer, Alexei Popov, and the regisseur, David Tunkel, to prevent the performance from resolving into a series of tableaux-vivants, and their efforts have happily resulted in an expressive and harmonious composition. Particularly effective is the first act. This opens with a scene of the Russian camp on the eve of the Battle of Borodino, and closes with the Council of War at Fili where the decision was taken to leave Moscow with the design of later putting Napoleon's army to rout.

The role of Kutuzov, executed by Merited Artist of the Republic, A. Khokhlov, is one of the actor's outstanding successes. He depicts a truthful, living human figure of the man whose wisdom and discernment brought Russia to victory after a struggle of unprecedented severity.

The ensemble spirit created by the cast is all that can be desired, while the vast expanse of the stage of the Central Red Army Theatre has been masterfully adapted to the monumental scenery by the artist, N. Shifrin. Particularly good are the panoramas of the field of Borodino at night and the snow-bound plains of Russia, along which we see the Napoleonic army in its inglorious retreat... The play *A Great Captain* is an important contribution by the masters of Soviet art in reviving the personality of Mikhail Kutuzov.

A Première at the Jewish Theatre

It is a vivid and colourful spectacle that the Moscow Jewish Theatre presents in *Freilekhs*, a performance announced in the playbills as a *Wedding Carnival*. The audience witnesses scenes of happy, joyous revelry, a multitude of typical figures, clever witticisms and buffoonery galore. An old-fashioned Jewish wedding with all its time-honoured ritual, with the actors, themselves obviously carried away by the symphony of colours, melody and movement. V. Zuskin and M. Steimann very successfully embody, as it were, the figures in the proscenium of the classical "comedia del'arte." Throughout the solemn ceremonial of the match-making and subsequent wedding the producer, Solomon Mikhoels, has ably conveyed the optimistic world-outlook inherent in the Jewish people.

National and Provincial Theatres

In the year 1914, there were 143 theatres in Russia. On the eve of the Great Patriotic War this figure had increased to 825. A great number of these theatres were destroyed by the Hitler invaders but immediately after victory the work of rehabilitation was energetically taken up. This, the first post-war season, is proving an animated one, varied and comprehensive in content; it has given us many new productions.

Tbilissi. In February 1946, Georgia's capital will mark the 25th anniversary of the establishment of Soviet power in the Republic. The premières of two new works by Georgian composers are timed for the auspicious date: *The Knight in the Tiger's Skin*, an opera by Mshvelidze, based on the ancient poem by Shota Rust'veli, and Kiladze's ballet *Sinatle* after a fairy-tale by Joseph Gedevanishvili. Among the new productions of the opera season are Mussorgski's *Boris Godunov* and Verdi's *Othello*. Tbilissi dramatic theatres have staged thirteen premières.

Baku. Ker-Ogly, the national Azerbaijan opera by Uzeir Gajibekov still holds first place in the opera repertoires of Baku, and is an invariable success. The other productions are *Snow Maiden* by Rimsky-Korsakov, Gounod's *Faust*, Chaikovsky's ballet *Swan Lake*, and *Vetten*, a new opera about the Great Patriotic War,—the joint work of the young composers, Karavayev and Gajiev. The repertoires of Baku's dramatic theatres include plays by Gorky and Ostrovsky, John Priestley's *An Inspector Calls* and *Insan*, a play about the patriotism and courage of Soviet men, by the Azerbaijan playwright, Samed Vurgun.

Tashkent. Among the productions staged in the Uzbek language are Chaikovsky's *Queen of Spades*, Lermontov's drama *The Masquerade* and Kalman's operetta *Bayadere*. The Uzbek Theatre for Children is showing Ostrovsky's *Poverty is No Crime*, a comedy first staged in Moscow in 1854, in which the famous Russian actor Prov Sadovsky took part.

Kiev. Chaikovsky's *Eugène Onégin* is playing at the Opera House.

Minsk. Bizet's opera *Carmen* with the People's Artist of USSR Larissa Alexandrovskaya in the title-role is as popular as ever.

Simferopol. Among the plays now showing in the capital of liberated Crimea are *Nurslings of Fame* by Alexander Gladkov, the *Great Emperor* by Vladimir Soloviev, and *Creation of the World* by Nikolai Pogodine.

Riga. The Daughter-in-Law, a new play by V. Latzis produced by the State Dramatic Theatre is a picture of the sufferings endured by the people of Latvia under the German occupation, and the gallant struggle waged by Latvian partisans for freedom and independence.

Tallin. Among the premieres staged in the Estonian capital are Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (in Estonian), Ostrovsky's famous comedy, *Enough Stupidity in Every Wise Man*, Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, *Cyrano de Bergerac* by Rostand, and *Fires of Vengeance*, the national opera by E. Kapp and P. Rummo.

Kaunas. Among the dramatic performances are *Little Foxes* by the American authoress, Lillian Helman, *Love Earthly and Love Divine* by the Hungarian playwright, Bela Ballash, and *Nesterka* by V. Volski, the Belorussian writer.

Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* has been translated into Lithuanian by Kasis Boruta; the translator of *Hamlet* was the poet A. Khurginas.

Saratov. The local Opera House has opened its fifty-fifth season with a performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Ruslan and Ludmila.* Among the new productions are *Boris Godounov*—Mussorgsky's opera; Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*, and Chaikovsky's ballet *The Nutcracker.*

Sverdlovsk. The Ural's oldest opera house has produced Borodin's classical opera *Prince Igor*; an opera called *Daissi* by the Georgian composer, Zachari Paliashvili, and *Princess Mary* (after Lermontov's tale of the same name) by the young Moscow composer, Vassili Dekhterev.

Grozny. The dramatic theatre has reopened after undergoing capital repairs. Several new actors have augmented the cast. Prominent on the theatre's repertoire are Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* and Lermontov's *Masquerade* and others.

Lvov. Among this season's productions are Shakespeare's *King Lear*, translated by the well-known Ukrainian poet, Maxim Rylsky, and Chekhov's *Three Sisters.*

Omsk. The local theatre, which first opened in the year 1895, with a performance of Gogol's *Inspector-General*, has marked its fiftieth anniversary with a jubilee repertoire featuring this play *Inspector-General*, two plays by Ostrovsky, viz., *Guilty Though Guiltless* and *Enough Stupidity in Every Wise Man* and three modern productions: Nikolai Pogodin's *Kremlin Chimes*, Alexander Kron's *An Officer of the Fleet*, and Leonid Leonov's *An Ordinary Fellow.*

Bryansk. The dramatic theatres are showing John Priestley's *An Inspector Calls*, and the new comedy *Plane Twenty-Four Hours Late* by Nathan Rybak and Igor Savchenko.

Tambov. New productions are: Gorky's *Queer People*; *Snow Maiden* by Ostrovsky; Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and two modern plays, viz. L. Leonov's *An Ordinary Fellow* and N. Pogodin's *Creation of the World.*

Kuibyshev. The premiere of the *Faithful Friend*, a new Soviet operetta by Soloviev-Sedoy on the theme of the friendship, loyalty and responsiveness of Soviet people scored great success.

Centenary of a Ukrainian Writer and Playwright.

The name of the playwright and actor Ivan Karpenko-Kary will not be forgotten in the history of the Ukrainian Theatre and Ukrainian literature.

He took up the pen in the eighties of last century when the Ukrainian stage was dominated by pseudo-folk plays, melodramas and comic operas. It was Karpenko-Kary's contributions to the Ukrainian theatre that determined the efflorescence of Ukrainian realistic drama. Boldly breaking with the old traditions he produced works instinct with simplicity and realism. He made his debut with *Burlak*, a play written with great sincerity. He is the author of a number of historical works, but his talent is best displayed in plays of modern life, such as the comedies, *Martin Borulya*, *A Hundred Thousand* and *The Master.* The author in his youth followed many different professions, so that his subject-matter is based on real life and personal impressions.

He was a remarkably gifted actor and his contemporaries recognized his delicate discernment, intelligence and simplicity of manner.

The hundredth anniversary of Karpenko-Kary's birth was marked throughout the towns and villages of his native Ukraine. A special session of the Academy of Sciences opened by a speech delivered by the well-known poet, Academician Pavlo Tychina, was dedicated to the memory of Ivan Karpenko-Kary, actor and playwright.

Savina's Memorials in Moscow and Leningrad

"The stage is my life!" — these words, uttered by the Russian dramatic actress, Maria Savina, who died thirty years ago, may serve as an epigraph to her biography. She devoted over forty years to the stage of the Alexandrinski Theatre in St. Petersburg. She shone with particular lustre in Ostrovsky's plays, and this great playwright was always confident of success when Savina appeared in them. On seeing Savina in the part of Verochka, in his *Month in the Country*, Ivan Turgenev turning to the actress exclaimed: "Is it really I who created this Verochka? What a great talent you have!" Leo Tolstoy, too, had a very high opinion of Savina's dramatic gifts and for her benefit performance presented her with his play: *Power of Darkness*, in which she created a realistic and powerful image of the peasant-woman, Akulina.

Savina contributed greatly to the cause

Maria Savina as Natalia Petrovna in Turgenev's Month in the Country

of uniting Russian actors. She was for many successive years President of the Russian Theatrical Society, a body concerned with the juridical, material and professional needs of Russian actors.

Meetings dedicated to Savina's memory have been held in Moscow and Leningrad, at which prominent theatrical people came forward with speeches and reminiscences. These included the venerable Russian actress Alexandra Yablochkina, who succeeded Savina as President of the All-Russian Theatrical Society; Professor Sergei Dourylin, and well-known actors and contemporaries of Maria Savina—Vera Michurina-Samoilova, Vera Yureneva and Yuri Yuriev.

MUSIC

Sixtieth Birthday of the Father of Modern Azerbaijan Music

Uzeir Gajibekov is usually spoken of as the father of modern Azerbaijan music. His profound knowledge of native folk music is the distinguishing feature of his art, and it is the traditions of this music that permeate his *Leilli and Medjnun*, an opera that formed the foundation of the Azerbaijan musical theatre. In this work the composer has embodied the native legend of Leilli and Medjnun—the oriental prototypes of Romeo and Juliet, in the form of a musical-dramatic performance.

Although some forty years or so have passed since the first performance of this opera, it is still highly appreciated by the public. Other national operas are now being staged by the Baku Opera House, among them Gajibekov's other opera *Ker-Ogly*, based on an ancient Azerbaijan legend. A talented playwright and master of dialogue, Gajibekov is also the author of several musical comedy plays.

The composer's fame has long since spread beyond the borders of his native Azerbaijan, and his works translated into many languages may be found on the repertoires of every playhouse of the Soviet East.

In the midst of his absorbing musical labours, the composer yet finds time for extensive public work. A member of the Academy of Sciences, President of the Association of Azerbaijan Composers, and Director of the Baku Conservatory, Gajibekov has been elected Deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. On the occasion of his sixtieth anniversary the composer was awarded the Order of the Red Banner of Labour.

Russian National Choir

Women—young and elderly, clad in the variegated Russian *sarafans*, with glittering beads round their necks—and men in brightly coloured shirts and carrying Russian folk instruments troop onto the stage, their appearance being greeted with loud applause. This is the Russian National Choir named after Piatnitsky. Among its members you may actually find some of the old Russian peasant-singers who, beginning with the year 1911, were brought to the capital from their outlying villages and hamlets by Mitrofan Piatnitsky, connoisseur and collector of Russian musical folklore. His lifework is now carried on by the composer, Vladimir Zakharov, and musician-ethnographer, Peter Kazmin.

The chorus's repertoire is continually being renewed and augmented. Its latest production is a composition, *In the Village Street*.

Twenty-five years on the stage. Larissa Alexandrovskaya as Carmen

In scenes based on one and the same subject, the audience witnesses the manifold variety of Russia's treasures of music and song.

The ensemble are now practising a number of new songs. In bygone days these same melodies were sung by the peasant woman, Arina Kolobayeva in her own village, and Piatnitsky would listen to her for hours, delighted with the singular mastery of her art. Among the four hundred records made by Piatnitsky and preserved in the folklore archives of the Academy of Sciences, are many songs once sung by this folk singer. The other items performed by the chorus include songs by the composer Vladimir Zakharov to the words by the poets, Mikhail Isakovsky and Alexander Tvardovsky.

A Belorussian Singer

Twenty-five years ago, at an amateur concert given in Belorussia, the interest of the public was pleasurably aroused by the charming face, modest bearing and lovely voice of a young girl performer. She was given every assistance and was sent to a music-school. That was the beginning of the musical career of the singer, Larissa Alexandrovskaya, now People's Artist of the U.S.S.R.

Her lyricism and simplicity impart an intrinsically national spirit to her art. These traits are characteristic of the women of Belorussia whose images Alexandrovskaya has created in her operatic roles. Besides the leading parts in *Mikhass Podgorni* and *Alessia* in the Belorussian operas composed by S. Tickotski, Alexandrovskaya has sung in Russian classical operas, giving us many vivid portraits, among them being Natasha in Dargomyzhsky's *Mermaid*, Yaroslavna in *Prince Igor*, by Borodin, Tatiana in *Eugene Onegin* and Liza in the *Queen of Spades* by Chaikovsky. In modern opera we have seen her successfully singing the part of the young Cossack woman, Aksinia, in Ivan Dzerzhinsky's opera *Quiet Flows the Don*.

1945 found Alexandrovskaya a member of the Soviet Delegation which attended the First International Congress of the Women held in Paris.

Larissa Alexandrovskaya is a Stalin Prize-Winner.

Orchestra of Russian Folk Instruments

Of great interest is the work of the State Orchestra of Russian folk instruments, an ensemble initiated a few years before the war by Nikolai Ossipov, the balalaika virtuoso who conducted and guided this orchestra. Since Nikolai Ossipov's death, his brother, the pianist Dmitri Ossipov, an alumnus of the Moscow Conservatory, is his successor.

The orchestra's latest programme includes *Russian Fantasy* by Alexander Glazunov, a piece rarely performed, and several works by Rimski-Korsakov, Chaikovsky and Anatole Liadov. Many Soviet composers—among them Sergei Vassilenko, Reinhold Gliere, Yuri Shaporin, and Nikolai Rechmensky, find pleasure in writing special music for this orchestra (harmonium, domri, balalaika, goussli, horn and zhaleiki). Nikolai Budashkin, a young composer, recently completed a *Festive Round Dance* for orchestra and *Overture Rhapsody*, a Concerto for Domry and Orchestra. The ensemble is now practising Chaikovsky's music to the *Snow Maiden*.

Alexander Goldenweiser, Composer and Pianist

For half a century now the pianoforte recitals of Alexander Goldenweiser, one of the oldest of Russian composers, and a personal friend of Leo Tolstoy, have been a feature of Moscow's musical life. At one of his recent concerts his listeners were once more charmed with the depth and translucence of his interpretations of Mozart's works. Goldenweiser does not modernize Mozart, nor give his music an expressiveness which does not belong to it as was fashionable in the post-Mozartian epoch. Nevertheless, Goldenweiser's interpretation is not pedantic, but a work of art, instinct with the breath of life. . . . When playing Beethoven, the pianist emphasizes his manliness, energy and strength. Though an upholder of the severely-classical tradition, Goldenweiser loves to play works of the romantic genre, his renderings of Schubert and Schumann being particularly successful.

ARTS

New Facts About Repin

Fifteen years have passed since the death of the painter, Ilya Repin. Who of the visitors daily filling the halls of the Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow does not love to linger before his canvases? On the fifteenth anniversary of the painter's death, the Soviet press published articles by the eminent art scholars, Igor Grabar, Nikolai Mashkovtsev, and others. Of great interest are some reminiscences of Repin in *Literaturnaya Gazetta* by Kornei Chukovsky, who was a close friend of Repin and his neighbour in Finland where the artist had his country-seat. "At the very first sitting," he says, "he would spontaneously, without the slightest effort grasp the model's personality and the free and fiery portraiture of that first day was an ever-living miracle."

Chukovsky speaks of Repin's unusual assiduity and of his splendid mastery. He knew his palette by heart. He would mix his colours without looking at them. He used his brush like one blindfolded—he did not see his colours—he did not think of them, just as we do not think of the letters when we are writing.

In the library of the Saratov University some drawings by Ilya Repin, never before published and unknown even to art-scholars, have recently been discovered.

On paper of a greyish colour, partly yellowed with age, are some pencil sketches made by the hand of Repin; arranged in the shape of a frame, they form a series of illustrations

"Rest." A sketch by Ilya Repin

to the works of the Russian poet, Mikhail Lermontov.

Among the manuscripts preserved in the State Literary Museum in Moscow are several of Repin's unpublished letters.

In the painter's correspondence with certain people prominent in culture and art are revealed his views on social and political questions and his attitude towards literature, painting and the drama.

"Labour for the love of labour," the artist writes in one place,—"that is true delight." "I always feel lonely," he says in another letter, written in 1892, when I am away from my images and conceptions. . . Science, culture, art are for me precious beyond everything else. Happiness for me lies in creating."

Repin's views on Russian music are extremely interesting. His sympathies are all on the side of genuine Russian melodies. Among the composers he singles out Mussorgsky, preeminently as the author of the operas *Boris Godounov* and *Khovanshchina*.

In one of his letters Repin outlines a plan for the education of the younger generation. His advice is to foster rational habits of reading, to attend to the child's physical training (in his opinion every school must possess its own garden, field and allotment)—and further, to develop in children an optimistic attitude towards life. Moreover, the artist considers it necessary to cultivate in them notions on the duties of a citizen towards his country, respect for his neighbour, and the importance of labour. "The education of a human being,"—he writes,—"is a great undertaking."

Repin's letters offer great interest not only to specialists, but also to the reading public.

The Exhibition of Four

A small, thin little girl is gazing straight before her with burning eyes. One little hand is clutching the front of a tattered jacket,—on her feet are trodden down shoes; on her head a kerchief, much the worse for wear. She is a child of the war—a war victim. But what obduracy in the small emaciated face; what unchildish resolve in the eyes, in the lines of the mouth. No! She will not—will not submit to the enemy.

This sculpture of a young girl—the work of E. Belashova-Alexeyeva, forms the centre of attention at the *Exhibition of Four* now opened in Moscow.

In their loving and careful execution, Belashova-Alexeyeva's sculptures bear the imprint of purity, sincerity and a fresh receptiveness. You feel that the sculptress loves her models and is loth to part from them. As often as not the study of a figure is followed by a portrait,—the study of the head. In her figures and statues, Belashova shows herself a master of composition with an understanding of the inner structure of her work.

In the works of A. Grigoriev, the second sculptor, the intellectual element is most prominent. The artist looks backwards to different epochs and different peoples. He has made a profound study of the iconography of prominent personages. Discarding inessential details, he carves the inspired head of Pushkin, the melancholy expression of Lermontov in his hussar's jacket, we see the great protuberant brow of Edgar Poe, and Walt Whitman, bearded and jolly, reminiscent of Bacchus.

A. Teneta inclines more to compositions of a wider scale. His *Exploit of Heroines* is

Exhibition of work by four sculptors. A panneau "The Exploit of Polivanova and Kovshina." By A. Teneta

bas-relief dedicated to Natalya Kovshova nd Tatiana Polivanova, two girl-partici-ants of the Great Patriotic War. In a pro-ect for a monument for heroic towns Teneta ometimes sacrifices the single figures and letails to decorative scheme. His portraits re perhaps the weakest side of his art, the culptor making no attempt to reveal the nner world of his model.

With Kardashev, the fourth participant f the exhibition, it is also the element of decorativeness that predominates. The artist s a keen observer and knows well how to eize and convey the complex rhythm of novement. He also has a feeling for the dec-rative properties of material: wood, por-elain or marble.

The Exhibition of Four affords convincing evidence that for Soviet sculptors the war-years were passed in intensive and productive work.

Gerassimov, Sculptor-Anthropologist

The name of Admiral Fedor Ushakov (1743—1818) is widely known in the history of the Russian Navy. Only a few portraits of the famous Russian Commander have come down to us. The portraits are in the traditional 18th century style and we have reasons to suppose that these portraits are not true to life.

M. Gerassimov, the anthropologist-sculptor has taken upon himself the task of making a sculpture portrait of Ushakov, that great contemporary of Suvorov and Kutuzov, who enhanced the glory of Russian arms on the seas. For this work it was decided to open Ushakov's grave in the Sanasarsk Monastery. Bending over the body in the semi-darkness, the sculptor saw the well-preserved, gold-laced uniform and the glint of the stars and orders decorating the dead Commander's breast... But it was not these details that interested the sculptor. What his eye sought was the skull.

M. Gerassimov is the originator of a new method of creating a sculptural portrait from the skull. By using this strictly scientific method he has already fashioned the effigies of Prince's Yaroslav the Wise (978-1054); Andrei Bogoliubski (1110—1174), and other historical personages. The efficiency of Gerassimov's method recently received strong confirmation, when a fresco was discovered bearing the likeness of Yaroslav the Wise. The portrait by an unknown artist of hoary antiquity fully incided with the effigy created in our own days by the anthropologist sculptor.

Work on Admiral Ushakov's bust is now completed.

CINEMA

Screen Version of Ostrovsky's Play

A new film *Guilty Though Guiltless* has been released; it is after Ostrovsky's play of the same name. In the U.S.S.R. Ostrovsky has in truth become the people's own playwright. You will hardly find a single theatre that has not one or more of his plays included in its repertoire. Generations of Russian actors have been educated and are being educated through his plays.

The cinema has responded to this popular taste for Ostrovsky. After screening his *Storm*, producer Vladimir Petrov has translated into cinematographic language Ostrovsky's comedy *Guilty Though Guiltless*.

This is one of the plays in which the great playwright fights for humanity and man's right to happiness.

Ostrovsky vindicates the dignity of motherhood and the free and noble work of the actor. The subject is based on the theme of old-fashioned melodrama. A mother finds her son whom she thought to be dead. The touching story unfolds against the background of life in a provincial Russian town in the early eighties of last century. The men and women who live and prosper there are petty, envious, selfish and indifferent. In these surroundings the early years of Liubov Otradina, a girl of a pure and trustful nature, are passed. Many years later she returns to her native town once more; now a famous actress bearing the stage name of Kruchinina. Here, in this milieu of provincial actors she meets a youth of unknown origin, impulsive and impressionable, now bitter, now confiding. He turns out to be her son whom the man who deceived her in her youth had made her believe to have died as a child.

Ostrovsky's play is the tale of a pure and disinterested attachment met by the heartless callousness of other people. The strength of the play lies in the vivid characters, in the depth of psychological analysis, and the humanistic element of Ostrovsky's art which has a never failing appeal.

The film *Guilty Though Guiltless* enjoys a great success.

It is to be regretted, however, that while bestowing so much attention on the dynamic development of the plot, the producer has sacrificed so many pages of the original play. Where are the bitterly ironical words of Shmaga, the provincial actor who speaks of "people with labels and people without labels." The image of the pure young girl that was once Kruchinina is only delineated, while on the other hand, certain episodes of minor importance are at times brought into undue prominence thereby concealing the play's main idea.

The shortcomings in the dramatic structure and plan of production are made up by the acting, a thing not to be wondered at. The best actors of the Moscow Art Theatre take part in the film. The role of Kruchinina is played with great warmth by Alla Tarasova. Alexei Gribov is brilliant as one sort of a provincial actor. There is much that is new and at times unexpected in the acting of Boris Livanov, Pavel Massalsky and Victor Stanitsin. Most gladdening is the success achieved by V. Druzhnikov, a young actor trained in the Art Theatre's Dramatic School, who plays the role of Kruchinina's son. The frank, open face shows intelligence and strength of mind, the eyes are expressive. The whole figure is instinct with purity and truth.

Guilty Though Guiltless is by no means the Soviet cinema's first attempt to screen a classic. We have seen quite a number of films based on works by Chekhov, Ostrovsky, or Gogol.

Still from the film Guilty Though Guiltless

A New Colour Film

The shooting of a colour documental film based on a book entitled *The Life of Plants* written by the great Russian naturalist, Kliment Timiryazev, is nearing completion.

On the screen appears a fantastic tropical forest with the mighty crowns of giant trees reaching high into the sky. We are back in the past,—millions of years ago. The shots of plants of the coal period were taken from drawings by artists of the Paleonthological Museum: huge ferns the size of trees—calamites—the ancestors of what is known as "mare's tail"; and sigillaria — an extinct tree—like lycopodium. In a number of the shots a special apparatus was used enabling the entire process of burgeoning and the bursting of the buds into flower to be shown on the screen in the course of so many seconds. Before the eyes of the spectator pass the variegated specimens of Russian flora: poppies, tulips, lilies, roses, lilies-of-the-valley. There are pictures of Russian landscape—from the ice-fields of the Transpolar regions to high Alpine fields. Animated cartoons show the movement of a drop of water inside the plant and the reproduction of a plant cell.

A sunbeam and a green leaf are the dramatis personae of this interesting film.

"The Golden Scales"

Spring-time, and the mighty Russian river —the Volga is in full flood. Day is breaking, and in the dim light the outlines of trees partly submerged in the water are just distinguishable.

The operator's lens slowly descends into the water. Lower and lower it sinks, right down to the river's bottom, revealing to the spectator the secrets of its depths. The task which the authors of the *Golden Scales*, a popular scientific film, have undertaken, is to depict on the screen the life of the water-kingdom. Lovers of angling will find plenty that is new and diverting in this film. It tells of the instincts of fishes, their artifices, and their struggle for life. It also gives detailed instructions on every method of fishing and about the character and ways of the inhabitants of the river depths.

Following the spring migration of the fishes the spectators will follow the Volga against the current from the Caspian Sea to the high Zhiguli Hills. Obeying the call of instinct, the schools of fish swim up the river, making their way up shallow streams, sometimes with their bodies sideways, or with their fins clinging to the river-sand. The famous Russian "belorybitza," highly appreciated for its delicious taste, moves right up to the mouth of the Kama where spawning takes place, the fish burrowing holes in the bottom of the river and covering up the roe there deposited with pebbles and larger stones. For five months the roe must stay in these holes. And suddenly, a fish called Kharius appears on the scene. Turning and twirling around the heap, it swims to one side and making a dash for it, strikes against the stones with its nose, and lo! The roe of the precious "belorybitza" has become the spoil of the river-buccaneer!

The film has its hero, as a film should have. It is a carp which deftly breaks away from the net or leaps off the hook and will, at a

pinch, even contrive to make good his escape from the dam built especially for his capture.

MISCELLANEOUS

Reopening of Lenin's Mausoleum

By the ancient walls of the Kremlin in the Red Square stands the mausoleum in which reposes the body of Vladimir Lenin, the founder of the Soviet State.

Throughout the years, millions of people have made their way to this mausoleum — a pilgrimage which has become a tradition. Twenty-one million was the number of people actually registered as having visited the grave before the war. In 1941 this human flood was stemmed, but now the grim years of war have passed away, the thunder of guns has died down, Moscow sparkles with lights once more.

Again the Lenin Mausoleum was opened to the public. It was autumn weather, rainy and dreary. People lined up before the entrance, the queue growing from minute to minute, becoming a long ribbon that seemed endless. More and more people kept arriving. Young girls and school-children, aged men, officers decorated with stars and medals, people in military tunics still showing the places where the shoulder-straps had been. The doors were flung open. In awed silence you go down some granite steps: down, and then to the right. Before you lies Lenin. A soft mellow light from above illuminates his face. One ascends the steps leading right up to the sarcophagus and passes around the foot of it from where you have a better view of the face and the forehead—the lofty domed forehead of a thinker.

The new sarcophagus forms a rectangle, the walls of which are of glass so clear and transparent that it is only by touching it that one knows it is there. On this seemingly intangible foundation rests the roof of the sarcophagus made of jasper, the soft claret-coloured tints harmonizing well with the colouring of the walls. Hanging down from the sepulchre are the heavy folds of bronze banners fashioned by the skilful hands of Moscow craftsmen,—workers from the Krasny Proletary factory who were the first to arrive on this day to pay their tribute of esteem to the body of Lenin. . .

As you leave the Mausoleum you involuntarily let your eye rest once more on the austere lines of the noble structure. What memorable days are associated with the Red Square! It is here that the people came in festive crowds on days of public rejoicings. It was from here that on November 7, 1941, Stalin addressed the troops who were starting off for the war with the impressive words:

"May you be inspired by the victorious banner of the great Lenin."

Restoration of the Kremlin Cathedrals

The Moscow Kremlin, Russia's historical memorial, is under restoration. The domes of its cathedrals are shining with a brighter lustre; their walls, erected in bygone days by self-taught Russian builders, gleam white again . . . The dome of the Ivan Veliky (the Great) belfry—the highest church in Moscow is bright gold; the cupolas of the Archangel Cathedral, the burial-place of the tsars of Russia, gleam in the transparent air.

The restoration work is being directed by Academician Igor Grabar and architect Nikolai Vinogradov, who told us a great many interesting things about the history of the Kremlin.

"In its early beginnings," says Grabar, "the Moscow Kremlin was built and ornamented by Russian architects and painters, but from the 14th century onwards foreign masters were invited to Russia, among whom were such wonderful architects as Aristotle Fioraventi, the builder of the Uspenski Cathedral, and the Greek painter Theophanus from Constantinople. A noble contest between the Russian and the foreign builders continued throughout five centuries, and it is to this collaboration that the Kremlin owes the singular and original beauty of its ensemble.

Nikolai Vinogradov, the architect and restorer, is heart and soul in his work at the Kremlin. He is a man who has been in the profession for over thirty years.

"As everybody knows," he said, "the domes of the Kremlin Cathedrals are gilded over. A sum of fifty thousand rubles was assigned to the gilding of the middle cupola above the Archangel Cathedral, at the time of its building. The cleaning process is an exceedingly complicated one. To begin with, we had to remove the coating of paint which had covered all the domes of the Kremlin churches in the camouflaging days of the war."

Special workers are needed for the job. Where no boardings can be put up, they do their work supported by girdling. The younger men have been instructed in their dangerous craft by a certain Mitrofan Matiushkin, who fixed the ruby stars on the tops of the Kremlin towers, and his pupils have now become no less agile and confident than their instructor. Matiushkin himself performed the task of cleaning the cross on the top of the Ivan Veliky belfry, at a height of eighty-one metres. Ascending by the inner passages, he reached the cross, attached himself to it by means of a belt, and working with both hands, began cleaning the metal with a special preparation. First he worked with a small scraper and then polished the gilding with cotton wool. The cross sparkles like new.

The Kremlin has a place all its own in Russian literature. Beginning with the 18th century, Russian poets have composed verses about the golden domes of the Kremlin. It is an inspiration to Soviet poetry, and it is to the Kremlin that the poets of the National republics of the Soviet Union dedicate their verses. And it is as though in confirmation of the old poetical epithets that the Kremlin is once more becoming the "golden headed," the "white-stoned" Kremlin!

New Editions of Classical and Modern Writers

During the war years, millions of copies of books by Russian and foreign authors

have been published by the State Literary Publishing House. For the year 1945 alone, the figure was seven million volumes.

It is the classics that are the centre of interest. The year 1945 saw editions of complete collections of the works of A. Pushkin, I. Krylov, H. Balzac, and D. Diderot.

Another series of publications comprises one-volume editions of A. Pushkin, M. Lermontov, N. Gogol, V. Belinsky, N. Nekrasov, M. Saltykov-Shchedrin, F. Dostoyevsky, N. Leskov, A. Chekhov and M. Gorky. Among the books to appear in the near future are the selected works of the Ukrainian writers—Taras Shevchenko and Lessia Ukrainka; of the Armenian writers, Ovaness Tumanian and Raffi; of Makhtum Kuli, the Turkmenian poet of the 18th century; of Abai Kunanbayev, the founder of Kazakh literature; of the Georgian poet, Tbileli; the great Azerbaijan poet, Nizami, the Estonian poetess, Lydia Koidula and the Latvian writer, Andrei Pumpurs.

Soviet writers are represented by the books of Leonid Leonov, Nikolai Tikhonov, Sergei Sergeyev-Tsensky, Alexander Serafimovich, Constantine Simonov, Leonid Pervomaisky, Pavlo Tychina, Yakub Kolas, and Jambul. The following novels are appearing in new editions: Mikhail Sholokhov's *And Quiet Flows the Don* and *Soil Upturned*; Alexei Tolstoy's *Peter I*; Viacheslav Shishkov's *Emelyan Pugachev*; Novikov-Priboy's *Grade I Captain*, and Anton Makarenko's *Pedagogical Poem*.

The publication of collections of the works of Shakespeare, Schiller, Maupassant, Heine and Flaubert is being continued. The selected works of F. Voltaire, A. Daudet, A. Mickiewicz, B. Shaw, H. G. Wells and Jack London are about to appear in print.

The 1945 editions form part of the Publishers' Comprehensive Three-Year Plan. During the years of 1946 to 47, the publication will be continued of the complete works of Leo Tolstoy, A. Chekhov, M. Gorky, and V. Mayakovsky. New editions will be produced of books by A. Tolstoy, V. Veressayev, I. Goncharov, V. Belinsky, N. Nekrasov, I. Turgenev; within the three years' period, it is planned to issue sixteen sets of complete works. Twenty-three new one-volume editions are another of the items on the schedule. Work is being completed on collecting the correspondence of A. Chekhov. Some 5,000 of his letters, 1,250 of them hitherto unknown, are to be included in a complete edition of the writer's works.

Several new book series: *A Russian Library of Novels* (55 books) and *The Russian Poetry Library* (50 books) have been started. A large collection of Russian folklore (legends, fairy-tales, proverbs and old sayings) is another forthcoming novelty.

Festival of Turkmenian Literature in Moscow

An already established tradition in Soviet literary life is the organization in Moscow of a review of the literatures of the fraternal national republics. At the evenings recently held in Moscow where the guests of honour were writers of Turkmenia, the subjects discussed were the sources of Turkmenian literature—its present status and the lines of its future development . . . Years and years before the inhabitants of Transcaucasian hamlets became acquainted with books they had produced from their midst some remarkable bards, tellers of stories, and creators of native folklore.

The inception of Turkmenia's written literature dates back to the latter half of the 18th century, the years in which the philosopher-poet Makhtum-Kuli Fraggi lived and wrote. Expressing his thoughts in the metaphorical style natural to him, and speaking of his predecessors with the deepest respect, the poet Keminey once explained to a friend of his. "The Turkmenian people," he said, "cultivated a whole field of golden songs. Then came Makhtum-Kuli and gathered a rich harvest of words. What is there left for thee and me to do? Roam among the cornfields and glean the ears by chance left standing?"

And still it cannot be gainsaid that during the 19th century the literary successors of Makhtum-Kuli brought new contributions, both valuable and original, into the treasure-store of Turkmenian poetry. It came into full blossom however in the Soviet epoch when culture and education became available to the whole Turkmenian people.

The most popular poet of modern Turkmenia is Verdy Kerbabayev in whose creative art the influence of the native classics is intertwined with the imprint of Russian realism. His poem *Aitar*, written during the Great Patriotic War, is a characteristic example of this. Karadja Burunov is a coeval of Kerbabayev and the first efforts of both poets were printed at the same time, *i. e.*, a quarter of a century ago. Of recent years K. Burunov has given up writing poetry and devoted himself entirely to literary translations and the promotion of the national drama.

It is the young writers with a literary standing of from 10 to 15 years who form the nucleus of modern Turkmenian literature, and it is their works that were made the themes of friendly discussion at the ten days' review in Moscow.

Accompanying the writers to Moscow were the folk singers, and the bakhshi,—musicians and actors of the young Turkmenian theatres. Music and song are the twin sisters of Turkmenian poetry and even today we find the native poets chanting, almost singing, their verses. The performances of the native actors lent added life and colour to the reunions with the Turkmenian visitors.

Yanka Kupala Museum at Minsk

A literary museum, bearing the name of Yanka Kupala, has been opened at Minsk, the capital of Belorussia. This is what the wife of the late poet told us:

"During their occupation of Minsk, the Germans burnt the house where Yanka Kupala used to live. Many of his manuscripts and archives containing letters from Valeri Bryussov, Alexei Tolstoy, Maxim Gorky and many West-European poets and writers perished in the flames.

"By a decision of the Belorussian Govern-

ent the Yanka Kupala Museum has been opened and a quantity of exhibits have ready been received, such as manuscripts, rst editions and the poet's letters."

In the work of organizing the Museum, nsiderable help has been rendered by the nion of Soviet Writers.

New Radio Programmes

Every Monday broadcasts take place de- oted to the work of Soviet actors. After short introductory statement, the promi- ent actors give extracts from their repertoi- es, tracing the paths of their theatrical ca- eer over a number of years,—sometimes of ecades. To its vast audience, the radio thus eveals the successive phases of an actor's iography. At her "radio-evening" the ven- rable Soviet actress, A. Yablochkina, ead Tatiana's monologue from Pushkin's *Eugène Onegin*, the very same lines with vhich she made her debut on the stage of he Maly Theatre more than half a century go! And Prov Sadovsky, a representative f the third generation of the Sadovsky heatrical family, gave excerpts from the lays of Ostrovsky in which he had played n the beginning of the present century. Per- formances of the same kind have already been given by Vassili Kachalov, Olga Knip- per-Chekhova (wife of the writer), Varvara Ryzhova, Evdokia Turchaninova, Alexei Gribov, Ossip Abdulov, Serafima Birman, Maria Babanova, Klavdia Elanskaya, and Olga Androvskaya.

Extremely interesting is another cycle of broadcasts, devoted to the history of the Russian theatre. These "dramatized talks" acquaint the listener with the life of the Russian theatre in the 18th and the begin- ning of the 19th centuries, and the life and work of the actors of those days. The lectures are illustrated by fragments from tragedies, operas, comedies, and vaudevilles staged in the Russian theatres during those years. The talk on Fedor Volkov, the first Russian actor (1729—1763), was accompanied by excerpts from Alexander Sumarokov's *Sinav and Truvor*, a popular play of the 18th century.

Prominent place in the broadcasts is devoted to the compositions based on well-known lit- erary works. Extracts from novels are given in dramatic form accompanied by specially- written music. This was the manner in which several scenes from *Don Quixote*, the novel by Cervantes, were given over the radio, with Vassili Kachalov and Mikhail Yanshin, both from the Art Theatre, as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza respectively. The music for this composition was by Dmitri Kaba- levsky. A dramatized version of extracts from Leo Tolstoy's novel *Family Happiness* and from *White Nights*, a tale by Dostoyevsky, were most successful, as was also a radio- composition called *Poltava*, after the poem by Alexander Pushkin.

Tsiolkovsky and his Inventions

Ten years ago, on September 19th, 1935, at the age of 78, the famous scientist Cons- tantine Tsiolkovsky died. The work he did was of supreme importance and his life was a remarkable one, affording an example of devoted and disinterested service in the cause of science so dear to him.

Tsiolkovsky was born on September 17, 1857, in the village of Izhevsk, Ryazan district. His father was a forester, a man whose scanty income never allowed him to give his children the advantage of a school educa- tion. It was the mother who gave the boy Constantine, as well as his brothers, the only lessons they ever had. At the age of ten, the future inventor lost his hearing as the result of a painful illness — a physical defect which greatly affected the whole course of his life. When the boy was sixteen, his father sent him to Moscow "to learn," and there the young inventor re- mained for three years, thrown entirely on his own resources, trying to attain all the learning he possibly could. "I used to receive from ten to fifteen rubles a month from home," he wrote. "All the food I could afford was black bread. I had not even potatoes or tea. Instead I bought books, test-tubes, retorts, quick- silver and sulphuric acid." Such was Tsiol- kovsky's "university." Nevertheless, during those three incredibly hard years, he achieved a great deal. In the second year we find him studying higher mathematics and spheric trigonometry. He pondered deeply over various physical phenomena. "I was inter- ested in the doctrine of centrifugal force because I thought of applying it to the possi- bility of rising in cosmic space. There was a moment when it seemed to me that I had already solved this problem (at the age of 16!) . . . I was so excited, that I did not sleep the whole night."

Constantine Tsiolkovsky soon found him- self compelled to leave his studies in Moscow and return home. In 1879, purely on work done by himself at home, he passed an ex- amination entitling him to teach, and sub- sequently received an appointment in the Borovsk district school.

In 1885, Tsiolkovsky, then 28 years old, decided to devote himself entirely to aero- nautics and set to work on a carefully calcu- lated design of a new airship an all-metal dirigible. The outer shell was not to be manufactured of rubbered cloth as was the case with the usual aerostats of the period, but of thin corrugated sheet metal. A shell of this nature can change its volume and the rising capacity of a dirigible can therefore be controlled at will by man. This daring design excited great interest at the time and received high appreciation from N.E. Zhukovsky, the father of Russian aviation.

Another five years went by and Tsiol- kovsky was giving concrete shape to the prin- ciples expounded in his first work. His book entitled *The Aerostat, Metallic and Con- trolled*, appeared in print. The main ideas of this work, later developed by the inventor in a number of other publications, were directed to the creation of a mighty air-transport in Russia.

It was the dirigible that Tsiolkovsky regarded as the most rational type of airship. In elaborating the principles of its design he anticipated and surpassed Count Zeppelin, the German inventor, whom German propa- ganda advertized far and wide as the pioneer

C. Tsiolkovsky in his study

of dirigible construction. By 1895, Tsiolkovsky's calculations of weight, speed and capacity of an aeroplane-engine had far outstripped the achievements of foreign scientists.

By that time he had removed to Kaluga and settled down with his family on the outskirts of the town, in a small house, the modesty of whose appointments surprised all who had an opportunity of visiting it. The room in which the inventor lived contained a table, armchair, book-case and a simple iron bedstead. Adjoining this apartment was a glass verandah converted by the master of the house into a workshop and laboratory, and filled with lathes, instruments and models of dirigibles. On this little verandah the great scientist dreamed his dreams of the future development of aviation and of bold researches into the mysteries of the universe. On summer evenings when the setting sun flooded the verandah with its golden beams, Constantine Tsiolkovsky, tired out with the day's work, put aside his manuscripts and loved to gaze out into the expanses of the Oka rolling its waters into the distance. In the sky shone the stars towards which the scholar's mind was always projecting itself.

Throughout his whole lifetime Tsiolkovsky waged an unremitting struggle in the cause of dirigible construction. His last article on this subject was written in the summer of 1935, not long before his death.

But it was not only to this field of aviation that Tsiolkovsky's efforts were confined. It was he who constructed the first aerodynamic pipe in Russia. Conducting experiments in the primitive pipe placed in one of the two rooms of his modest dwelling in Kaluga, Tsiolkovsky reached brilliant scientific conclusions which a few years later were arrived at by the famous engineer Eiffel, who had at his disposal laboratories fitted out with costly equipment.

Eight years before the first flight of the Wright brothers, *viz.*, in 1895, Tsiolkovsky published his work *The Aeroplane, or Bird-Like-Flying Machine,* in which he set forth the design of an aeroplane. This in its main features bore a close resemblance to the modern structure.

In 1903, Tsiolkovsky published another book: *Researches into World Spaces by Means of Reactive Devices*—a work which proved a landmark in the theory of reactive movement.

Rockets were known even in deep antiquity. In the 19th century, rocket technique had, thanks to the works of the English General Congreve and the Russian General Konstantinov, made considerable progress. The rocket was at one time even included in the armaments of the Russian Army.

Further development was achieved during the war against fascist Germany. A share of the merit for the appearance of Soviet mine-throwers (Katyushas) must be given to Constantine Tsiolkovsky and his disciples.

His work in the domain of rocket technology had its beginnings in the conception of interplanetary flight.

"The striving for travel in cosmic space," he wrote, "was implanted in me by the great dreamer, Jules Verne. It was he who set my brain working in this direction, but of course my imagination would have led me nowhere had not science come to its aid."

From his fantastic work *In the Moon,* Tsiolkovsky passes to studies like *Researches into World Spaces With the Aid of Reactive Devices, The Semi-Reactive Stratoplane, The Cosmic Rocket Trains, The Cosmic Rocket, The Reactive Aeroplane,* and others. Having evolved a theoretical base for rocket flights, Tsiolkovsky to the end of his days dreamed of flights to the stars.

The October Revolution brought with it due recognition of the great scholar's deserts, opening up before him opportunities for the realization of his dreams.

"People are wrong in thinking," said Lenin, "that imagination is a quality necessary only to the poet; this is a foolish prejudice! Even in mathematics it is needed; even the discovery of differential and integral calculus would be impossible without fantasy. Fantasy is a quality of the greatest value."

If throughout the forty years of his scientific activities in the pre-revolutionary period Tsiolkovsky produced 130 publications, the number of works he wrote within the last seventeen years of his life exceeds 150.

The jubilee date of the scientist's seventy-fifth birthday was celebrated throughout the country, the Order of the Red Banner of Labour being awarded him in recognition of his services to science. "And who knows," "*Pravda*" wrote on that occasion, "but that we, with the venerable scientist himself, will live to see a time when Tsiolkovsky's marvellous rocket will in its majestic flight head for the remote and radiant planets."

Two days before his death Tsiolkovsky wrote a letter to Stalin containing his last will and testament bequeathing all his research work to the Party and the State.

Stalin answered him by the following telegram:

"To the eminent scientist C. E. Tsiolkovsky.

"Accept my gratitude for your letter full of confidence in the Bolshevik Party and Soviet power.

"I wish you health on your further fruitful efforts for the benefit of the working people.

"I shake your hand,
J. Stalin."

It is but the first early steps of rocket-flying that we now witness. The reactive plane has not yet passed the bounds of the atmosphere, but it has already attained a velocity of 1,000 kilometres per hour.

A day will come when rocket-trains will go flying up into the Cosmos on their interplanetary journeys. That day will see the full realization of the conceptions born in the mind of the great Russian scientist, Constantine Tsiolkovsky.

Festival of Children's Books

From the 14th to the 21st of October the Central Committee of the Soviet Trade Unions and the State Publishing House for Children's Literature held a "Festival of Children's Books" in the Hall of Columns of the House of Trade Unions, in the centre of Moscow. Every day during this period the book festival drew crowds of lively chattering Moscow kiddies.

But the children plunged into the world of books long before they reached the hall. Tripping up the white well-lighted staircase they entered a series of spacious halls, formerly the reception rooms, now turned into foyers. And their eyes lit upon the chequered colours of the bookstands. On display were over a hundred of the books issued by the Publishing House of Children's Literature during the past ten to fifteen years. One stand contained fairy tales, another Russian classics, a third popular science books, and yet another, books by foreign authors.

Included in their number were scientific fantasies like Adamov's *The Conqueror, India Noire* by Jules Verne and *The Invisible Man* by H. G. Wells. Then came the brightly coloured stands bearing the sign in attractive, bold lettering *Books That Live Through the Ages.* One contained the books of old-world Russia headed by *The Lay of Igor's March* (12th century), followed by the fairy tales of Zhukovsky, Pushkin, Lermontov and Krylov. The children saw here an excerpt from Maxim Gorky's reminiscences of childhood: "Pushkin's splendid tales were nearest and dearest to me: after reading them a few times I knew them by heart and would go to bed, close my eyes and whisper the lines until I fell asleep." Next door were Cervantes' *Don Quixote, Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift and Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe . . .*

Before the guests have had time to examine even half the books, a bell rings, and the lovers of fairy tales, the insatiable devourers of adventure stories, the adherents of medieval chivalry and the young disciples of Pushkin, forget their literary sympathies for a while and pour into the open doors of the hall, each with a bright booklet clasped in his hand; on the back cover are Gorky's words: "When I have a new book in my hands I feel that something animate, telling and wonderful has entered my life."

A series of literary and musical concerts given in the hall varied in accordance with the age of the audience.

Let us describe one or two of them.

On the stage is a piano and a monster book, twice the height of a man, with *Our Book*, inscribed on its bright cover. It seems to lean against a wall draped in crimson velvet.

A woman comes onto the stage. In a gay little speech she introduces herself as the hostess of that day's gathering composed of authors, the heroes of their books and their readers. Then her two assistants—Yura, a boy, and Shura, a girl—come romping out.

Books published by the Children's Publishing House in 1945. Left to right; the cover of Swift's Gulliver's Travels *with illustrations by Z. Granville; illustration by I. Bilibin to* The Frog Princess; *illustration by E. Kibrik to* Taras Bulba *by Gogol*

They ask if they may open *Our Book . . .* Yes, they may. The youthful audience chorus "Kvitko" when they see the name and portrait of that popular poet on the first page. Shura and Yura wish the portrait would come alive and before the words are out of their mouths, the page opens . . . the portrait is the poet in the flesh and he steps forward to read his verses.

After bidding him goodbye the hostess opens the book again and reveals a picture from Alexei Tolstoy's *Golden Key*. This shows the cottage belonging to the heroine of the story, Malvina the Doll. Out of the cottage skip Buratino, the boy, Artemon, the dog, and then Malvina herself. They enact a humorous scene from this popular children's book.

Hardly has the book closed behind the amusing heroes of this fairy tale when somebody is heard rapping within. It is Samuel Marshak, the children's own poet. He's come to visit his readers and recite them a few jolly rhymes.

When he has taken his leave the White Cat and Puss in Boots from Chaikovsky's ballet *The Sleeping Beauty* perform a graceful dance.

Sergei Mikhalkov, the poet, as tall as his own hero, Uncle Stepan, reads some lines about a mischievous puppy and absent-minded Aunty Varya who lost her spectacles. *The Tale of the Phoenix and Tsarevich Ivan* performed by ballet dancers rounds off the first part of the concert.

The interval is a gay affair. To the strains of the piano and accordion the children whirl around in a huge ring, dancing and playing party games.

The second part of the concert opens with the prologue to Rimsky-Korsakov's opera *The Tale of Tsar Saltan* taken from Pushkin's story. It is performed by artists of The Bolshoi Theatre.

Zinaida Alexandrova reads some of her poems and as her voice dies away a banging and wheezing starts up inside the book. Shura and Yura open it gingerly and out jumps a clumsy frog. He sings a song and from the first lines the onlookers guess that it is the frog from the well-known folk tale *Teremteremok*, or *Little Attics*. The other dwellers in the attics, the mouse, the cock and the hedgehog emerge after the frog. Many have seen the stage adaptation of this tale by Samuel Marshak at The Central Children's Theatre.

The concert ends with a clever performance by two comedy actors of a story in rhyme about the misadventures of Grisha the schoolboy and his grimy tattered books.

Then came gift-time: every guest is presented with a new edition of *Gulliver's Travels*, a small book of stories about Lenin and a printed list of the books to read in his spare time.

Two days later the senior pupils from Moscow schools gather at the hall.

Today the arrangements are different: there is a special guest table and a rostrum for speakers. All is ready for a really serious talk between the producers of books and their avid but exacting consumers. The chairman, Lev Kassil, one of the most popular children's writers, takes his place at the table and the other writers follow suit.

In cordial tones Lev Kassil conveys greetings to the readers from the writers, artists publishers and editors, in fact from all those who have a hand in the making of books. Talking about the part books play in our lives Lev Kassil urges readers "not to skim through the book, but to open it as if it were a spacious chamber filled with thoughts and knowledge, to learn to despise bad books and love good ones." After introducing each writer in turn and promising a speech from each of them later, Kassil concludes: "Today we appeal to you, the young, the curious, the impatient. We appeal to you, book in hand."

The literary part of the evening was devoted to talks by the authors Prishvin, Kaverin and Perventsev, while the poets Surkov, Barto, Inber, Vassilyev and Mikhalkov recited their own verses.

A large number of Moscow theatre artists, took part in the concert which formed the second part of the entertainment. Artists from The Bolshoi Theatre sang romances with words by Lermontov and Alexei Tolstoy. One of the capital's best elocutionists, Dmitry Zhuravlev, read a composition entitled *Mayakovsky on Lenin*. Elanskaya and Massalsky of The Moscow Art Theatre performed two scenes from *Anna Karenina*, a stage adaptation of Leo Tolstoy's novel. Other actors from the same theatre gave three scenes from the *Pickwick Papers*.

After an act from Boris Assafyev's *Bakhchisarai Fountain*, Abdulov and Kommissarov gave a brilliant stage interpretation of Mark Twain's witty story *An Encounter With an Interviewer*.

Then, after receiving copies of the novel *Two Captains*, by Kaverin, one of the authors they had met that day, the guests took their departure from the Hall of Columns.

Editor-in-chief: ALEXANDER KARAGANOV

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